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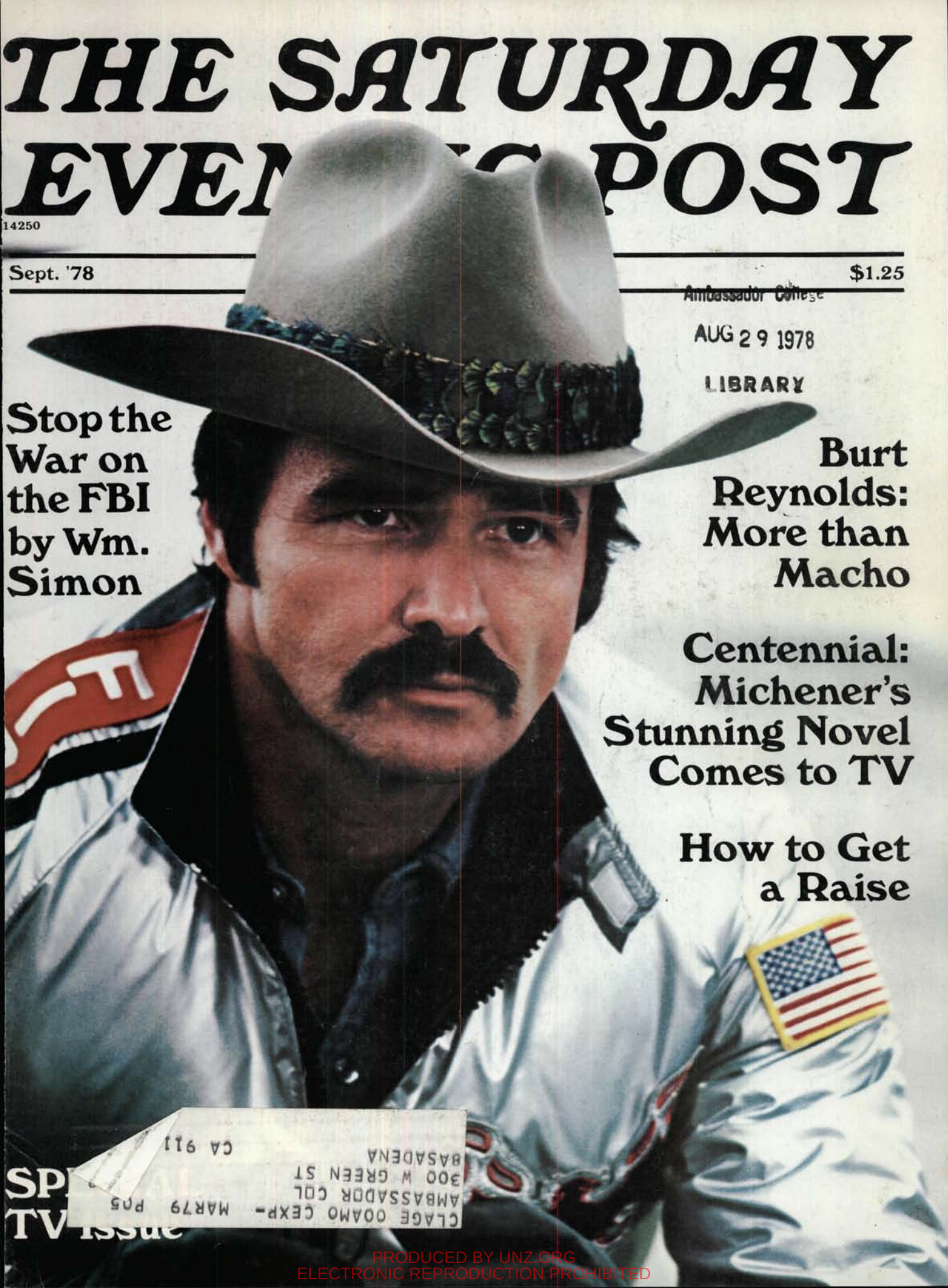

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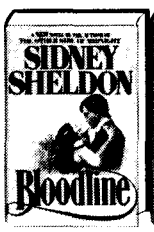

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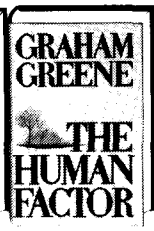

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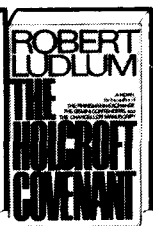

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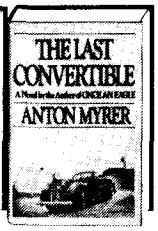

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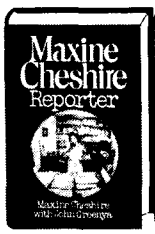

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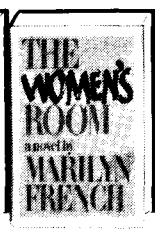

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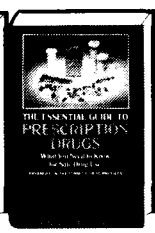

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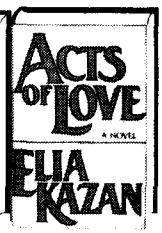

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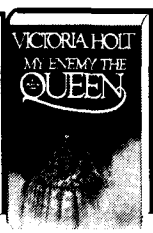

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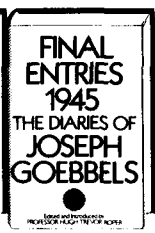

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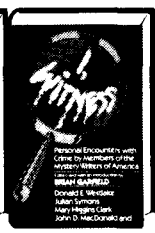

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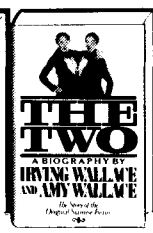

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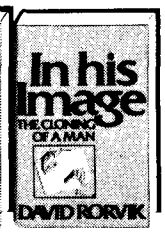

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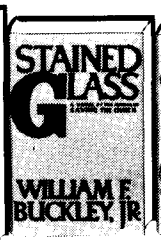

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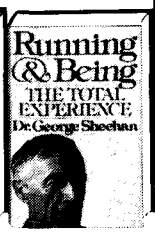

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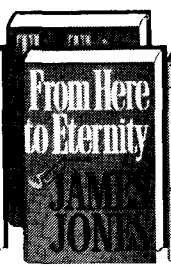

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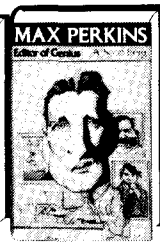

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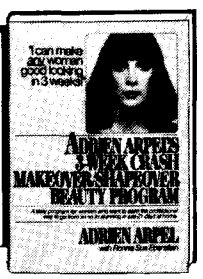

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Mark and Lois Haroldsen Have . . . They Want to Help You

Achieve Total Financial Freedom

When Mark and Lois Haroldsen were 25 and 22 years old respectively they made up their minds they were going to be millionaires. Six years later they realized their dream. Here is their remarkable story and their offer to you.

They're Not Smarter. Millionaires are not 100 or even 10 times smarter than you, but it is a fact that millionaires are making 10 to 50 and even 100 times more than you.

Are these wealthy people working that much harder than you? No way!

If you are working only 20 hours a week, it would be physically impossible. (There are only 168 hours in a week, no one gets more.)

These questions used to really stump us. That was just a few years ago.

Lois and I then lived in Denver, Colorado, at 2545 South High Street. We paid $135 a month rent for a cramped, tumbled down house. We were expecting our second child and we were flat broke. We felt desperate and forced into a corner. We had to borrow $150 from my father and another $150 from my wife's father just to buy the groceries and pay the rent. If that wasn't enough, we were several thousand dollars in debt.

Things are much different now. Last year we could have retired and lived comfortably off the income from our real estate holdings. (Incidently, almost all of the income from the real estate is tax free.)

Since I had worked 20 to 40 hours a week and my wife stayed home with the family, I know that we didn't work even 10 times longer or harder than you. And with my C-average from Ames High School (located in Ames, Iowa) and my wife's B-average from Twin Falls High in Idaho, I'm sure that we are not any smarter than you.

If hours, efforts, or brains are not what separate the rich from the average guy who is swamped with debts and very little income, then what is?

We learned the answer to that question from an old fellow in Denver that we met at our church. This fellow worked in a drug store stocking the shelves. Very few people knew that he had $200,000 in the bank, all of which he had earned starting from nothing.

Within a year after meeting him, we were told and shown the same thing by a young man who had recently earned over a million dollars. By this time, we began to realize that what we were being shown was truly a remarkable and workable way to grow rich.

The Beginning. We began to apply the principles and methods we had been shown. My wife, acting as a counselor, did her part by encouraging me when I was discouraged and pointing out where we could take some shortcuts. The results were amazing. We couldn't believe how easy it was, in fact, it seemed too easy.

But then we met an elderly lady (83 years old), who had made $117,000 using the same formula.

We then figured our beginning wasn't luck. For three and one half years, we worked hard to refine and improve on the formula that we had been shown, so that it would be easy to get quicker results.

As we did this, our assets multiplied very rapidly (160% per year) to the point that neither of us had to work any longer.

I guess we're bragging now, but I did start spending a lot of time in our backyard pool, traveling around the country, and doing a lot of loafing while my wife, with the aid of in-house help, was able to spend more time with our children besides being able to do all the things she had wanted to try for years.

Then one day a friend asked us how he could do what we had done.

So we began to outline the formula that we had improved to show him really how simple it was, and how he could do the same thing.

By the next time he approached us, we had written almost a complete volume on the easy way for him to copy our results.

We wrote this in simple, straight forward language so anyone could understand it.

This time our friend's questions were very specific. (He had already begun buying properties with the formulas we had been giving him.) Now he had a property he wanted to buy, but was out of cash. How could he buy it?

We not only showed him how to buy without cash, but by the time the deal was complete, he had $5,000 cash in his pocket to boot.

We also showed him how to buy a $26,000 property for $75 down.

Anyone Can. You, or anyone, can do exactly what we did, or our close friends have done; in fact, you may well do it better. (We began doing this in our spare time only.)

It doesn't matter where you live or the size of your town or city, our formula will show you exactly how to:

- Buy income properties for as little as $100 down.
- Begin without any cash.
- Put $10,000 cash in your pocket each time you buy (without selling property.)
- Double your assets every year.
- Legally avoid paying federal or state income taxes.
- Buy bargains at ½ their market value.
- Allow you to travel one week out of every month.
- Borrow cash easily (my wife found out recently that with the new laws, borrowing can now be easily done by a woman alone.)

When you send us a check or money order for $10, we will send you all our formulas and methods, and you are free to use them anywhere and as often as you would like.

It's Guaranteed. Now if you were a personal friend of ours, we know you would believe us and not need any kind of guaranty, but since you don't know us personally, we will guaranty that you will be completely satisfied and that our formula will work for you if you apply it. We will back up that guarantee by not cashing your check for 30 days, and if you for any reason change your mind, let us know and we will send your uncashed check back.

You may ask, why are we willing to share our formula for wealth? Well, simply because those of you who order our material will be helping to increase our net worth.

You shouldn't care if we profit as long as you profit. We guarantee that you'll be satisfied that our methods will help you or we'll send your money back.

"Financial Freedom"

To order, simply take any size paper, write the words "Financial Freedom," your name and address, and send it along with a check for $10.00 to Mark & Lois Haroldsen, Dept. G-383, Tudor Mansion Bldg., 4751 Holladay Blvd., Salt Lake City, Utah 84117.

There is one small catch; you will have to apply some effort in order to get results from our formulas. But of course, nothing worthwhile comes without some effort; but let us assure you your efforts will be rewarded beyond what you believed possible. Besides the great monetary benefits, we find that by working on our financial future together, it greatly strengthens and improves our marriage and family life.

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Announcing THE NORMAN ROCKWELL

Ship Ahoy

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Plate Approximately 8½" Dia.

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FINE CHINA PLATE COLLECTION

A limited edition in fine Gorham China
featuring 12 classic Rockwell paintings never before available on collector plates.

Subscription Deadline: September 30, 1978.

No one has captured the spirit of America like Norman Rockwell. For more than half a century, he has portrayed the simple pleasures of everyday life. His paintings convey moments of tenderness and joy, courage and conviction, patriotism and pride. So often, looking at a Rockwell painting is like looking in a mirror: we recognize ourselves or recall the way we were.

A Magnificent Tribute to America's Best-loved Artist

Now, for the first time ever, twelve of Norman Rockwell's greatest paintings will appear in all the splendor and permanence of fine china. The Danbury Mint is proud to announce *The Norman Rockwell Fine China Plate Collection,* a beautiful way to enjoy Norman Rockwell in your home and preserve his art for future generations.

Plates of the Very Finest China

Each of the twelve plates in this collection will be crafted to uncompromising standards by the Gorham Company, creators of heirlooms since 1831.

The same meticulous attention to detail that Rockwell lavished on his original paintings will be taken to render them faithfully on fine china. As many as twenty separate colors will be laid down by hand, one at a time, so that each Rockwell painting stands out with jewel-like brilliance.

As a finishing touch, a luxurious band of precious 22 kt. gold will be individually hand-applied to each plate, as is customary with china plates of the highest quality. 22 kt. gold will also be applied to the reverse of each plate to display the hallmarks of Gorham and the Danbury Mint, and the famous Norman Rockwell signature.

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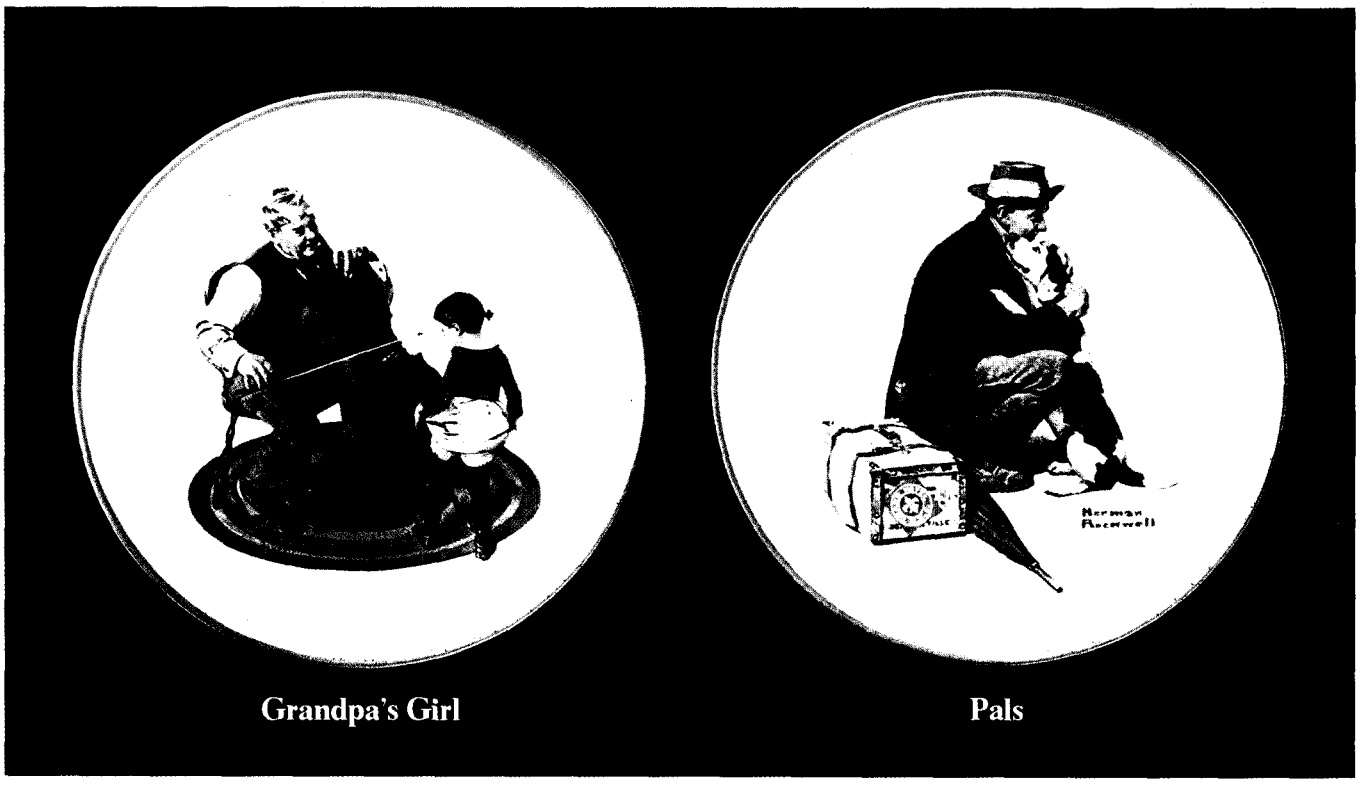

Grandpa's Girl

Pals

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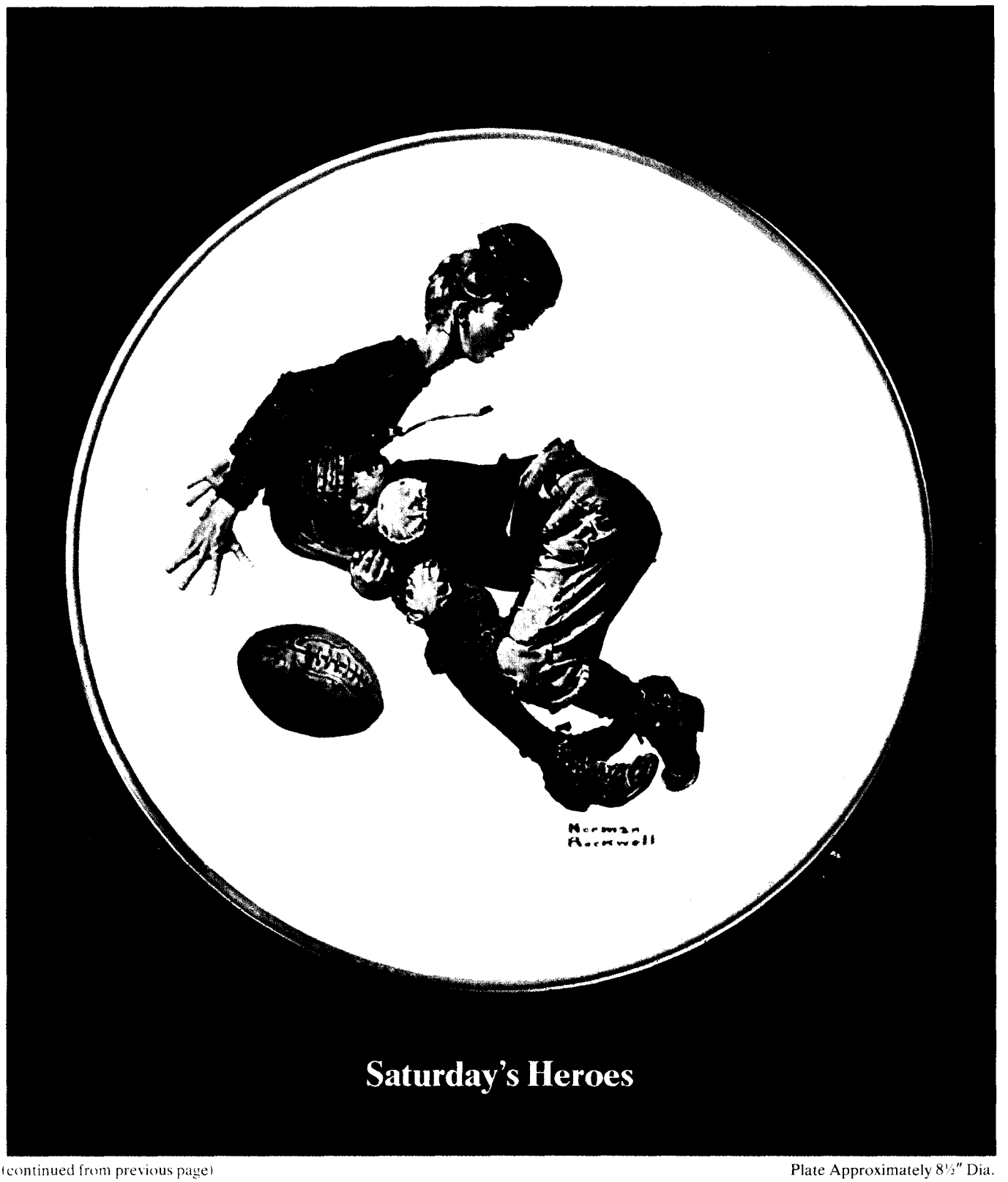

Saturday's Heroes

(continued from previous page)

Plate Approximately 8½" Dia.

An Important Collecting First

This marks the first time that these twelve classic Norman Rockwell paintings have appeared on fine china plates. And please note that these paintings will never be authorized to appear on china plates again. Thus, the total number of china plates bearing these classic Rockwell paintings will be limited to the number of subscriptions entered for this collection. One set will be reserved for the Norman Rockwell Museum, in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, so that future generations of the public may view the collection.

Limited Edition

To further enhance its collecting value, *The Norman Rockwell Fine China Plate Collection* will be issued in a strictly limited edition, available

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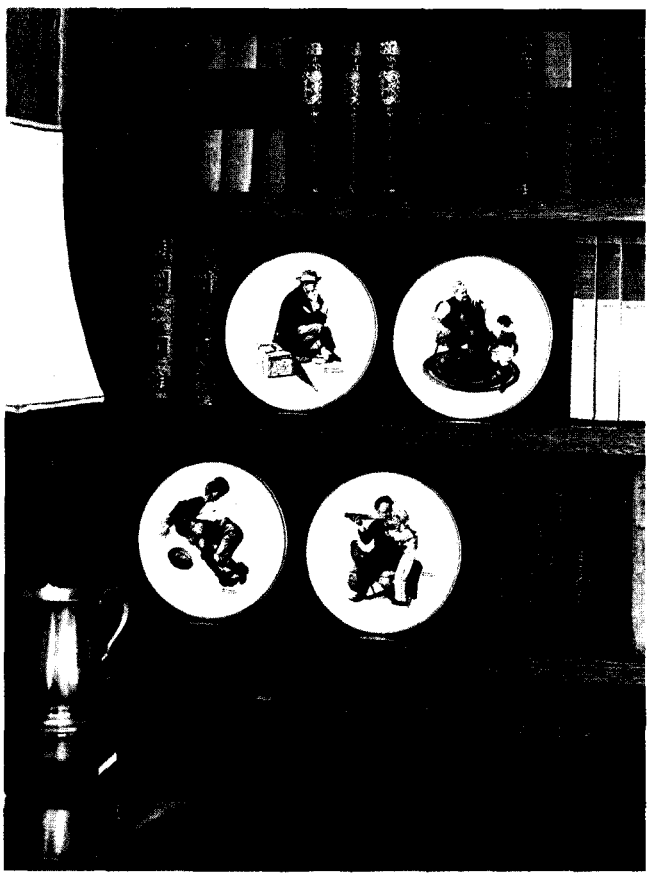
only from the Danbury Mint and only by advance reservation. The U.S. edition of this extraordinary collection will be limited to the number of reservations postmarked by September 30, 1978, and then will be closed forever.

Convenient Acquisition at a Guaranteed Price

You can reserve your collection of Norman Rockwell plates simply by completing the attached reservation application and returning it today. It is not necessary to send any money with your reservation; you will be billed for each of your plates individually at two-month intervals.



The series will consist of twelve individual plates, one plate to be issued every two months. Subscribers are guaranteed the same low price for each new plate throughout the entire collection.

Assured Satisfaction

If you receive any plate in *The Norman Rockwell Fine China Plate Collection* you are not completely satisfied with for any reason, you may return it for replacement or refund. Naturally, you may discontinue your subscription at any time.

Back to School

Please Act Promptly

Remember, your reservation for this limited edition must be postmarked by September 30, 1978, so please act promptly. This is a unique opportunity to share Norman Rockwell's skillful reflection of American life.

RESERVATION APPLICATION R-14

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06856

Must Be Postmarked By September 30, 1978

Please accept my subscription reservation to *The Norman Rockwell Fine China Plate Collection.* I understand that this collection is a limited edition of 12 Fine China Plates each depicting a different Norman Rockwell painting. The plates will be issued at a rate of one every two months at a guaranteed price of $23.50 per plate (plus $1.50 postage and handling).

I understand that I need send no money now. I will be billed for each plate individually at two-month intervals. I may cancel my subscription at any time, and any plate that I am not completely satisfied with may be returned for replacement or refund.

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

☐ Check here if you want each plate charged, as it is shipped, to your ☐ BankAmericard/Visa ☐ Master Charge.

_____
Credit Card No. Expiration Date

Signature _____

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Letters to the Editor

African Response

This is to congratulate you and the whole staff for the courageous decision to give Ian Smith an opportunity to tell his side of the Rhodesian story to *Post* readers, topped off by Gordon van der Merwe's interesting piece on South Africa, and Mr. Von Hapsburg's "A Worthwhile Cause."

The whole issue made me wish I was back at my desk helping you take the flak—of which I imagine you will get plenty. However, I am sure these pieces will have some impact on those in Washington who recognize our policy on Africa as a disaster.

I have done a few pieces on this and related matters for *Human Events*, but it is a real joy to me to have the right side of the controversy presented in a national magazine—an especial joy because it's the *Post*!

Frederic Nelson
Former Senior Editor, *S.E.P.*
Truro, Massachusetts

School for Scandal

In "The Scandal in our Public Schools" (May/June 1978), author O. K. Armstrong observes that "all the surveys made by educational associations agree on these primary causes" for violence and vandalism in the schools, and goes on to list five such causes.

There is a sixth cause: The example of lawlessness set for the pupils by some (not all) teachers: their illegal strikes, their refusal to report for work, falsely claiming to be ill.

Lawlessness tends to breed lawlessness.

Hubert W. Stone
Green Valley, Arizona

Self-Subjugation

After reading Alan Lakein's list of 60 steps for taking control of your life, I have the distinct impression that he has provided us with a prescription for becoming automata. In fact, he might become even more efficient if he would simply have a programmer feed his goals into a computer along with his daily schedule and the anticipated encounters for the day, week, or month.

Does Mr. Lakein ever take time to putter around in his flower garden, attend a concert, read a good book, or enjoy the company of friends? I suspect not—he's too programmed and such diversions would certainly leave him with a feeling of deep guilt.

A. L. Van Horn, M. D.
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

In Memoriam: Dick Sargent

Anyone familiar with the *Post* and its distinguished past will recall those wonderful Dick Sargent covers featuring human situations that provided enjoyment and laughs to millions of Americans. Dick Sargent died suddenly last March 7 and he rests in the Andalusia he came to love so much during his last 15 years. We miss him and will miss his art. We believe that those who remember his wonderful covers of *The Saturday Evening Post* will miss him too.

Robert M. Fouché,
American Consul General
Seville, Spain

Mistaken Identities

In the May/June 1976 issue of your magazine, you printed a picture of Anne Morgan Baker next to Norman Rockwell's illustration, *The Missing Tooth*, which implies that Mrs. Baker was the model for this illustration. When this was recently brought to our attention, we, as the proud parents of the girl who actually posed for this picture, were naturally distressed. We would like to point out that while Anne Morgan Baker might have inspired the illustration, she did not pose for it. Our daughter, Mary-Jean Martin Hanson, was eight (and, incidentally, had all of her teeth) when she posed for *The Missing Tooth* along with two other Stockbridge, Massachusetts, girls, Becky Stevens and Betsy Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester E. Martin
Merritt Island, Florida

Not Misled

Your articles on South Africa during the past months have thrilled me to the core. As I was born and raised in South Africa, for the past years that I have lived in the United States it has pained me to see the lack of positive information regarding that beautiful and progressive country, especially as I have been cognizant of the ulterior purpose behind it all.

Since my parents still reside in South Africa, I have made periodic visits to them. I have also kept current in my informational contacts with what is happening there. The American public has been kept from the full facts . . . except for your excellent magazine.

As I was born in the remote regions of Venda in 1925, I span an era which is somewhat out of the ordinary. My mother is the daughter of Swedish missionaries (she was born during the Anglo/Boer War). My father, born in New York, has worked among the Blacks as educator/priest/community development person for 57 years. He is still active, has written at least 26 textbooks for Africans, and also writes a weekly newspaper sermon.

My congratulations to you on reviving a first-class magazine. May the dear Lord prosper it in every way.

Ruth Rill
Sacramento, California

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We're looking for people to write children's books

'Writing for children is the perfect way to take up writing,' says the author of 53 children's books. 'Your ideas come right out of your own experience. And while it's still a challenge, it's probably the straightest possible line between you and publication – if you're qualified to seek the success this rewarding field offers.'

By Alvin Tresselt, Dean of Faculty

If you want to write and get published, I can't think of a better way to do it than writing books and stories for children and teenagers. Ideas flow naturally right out of your own life. While it's still a challenge, the odds of getting that first unforgettable check from a juvenile publisher are better than they are from just about any other kind of publisher I know.

Later on, you may get other checks from other publishers. But right now, the object is to begin — to break into print — to learn the feeling of writing and selling your work and seeing your name in type. After that, you can decide if you want your writing to take another direction.

But after 30 years of editing, publishing, and teaching (and 53 books) I can tell you this: you'll go a long way before you find anything as rewarding as writing for young readers.

Your words will never sound as sweet as they do from the lips of a child reading your books and stories. And the joy of creating books and stories that young people 'really dig' is an experience you'll never have anywhere else. (In this age of boob tube illiteracy, convenient morality, and plastic values, *do you know of a more important audience?)*

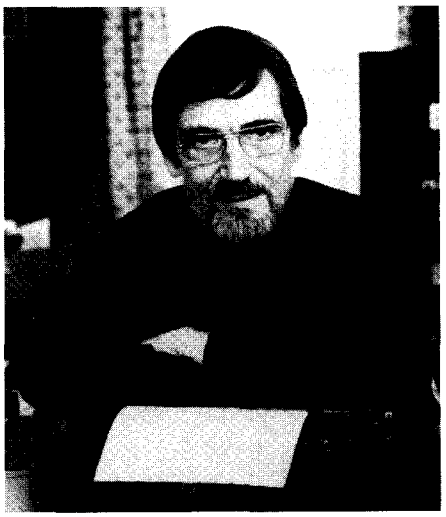
But, that's not all. The financial rewards go far beyond most people's expectations because there's a surprisingly big market out there for writers who are trained to crack it. More than 130 million young people's books are purchased each year. Between 2,000 and 2,500 new titles appear annually and new authors account for as many as half of them.

There are also 250 monthly magazines looking for material for young readers. You can imagine how much writing it takes just to keep them going!

'Am I really qualified?'

Yet two big questions bedevil nearly every would-be writer: "Am I really qualified?" and "How can I get started?"

This is our definition of a "qualified person": It's someone with an aptitude for writing who can take constructive criticism, learn from it, and turn it into a professional performance. That's the only kind of person we're looking for. The reasons are simple: our reputation is built on success, and if prospective students don't have the earmarks of success, we probably can't help them. And we tell them so. It's only fair to both of us.



Alvin Tresselt was Vice President and Executive Editor of Parent's Magazine Press, the first editor of *Humpty Dumpty's Magazine for Children*, and has served on the board of the Author's Guild. His 53 books for young readers have sold over two million copies.

To help us spot potential authors, we've developed a revealing test for writing aptitude. It's free, and we don't charge for our evaluation. But no one gets into the Institute without passing it. Those who pass and enroll receive our promise: You will complete at least one manuscript ready to submit to a publisher by the time you finish the Course.

When we teach, you learn

I've learned a lot about writing for children and I love it. Now I'm passing my knowledge on to my students so they can profit from it. When I'm not writing my own children's books I spend my time at The Institute of Children's Literature, a workshop for writers that does *only one thing and does it better than any* other school or college or university of its kind: It trains qualified people to write for the young reader.

This is the way I work with my students, and my fellow instructors — all of whom are experienced writers or editors — work more or less the same way.

When you're ready — at your own time and your own pace — you send your assignment to me and I read it and reread it to get everything out of it you've put into it. Then I edit your assignment with a red pencil just the way a publishing house editor would — if he had the time. I return it along with a detailed letter explaining my comments. I tell you what your *strong points are, what your weaknesses are,* and just what you can do to improve. It's a matter of push and pull. You push and I pull and between us both, you learn to write.

The proof of the pudding

This method really works. I wouldn't spend five minutes at it if it didn't. The proof of the pudding is that many of our students break into print even before they finish the Course.

Kathleen Huber, N.Y., N.Y., writes: "Regarding my sale to *Highlights for Children* for $125, it started out as an assignment for the Institute, and *Highlights* was only the second magazine I had sent it to. Certainly your Course made this sale possible. It may be the best investment I ever made."

A.M. Hummel, Danville, Pa., writes "When *Highlights for Children* accepted my short story — Assignment #8 in the Course, and sent me a $65 check, I could hardly believe it! Then, within a week, I got another check and a go-ahead assignment for a second piece."

'I won first prize of $400 for a Course assignment!'

"Before taking your Course (which I checked out with the National Better Business Bureau), the short stories I scribbled for my two tiny tots never caught an editor's fancy," writes Emily Burns of Salem, Oregon.

"My first sale, to *National Catholic Weekly*, was a Course assignment. Then I submitted another Course assignment in a writer's competition and won first prize of $400!"

Free Writing Aptitude Test offered

To find qualified men and women with an aptitude for writing, the Faculty and Consultants of the Institute have prepared a four-page Writing Aptitude Test. It is offered free and will be professionally evaluated at no cost to you by our staff.

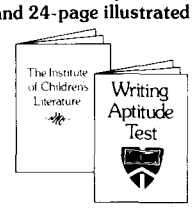
Just mail the coupon below to receive your free Test and 24-page illustrated brochure which describes the Institute, our Course, Faculty, and the current market for children's literature. If you demonstrate a true aptitude for writing, you will be eligible to enroll. But that's entirely up to you.

There is no obligation.

The Institute of Children's Literature
Redding Ridge, Connecticut 06876

Dear Mr. Tresselt: **B-44**

I am interested in your program to help new writers get started. Please send me your free Writing Aptitude Test and 24-page illustrated brochure. I understand I am under no obligation whatever and no salesman will visit.



Mr. Mrs. Ms. Miss

Please circle one and print name clearly

Street

City

State Zip

Approved: State of Connecticut Board of Education

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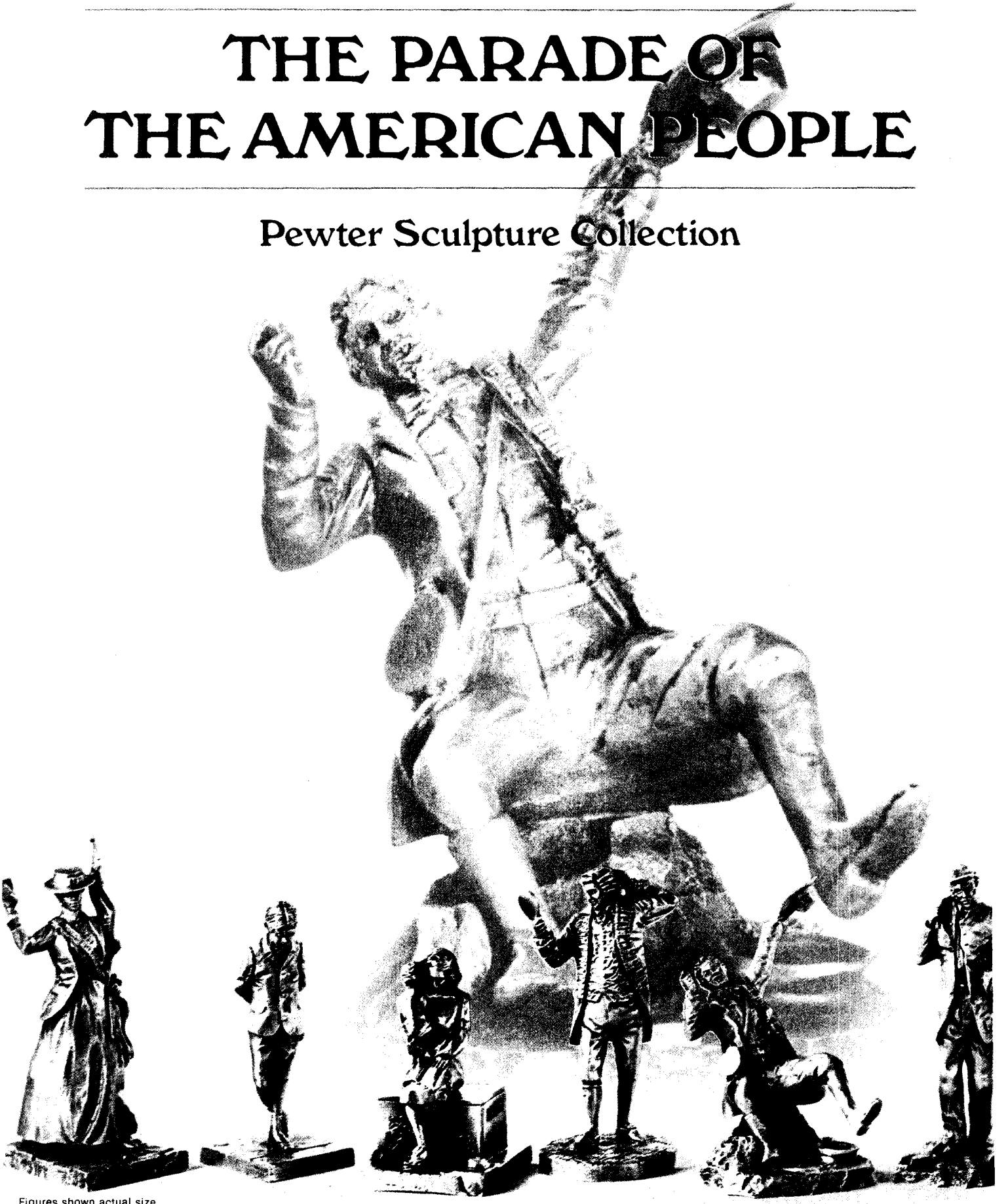
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ON THE OCCASION OF ITS 250TH ANNIVERSARY PRESENTS

THE PARADE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Pewter Sculpture Collection



Figures shown actual size.

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The men and women of each decade of American life–from early Colonial days to the 1970s captured in the inimitable style of The Saturday Evening Post, in a unique collection of miniature pewter figures.

Examine the first figure in your home without cost or obligation.

Your order must be mailed by September 30, 1978.

For 250 years, The Saturday Evening Post has been recording the American scene with its remarkable portrayals of Americans in every walk of life. Often catching us unaware. Revealing our strength. Our pride. Our follies and our foibles. All of the human qualities that go to make up the essence of the American character.

Now, on the occasion of its 250th anniversary, The Saturday Evening Post will issue a collection of miniature pewter sculptures that capture forever the rich and varied panorama of American life–from the Post's unique viewpoint. And you can examine the first sculpture in the collection without cost or obligation.

This collection, entitled *The Parade of the American People,* portrays the men and women of America through each of those twenty-five memorable decades. Our colonial ancestors, both pious and pompous. The courageous men and women who opened up the frontier–and those who stayed at home. The way we adjusted to the changing scene–the coming of the railroads, votes for women, the jazz age, radio and television. All captured with love, with faith–with the unique Saturday Evening Post touch–in these miniature pewter sculptures.

Each decade will be represented by two figures: a man and a woman, costumed in the dress of that decade, and portrayed in a manner reminiscent of that time. The result is a collection that will bring back the aura and atmosphere of *each* fascinating era of American life.

The people of America— in inimitable Post style

Each of these miniature pewter figures captures the feeling of the time which it represents . . .

The pompous Colonial merchant adjusts his wig and smugly admires himself in the mirror.

The Revolutionary War soldier pauses to pray during the long and hard winter at Valley Forge.

The pretty Southern belle, in an enormous hoop skirt, causes a minor furor when her frilly crinoline is upturned by a mischievous puppy.

A flapper of the Roaring Twenties borrows her beau's prized Stutz Bearcat –only to wind up pumping a flat tire.

The World War II G.I. "fights" the enemy and a pile of unpeeled potatoes!

And a young mother of the 1950s frantically searches through her copy of "Dr. Spock" for the answer to her little one's sobs.

Sculpted in meticulous detail

Each of the fifty figures will be an original work of art, created *exclusively* for this series by Ronald Hinote, one of America's most distinguished sculptors of miniature figures. Hinote's work is widely admired for its artistic quality as well as its devotion to accuracy.

Each article of clothing . . . each pose . . . each facial expression will be clearly portrayed–all the more remarkable considering the size of each figure. And each figure will have a special *style* about it–a lightness of spirit or a moving and inspiring quality–that has always typified the Post's approach to life.

You'll actually be able to see the bouquet of daisies held by the blushing young lad on his first date. The cartridge belt worn by the cowboy as he relaxes, secretly reading his favorite *poetry*. The frilly pantaloons worn by the Southern belle. Every detail will be captured with skill and artistry in these superb miniature figures.

To make certain that the figures are crafted to the highest standards of quality, The Saturday Evening Post has appointed The Franklin Mint to produce them. Each figure will be *hand-finished* to bring out every feature of the sculptor's work and the rich lustre of the metal.

Lasting beauty and rarity

Since *The Parade of the American People* will be produced in a single strictly limited edition, it will have assured rarity. There is a limit of one subscription per person, and the total edition will be forever limited to the exact number of individuals who subscribe by the deadline date of September 30, 1978.

To add to its artistic value, each figure will bear the distinctive signature mark of the sculptor as well as the prized mintmark of The Franklin Mint.

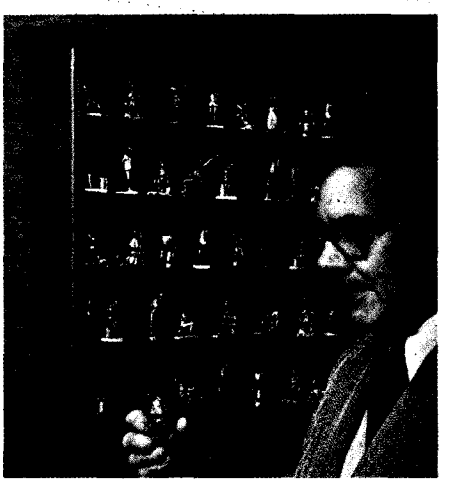
As a subscriber, you will receive these handsome figures at the convenient rate of one each month. The price for each pewter sculpture is just $19.50, and you will also receive, without additional charge, a hardwood five-tiered cabinet–custom-designed to display the complete collection on the wall or on a tabletop. In addition, a fascinating commentary will be provided with each figure. And a *special magnifier* will also be sent for close-up examination of each figure.

Examine the first figure without cost or obligation

By special arrangement, The Franklin Mint will make the first pewter figure available for examination, on a strictly limited basis. If you wish to take advantage of this unique opportunity, you must respond by September 30, 1978.

The first figure–*Colonial Pride*–will be sent to you without any advance payment and you may keep it in your home for 10 days. Only then need you send your payment for it–and subsequent figures will be issued at the rate of one per month. Should you decide not to keep the first figure, you may return it within 10 days. It will then be destroyed to protect the rarity of the collection.

To examine the first figure, mail the form below to The Franklin Mint by September 30th.



A handsome hardwood five-tiered cabinet will be provided for display of the complete collection of miniature pewter figures.

ORDER FORM

THE PARADE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Pewter Sculpture Collection

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please send me the first miniature figure in The Saturday Evening Post's *Parade of the American People Pewter Sculpture Collection*. I understand that I may examine it in my home for 10 days without cost or obligation. At the end of that time, I have the privilege of returning it and canceling my subscription if I wish. Or I will keep the figure and pay $19.50* for it and for each of the subsequent 49 pewter figures in the collection, as they are sent to me at the rate of one per month.

**Plus my state sales tax*

Signature_____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss_____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address_____

City_____

State, Zip_____

Limit: One collection per subscriber
Must be postmarked by September 30, 1978

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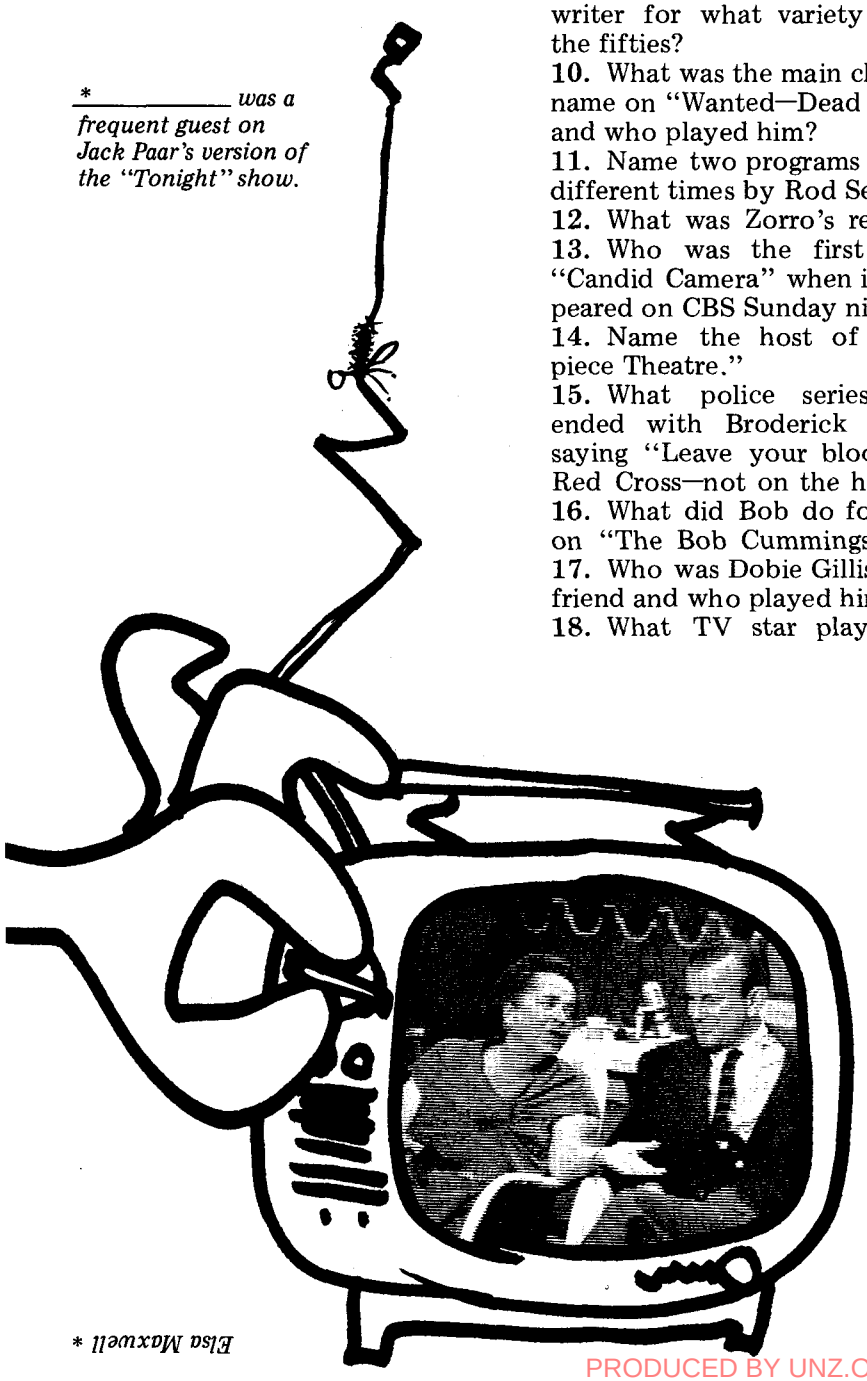
TV TRIVIA

Intrigued by trivia? Test your talent with these tantalizing television tidbits.

1. Danny Williams had an uncle on "The Danny Thomas Show." What was his name and who played the role?
2. Name Beaver Cleaver's brother and tell who played him.
3. What was the series featuring a visitor from outer space who was called "Uncle Martin" by the one person who knew his secret?
4. What was Barney's specialty on "Mission: Impossible"?
5. On "Star Trek," Spock was a mixture of what two races?
6. Where did "Longstreet" take place, what was his handicap, and what was his occupation?
7. What daytime TV show was hosted by Johnny Carson?
8. Shirley Temple grew up to be the hostess on what show?
9. Mel Brooks used to be a staff writer for what variety show in the fifties?
10. What was the main character's name on "Wanted—Dead or Alive" and who played him?
11. Name two programs hosted at different times by Rod Serling.
12. What was Zorro's real name?
13. Who was the first host of "Candid Camera" when it first appeared on CBS Sunday nights?
14. Name the host of "Masterpiece Theatre."
15. What police series usually ended with Broderick Crawford saying "Leave your blood at the Red Cross—not on the highway"?
16. What did Bob do for a living on "The Bob Cummings Show"?
17. Who was Dobie Gillis' beatnik friend and who played him?
18. What TV star played Orrin Hacker on "The Governor and J. J."?
19. "Green Acres" was a spin-off from what series?
20. What was the name of the dog on "My Three Sons"?
21. Who played Kitty on "Gunsmoke" and what business did she run?
22. Name the main character on "Have Gun—Will Travel." Who played him and what was his trademark?
23. Name two detective series set in the Hawaiian Islands.
24. What weekly series replayed silent films?
25. In 1970 two Neil Simon comedies debuted as TV series. Name them.
26. What was the name of the original commanding officer on "M*A*S*H"? Who played the role?
27. The host of "G.E. Theater" later went into politics. Name him.
28. In "The Man From U.N.C.L.E.," what did the acronym UNCLE stand for?
29. What was Lucy's maiden name on "I Love Lucy"?
30. What was Ben Casey's specialty?
31. Jerry Mahoney was the dummy. Who was the ventriloquist?
32. What series was based on Kenneth Roberts' novel about the French and Indian War?
33. The starring role in "Hennesey" was played by a former child star. Name him.
34. Ozzie and Harriet Nelson came back to TV in the early seventies in what show?

**_____ was a frequent guest on Jack Paar's version of the "Tonight" show.*



*Elsa Maxwell **

1. Uncle Tonoose/Hans Conried 2. Wally/Tony Dow 3. "My Favorite Martian" 4. Electronics 5. Vulcan/human 6. New Orleans/blindness/insurance investigator 7. "Who Do You Trust?" 8. "Shirley Temple's Storybook" 9. "Your Show of Shows" 10. Josh Randall/Steve McQueen 11. "Night Gallery" and "Twilight Zone" 12. Don Diego de la Vega 13. Arthur Godfrey 14. Alistair Cooke 15. "Highway Patrol" 16. Photographer 17. Maynard Krebs/Bob Denver 18. Carroll O'Connor 19. "Petticoat Junction" 20. Tramp 21. Amanda Blake/The Long Branch Saloon 22. Paladin/Richard Boone/a chess knight 23. "Hawaii Five-O" and "Hawaiian Eye" 24. "Silents Please" 25. "Barefoot in the Park" and "The Odd Couple" 26. Lt. Col. Henry Blake/McLean Stevenson 27. Ronald Reagan 28. United Network Command for Law Enforcement 29. McGillicuddy 30. Neurosurgery 31. Paul Winchell 32. "Northwest Passage" 33. Jackie Cooper 34. "Ozzie's Girls"

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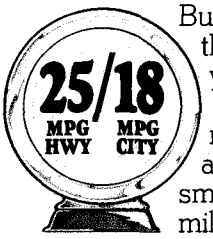
WE MADE IT SMALL WITHOUT MAKING IT SMALL.

Aspen offers a lot of things that are good about big cars . . . in addition to a lot of things that people like about small cars. By every measurement, Aspen is sized right . . . engineered right . . . priced right.

Aspen's small-car gas mileage.

EPA estimates for our new Aspen wagon are 25 MPG highway and 18 MPG city when it's equipped with a 225 one-barrel six-cylinder engine and manual transmission. Our new Aspen sedan does even better with the same engine and transmission: 28 MPG highway and 20 MPG city. Of course, your mileage may vary according to your driving habits, the condition of your car and its equipment. In California, automatic transmission is required and mileage is lower.



But we think you see what we mean about small-car mileage.

Aspen's small-car price.

It's easy to find some smaller wagons with a larger price than our wagon. The nicely turned out Aspen below, for example, has a price of just $4294, as you see it, excluding taxes and destination charges. So you see, Aspen gives you plenty of opportunity to order your favorite equipment without compromising your budget.

Aspen's big-car "Feel."

When you drive our Aspen, you'll notice how confidently and quietly it handles the road. Much of this is due to Aspen's carefully engineered isolated transverse front suspension system. Our wagon's carefully planned sound insulation and luxurious seating contribute even more to its big-car quiet and comfort.

Aspen's big-car room.

Once you get inside the Aspen wagon, you'll be impressed by such big-car dimensions as the 43.3 inches between wheelhouses and the over 5100 square inches of glass area. If you prefer sedans, however, be aware that Aspen thinks big, too. It offers true six-people accommodation plus more total passenger room—front and back—than Ford Fairmont or Mercury Zephyr.

Important words about resale value.

All of this big-car/small-car thinking has obviously made its mark on Aspen's value. Because a 1977 Aspen wagon currently retains a greater percent of its original sticker price, model for model, than any other 1977 Chevrolet, Pontiac, Buick or Ford wagon. That's straight from the May 10, 1978, issue of the authoritative *Automotive Market Report.*

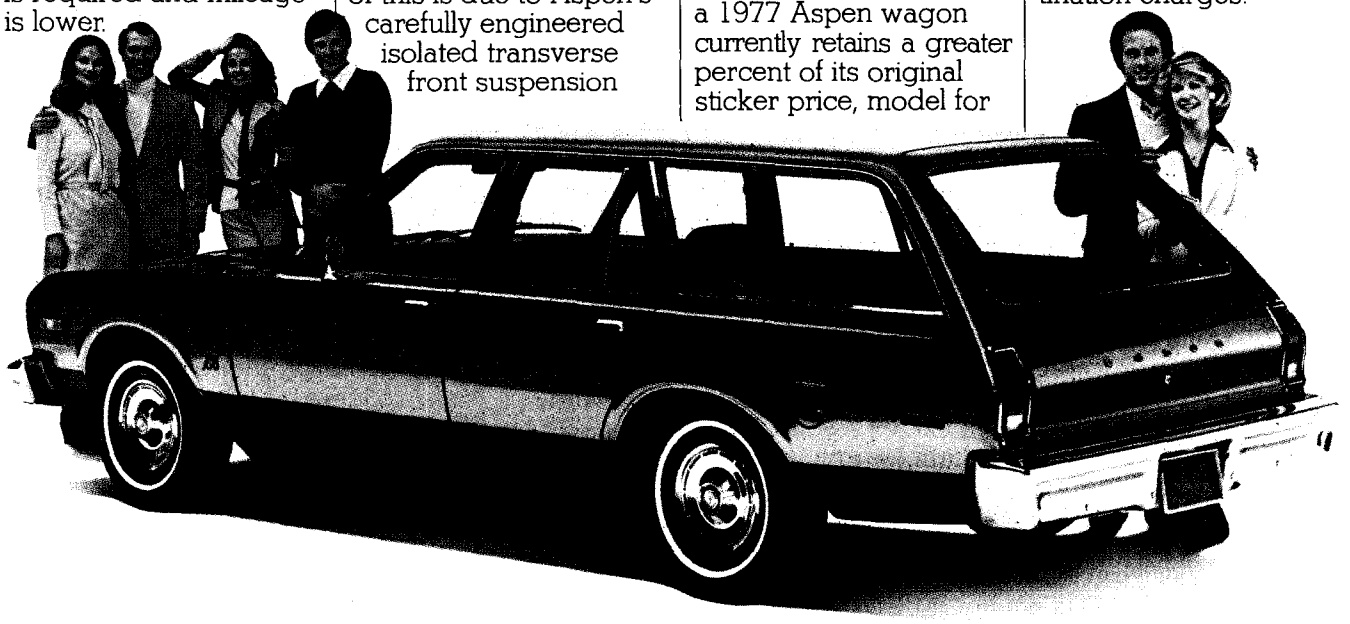
And that makes Aspen a very enticing proposition whether you plan to buy or lease your next new car. Surely enticing enough for you to come into your Dodge Dealer's and find out the secret of making a small car behave like a big car.

NEW DODGE ASPEN

$4294.

Sticker price, as shown. Excluding taxes and destination charges.

Dodge



SMALLER FEELS BIGGER IN AN ASPEN.

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THE TALK OF TV

"The most memorably pleasing language on television is usually found in commercials . . ."

by Edwin Newman

I am, in the language of the trade, a "commentator." Every so often a letter arrives asking when, as a commentator, I commentate, and whether I couldn't simply comment instead? It is probably too late. Commentator is a word that radio and television have fixed in American English. It is unlikely ever to be dislodged.

Television's effect on language is not all that it should be. There is the evasion implicit in "We'll be back after this message," when the "message" ought, more forthrightly, to be called a commercial. There is the unthinking habit of saying, "We'll be back in a moment," although a moment is a brief and indefinite period of time, and it is actually a minute we're talking about, sometimes more. There are the sports broadcasters who tell us that a player's future is before him, or that they cannot "visually see" something, or pronounce the United States "in good shape Davis Cupwise," or begin comment after comment with "Y'know?"

But more generally, the state of a language to some extent reflects the condition of society, and also to some degree shapes it, and television is perhaps the chief influence on language today. It does not follow from this that television language ought to be self-consciously grand and artificially elevated. There is, however, some obligation to show what language can be, and to get all the fun, excitement, color, and satisfaction we can from it. We live in a big and marvelously varied world. Television ought to reflect that, and the language can help.

I must confess that I am not invariably guiltless of offenses against American English. On the dustcover of one of my books, it was stated that I had "anchored" NBC's coverage of various events.

Newman fears his tongue-in-cheek approach may make people think he's "a frustrated humorist, and they're right!"

This soon prompted letters asking me to make a diagram showing precisely how I had performed this task, and suggesting that it must have been a weighty assignment. I understood the objection, for I dislike hearing that somebody hosted a program, and I detest hearing that somebody authored a book. Still, anchored is now a common term, like it or not. It had been used occasionally before, of course, as when ships anchored in harbors, or when a football player, performing heroically, was said to have anchored his team's defense. But television made it an everyday word.

Some words are used because nothing else will serve. Think of "moderator." It is an assignment I have often had, and I know that most debates don't need the toning down that moderating implies; if anything, they need the opposite. But the term is universally understood. "Host," as used on television, isn't quite right either. But "master of ceremonies" is long and clumsy, and the French word *compère* has never caught on with us. Therefore, host.

At that, I find "host" less troubling on talk shows than the loose use of "great," for appearing on a talk show does not automatically confer greatness on those who do it. The result is predictable: Being called great nowadays means little. One must be very great, or really great, or truly great, if one hopes to be set apart. Nor would anyone new aspire to be a mere star. It is now necessary to be a superstar.

The most memorably pleasing language on television is usually found in commercials: "You've Come a Long Way, Baby," "If You've Got It, Flaunt It," "Leave the Driving to Us," "We Try Harder," "It's the Real Thing," "Try It, You'll Like It," "Fly Me," "We Must Be Doing Something Right," and "It's What's Up Front That Counts" are examples.

The reasons these slogans catch on are clear. They are repeated often, but more important, they are succinct, pithy, and usually rhythmic. Also, they can be used in situations in which they have no reference to the products they advertise. In these cases, it is not what's up front, but what can be implied, that counts.

Until these phrases wear out their welcome through overuse, they make our lives more cheerful. At any rate, some do. But it is difficult to be cheerful about commercials in which the model, advertising women's underclothing, looks naughtily into the camera and proclaims, "It makes me feel like I'm not wearing nothing." That is the opposite of what she means. Moreover, enough Americans already use "like" when they should say "as though," and there are enough double negatives in American speech without advertisers promoting more. "Winston tastes good like a cigarette should" all but killed one use of the word "as." And commercials that begin chumily with "Y'know" are perpetuating a habit of American speech that is not only tiresome but also an enemy of thought. "Y'know" is a surrender. It suggests that there is no need to frame a thought.

Entertainment shows also create and quickly wear out popular

Continued on page 105

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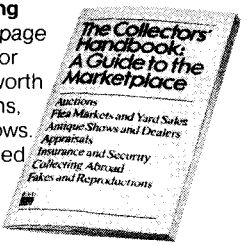

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THE PATIENT AT PEACOCKS HALL

"I looked at the woman's face. Suddenly I realized who she was—the woman I hated more than anyone in the world—and I was her doctor."

by Margery Allingham

Illustrated by Larry Kritcher

Part I "I never did think her eyes were a patch on yours, Miss Ann. Take a good look. You can see them. They're as plain as anything. Now let me get you a hand mirror."

Rhoda planted the folded newspaper with the photograph in it squarely in front of me, supporting it against my after-lunch coffee cup. She was forthright and innocently excited in every one of her 200 pounds, and she tore open an old wound as surely as if, with her plump, well-meaning fingers, she had found the cicatrix and ripped it from my flesh.

It was so unexpected. I had had such a busy morning and was so full of other people's troubles that my own life was utterly forgotten.

"No, thank you," I said politely, hoping I had not turned white from the sudden frightening pain, for I knew she would be watching me anxiously to see if my recovery was complete. Rhoda is the kind of woman who digs up the mint outside her kitchen door two days after she has planted it, to find out if it has started to grow. "I've seen my eyes this morning, and they're bloodshot again. What do you think it is? Alcohol?"

She was nearly sidetracked. The buttons on her blouse strained as she took a breath and peered at me.

"Nonsense," she said. "They're lovely. Just like your poor mother's, only a different blue and not so round."

"How true," I agreed. "Like her, I've got two of them."

"Now you're trying to be funny, like your father. I never laughed when he wanted me to, and I shan't at you. You have got nice eyes and you're getting quite good-looking altogether, now you've finished working yourself to death at the hospital." Her kind, unlovely face wore its most characteristic expression—part suspicion, part belligerence, and nearly all affection. "Aren't you going to read the bit about her? Or perhaps you don't want to?"

I ignored the emphasis. Rhoda did not mean it or at least not much. She was 16 when she came to work for my mother three weeks after I was born, and now that I am the only member of the family left, she has continued to work for me just as faithfully and a good deal more chattily.

My cottage has only one downstairs room other than the kitchen, and it is a big one. It is furnished with the nicest bits from home and is long and low, with French windows giving onto a small mossy yard, and it looks on to the broad tree-islanded meadow which marks the end of the built-up area on this side of the little town of Mapleford.

I love it, and I was happy and peaceful and content before she spoke. Now, since she was watching me, I had to read the paragraph about Francia Forde.

I did not linger over the photograph. Let me be honest and say at once that I have never really studied any of the reproductions of that lovely Botticelli face with its halo of pale hair. I never saw any of the four films she starred in and I never let myself envisage her as a real woman, lest I should fall into that most self-punishing sin of all, and hate her till I burned myself to ash. I had no idea if she was tall or short, shrill or husky, witty or a fool. As far as I was concerned, Francia Forde had never existed, nor John Linnett either.

Anyhow, that was my story and I was sticking to it

"I suppose you're very pleased with yourself, Doctor Fowler," Dr. Ludlow growled. That "doctor" was a danger signal.

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pretty well. I had my own way to make and I was enjoying it. At 28 I was the chief assistant to Doctor Ludlow, an old man who had a practice twice too big for him. My experience was growing every hour. I liked my patients, and their troubles were mine. I could still rejoice when they were born and feel a genuine pang when, despite my best efforts, they died. Love was now just another natural malady suffered or enjoyed by other people. I had experienced it, I knew about it, it was over.

The paragraph could hardly, therefore, be expected to hold much interest for me, and I was surprised to find how difficult it was to read. The words danced before me and their sense didn't seem worth discovering. It was something about the "beautiful Francia Forde, whom everyone had loved so much in *Shadow Lady*," having taken leave of the studios for a while to become the Moonlight Girl in an enormous press-advertising campaign which Moonlight Soap and Beauty Products, Ltd., were about to launch on a breathless world, and there was a mention of television.

To me it simply meant that I was going to be reminded of her in every magazine or newspaper I opened, and that even the air would not be free of her. Movies I could and did avoid, but now she was going to be everywhere.

Rhoda had stamped off with the plates, so I did not have to watch my face. I put the folded paper down and sat looking across the table at the rock flowers and the meadows beyond.

The past is a terrifying thing. One finds one cheats so. John was four years older than I. We were the children of friends. Our fathers were doctors in the same town and from our babyhood they had set their hearts first on our taking up medicine and then on our marrying. At that moment I could have sworn that it had all been a silly mistake of the old people's and that we never could have loved each other, and yet in the next instant I was remembering the night I first noticed that John had grown so breathtakingly good-looking. It was the night before he was off to war as a full-fledged major in the RAMC and I was still in my first year at hospital. We had walked in the Linnetts' walled garden and the ilex trees had whispered above us and the sweet earth had breathed on us with a new tenderness.

Without wanting to in the least, as I sat there with Francia Forde's smile flashing up at me from the page, I remembered the feel of his fingers on my shoulder and the hard, unexpectedly importunate touch of his mouth on mine. I could understand still and even recapture all the crazy magic of that moment when we realized that the one really important thing in all the world was that we were ourselves and no one else, and that together we were complete and invincible.

All that was quite vivid. I could remember the plans we made and how none of them seemed at all grandiose or impossible. Even the children's clinic, which was to grow into a hospital and a research station, was more real to me than, say, the puzzled misery of the last time he came home on leave just after V-E Day.

By that time terrible things had happened. Old Doctor and Mrs. Linnett were both gone. They had stepped into a crowded train after a flying visit to London, only to be taken out in the screaming darkness in the midst of a raid two stations down the line. They were both dead, killed by machine-gun bullets, the surprised expression still on their kind old faces. My own father, too, was fuming in a bed in his own hospital as the cruelty of his last illness slowly consumed him.

I don't think John and I quarreled on that last leave. We knew each other too well. We were still friends, still in love. We made plans for our wedding, which was to take place as soon as I had finished at St. James'. But there was a change in him. He had become nervy and preoccupied, as if the strain of war had begun to tell.

I know his looks had become remarkable. He had always been considered handsome in Southersham, but now there was something outstanding about him. He had his father's dark red hair and wide-shouldered height, his good head and wide smile, and he had Mrs.

Continued on following page

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Linnett's short straight nose, creamy skin, and the narrow, dancing eyes that were more attractive in a man even than in her. Old friends, and even strangers, looked hard at him twice, and, if they happened to be young and female, were inclined to blush for no good reason at all. To do him justice, he had not seemed to be aware of any change.

That long lonely period later, in the winter of '45, when I had no letters, the time which seemed to go on for years, had no reality for me as I sat thinking that afternoon. Yet every line of the Southersham *Observer*'s bombshell that spring was as clear to me as if I had had the fuzzy small-town print before me.

Miss Phillimore sent the paper to me in London, and I got it on a day that was pure poetry, green and gold, and blue skies. No one but she could have written: "This may surprise you, dear" in that spidery 1890 hand. The editor had quoted a few paragraphs written in the style some of those writers achieve. I could recite them still, though I had read them only once.

FRANCIA FORDE CAPTURES GLAMOUR HERO FROM ARMY

Medicine Relinquishes Its Handsomest Man. Francia Forde, Bullion's new and scintillating starlet, who is to portray the daughter (Yetta) in the new Dolores Dusé epic, Chains, *has married John Linnett, Director Waldo's latest discovery. Linnett, who has been granted indefinite leave from the army to play opposite his bride . . . .*

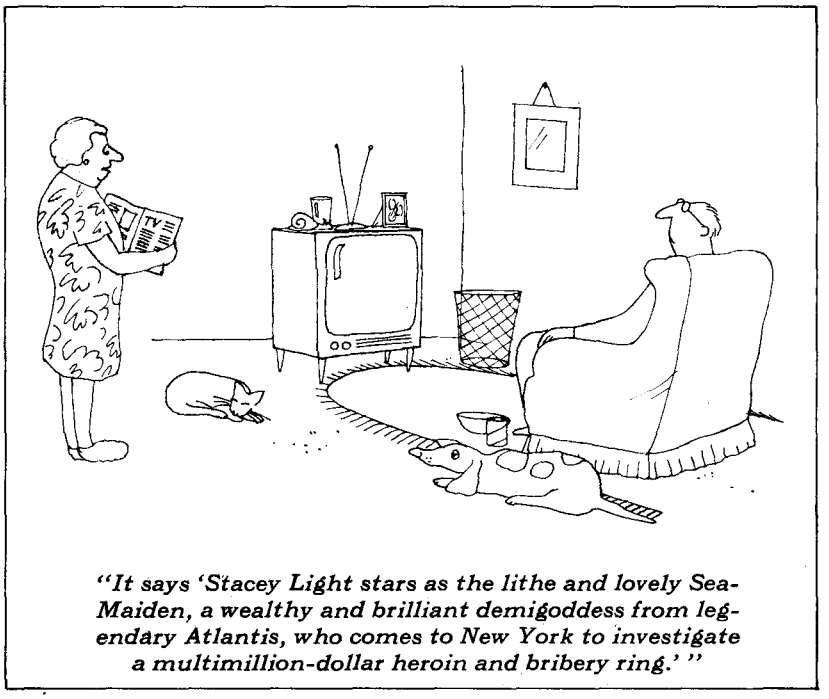
There was a final line or so, written in the same vein:

The Rumor Bird whispers to us that there is a certain little lady doctor in Linnett's hometown who is going to feel badly over this development.

The Southersham *Observer* finished the piece with a reference to "an engagement notice printed in these columns not long ago," and a snappy hark-back to the tragedy of Doctor and Mrs. Linnett's death in the raid.

I remembered that, all right. Although I was heart-free and cured, I remembered every paralyzing word of it. Incredibly enough, that was all there was to remember. That was all I ever heard. I had no letter, no message, not even gossip through friends. It was as though John had died. He had turned his back on his home, his ideals, and everything he had ever lived for.

When *Chains* appeared, Francia was in it, but not John. She made her first hit in that film in which Dolores Dusé, the veteran French actress, was so moving, and in her next film she was a star. Since then she had gone from strength to strength. But John had vanished. If he was still married to her, he kept in the background. He never wrote and he never came back to Southersham.



"It says 'Stacey Light stars as the lithe and lovely Sea-Maiden, a wealthy and brilliant demigoddess from legendary Atlantis, who comes to New York to investigate a multimillion-dollar heroin and bribery ring.' "

Well, there it was, that was my story, and if I had not forgotten quite so completely as I had thought, I had at least got over it.

Old Dr. Percy Ludlow saved me from myself just then. I glanced up to see him trotting across my meadow—my cottage is on his estate—and I got up to open the glass doors to meet him. Anyone less like the popular conception of a doctor I have yet to see. He is a tough, slightly horsey little man with a face like red sandstone, and a gay, colorful style of dress he can't have changed since he was a boy. Local people whisper to me that he is 80, which is absurd. He looks 60 and still rides to hounds whenever he gets a chance.

I suppose, in my more serious moments, I ought not to approve of him. He is obstinate and old-fashioned, hopelessly conventional and a snob. And yet, when science has let me down and a diagnosis is beyond me, when I've thought of everything and worked out everything and am still in the dark, he will shuffle up to the bedside, pull down an eyelid, sniff, and fish up out of some experience-taught subconscious an answer which is pure guesswork, but which happens to be right.

Just then, as he came dancing in, I saw, to my surprise, that he was angry. His rather light brown suit was buttoned tightly round his compact body, and his vivid blue eyes glared at me belligerently from his red face. He paused just inside the room and began to play with the coins in his trouser pockets.

"I suppose you're very pleased with yourself, Doctor Fowler."

That "doctor" was a danger signal and I spoke cautiously. "Not more than usual. What have I done now?"

He thrust his chin out at me. "Overconscientious, that's what's wrong with women in the professions. No thought of consequences. Lose a packet of aspirin and rush off to the police."

"Oh," I murmured, enlightened. "The Dormital."

"Dormital!" He repeated the word as though he had never heard of it—as perhaps he hadn't. "What is it? One of these rubbishy phenobarbituric derivatives, I suppose. Where did you get it? Some darned silly firm send it to you as

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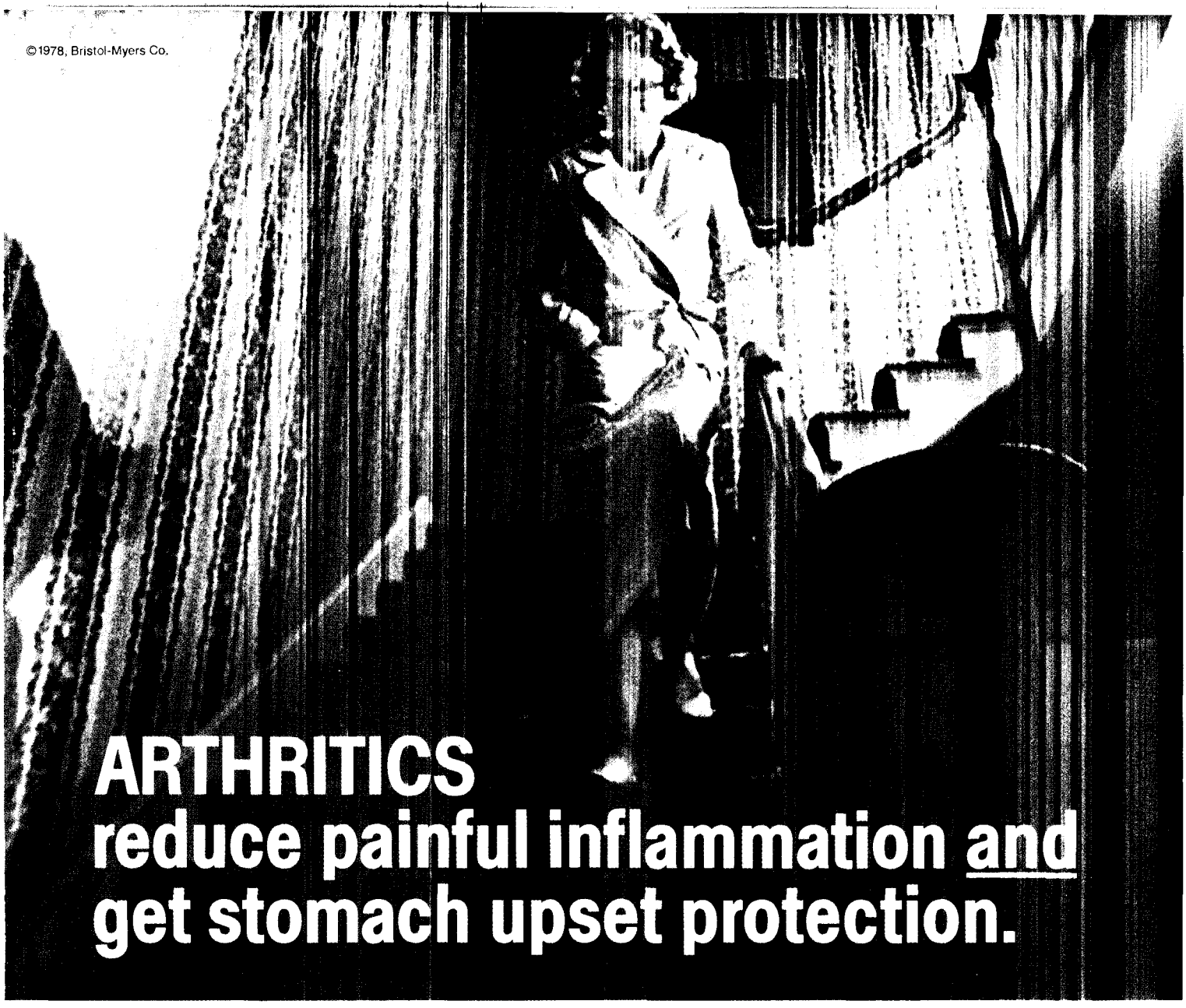

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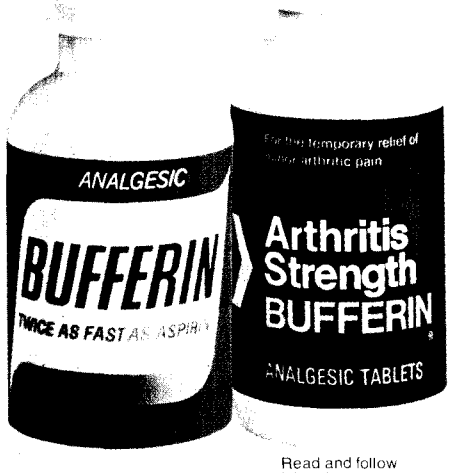

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a sample? Is that it, Doctor?"

Since he had clearly been talking to Brush, our local inspector, to whom I had reported everything, this was not too clever of him. Had he been a little less angry I might have pointed that out. As it was, I murmured, "I'm sorry, but it is a poison, and I think someone really must have taken it out of my bag when I was on my round, so I reported it."

I could see him making up his mind how he was going to manage me. Presently he disarmed me with a smile. Then, shaking his head, he asked me for the list of calls I had made on the day of the loss. When I fetched it, he went over each entry, calling everyone by his first name, which wasn't really surprising perhaps, since he'd brought most of them into the world.

" 'Lizzie Luffkin,' " he read aloud, a forefinger on the page. "Yes, I heard you'd been there. She's a strange old lady; rather a dangerous old lady. Makes up what she can't learn. Pity you called. Left the car in the road, I suppose? Unlocked?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Don't blame you. Never locked a car in my life. Told Brush so. No, there's no one doubtful on this list, Ann. You couldn't have taken it with you." He eyed me with a curious expression which was half shrewd and half obstinate. "Make up your mind to that. You don't know Mapleford as I do. We're old-fashioned down here. Maybe we're even a little bit narrow. Am I making myself clear?"

"Not frightfully," I said helplessly, and he sighed.

"You're young, my dear. The people down here are not, and I'm not speaking of years. Brush and I have been discussing the matter, and he agrees with me it would be very unwise to broadcast the loss. We don't want a lot of chatter in Mapleford about—well, to put it bluntly, about drugs."

I gaped at him. To me all drugs are drugs, so to speak, dangerous or otherwise. I thought he was going to shake me.

"Barbituric acid!" he exclaimed, making it sound like an improper word. "Barbituric acid, Ann. All your fancy fiddle-me-faddles are only barbituric acid, and we've heard quite enough about that in our time." He lowered his voice, although we were alone. "The old duke's sister died of it, poor wretched woman. She was an addict."

Perhaps I was not so impressed as I ought to have been. "But when was all this?" I demanded.

Percy Ludlow met my eyes solemnly. "Only 30 years ago," he said without a tremor. "No time at all in a place like this. I remember it as if it was last week. So do most other people. So, you see, once we start muttering about lost or stolen barbituric, there'll be no end of talk. I know the people down here. Half of them have got nothing to do except chatter about their neighbors. You take my word for it, young woman, you'll have every maiden lady on your register suspected of taking narcotics if you're not very careful."

It was a jolt to me. Although my intelligence told me he must be crazy, I knew in my heart that he was right. It was his famous trick of correct diagnosis all over again. I might be right in theory, but he knew the people of his funny little town.

"I'm terribly sorry," I began, and he grinned at me.

"I hate scandal," he remarked. "In fact, I'm terrified of it. I'll get you out of anything in Mapleford except scandal. Then I wouldn't lift a finger." He shot one of his bright birdlike stares at me. "What's your new friend at Peacocks like?"

That took me by surprise. It showed me, too, what I ought to have known about the size and efficiency of Mapleford's espionage system. I had been down to Peacocks Hall exactly five times since old Mrs. Montgomery had rented the house to Peter Gastineau in February. This man was one of my very few private patients—that is to say, one of those who, although they paid the compulsory weekly premium under the new scheme, elected to pay their doctor as well. That alone made him something of a rarity. I explained at once.

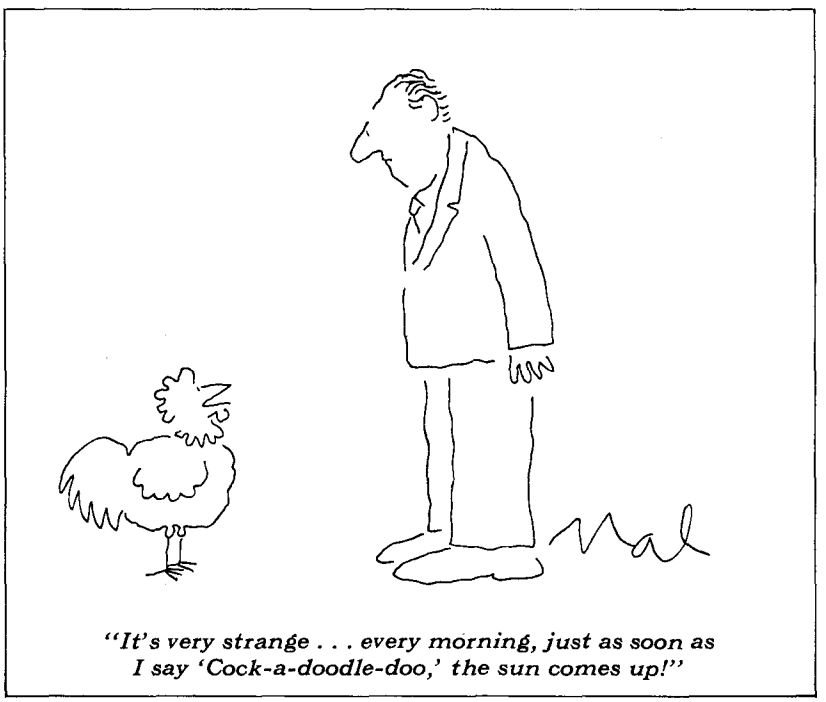
"Well, he's arthritic," I said. "and he has quite a heart. He spent some time in a prison camp, and not one of the better ones either, by the look of him. He has a man and his wife looking after him."

Ludlow grunted. "All foreigners, I hear."

"Gastineau is naturalized, but I imagine he's French or Belgian born. The servants aren't English either."

"What did Alice Montgomery want to rent her house for?" He seemed gloomy. "And why does a foreigner want to come down here in the cold? Darned damp hole to take his arthritis to, I should have thought. Well, I shouldn't see any more of him than you need, you know."

He went off to the French windows, but before he left, glanced



"It's very strange . . . every morning, just as soon as I say 'Cock-a-doodle-doo,' the sun comes up!"

Continued on page 24

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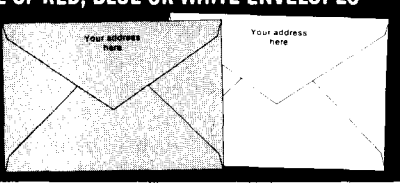

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round at me once more.

"You're a bit too pretty with that black hair and blue eyes, and your figure's too good," he said seriously. "These old gals round here, they suspect that."

So it was Miss Luffkin, was it? Her little house was very near Peacocks. I might have known.

"Those are faults I'll recover from with the years," I said aloud.

"Eh? Oh, yes, I suppose you will." The notion did not appear to comfort him particularly. "Goo'-bye, my dear. Not another word about that other matter, mind. Leave that entirely to me."

He went dancing off across the meadow like a gnome, and as I watched him Rhoda came up behind me.

"I couldn't help hearing, and it reminded me," she said brazenly. "Mr. Gastineau rang up twice this morning. He's quite well, but he wants to see you very urgently. He wouldn't leave a message."

I could feel her curiosity bristling like a hedgehog.

"He's well over 40 and he's one of the ugliest men I've ever set eyes on," I observed.

"Is he?" She sounded quite relieved indeed.

Then she added suddenly, "I've been remembering Mr. John, you see."

So had I, of course. There are times when I find old Rhoda very nearly unbearable.

It was ten past five when I left the Cottage Hospital on the other side of the town, and surgery was at six, but as I neared the lane which leads past Miss Luffkin's cottage to Peacocks Hall I thought I could just fit in a call on Mr. Gastineau. I was not going there because he attracted me irresistibly. He didn't. To my mind there was little that was entrancing about that battered and racked shell of a human being, but there was something about his attitude toward life which struck a responsive chord in me. I could not define it. I had no idea what it was. It was an undercurrent, emotional and rather frightening, and it made me curious. I did not even like him, but I certainly wanted to know more about him.

Miss Luffkin was pruning the ramblers which grow over her hedge. As far as I know she never does anything else. Whenever I pass, be it winter or summer, there she is, snipping and brushing and tying and bending, while her quick eyes turn this way and that, and her green gardening bonnet is never still.

I waved nonchalantly and sped by. I guessed she would stare after me and probably glance at her watch, so that later, when I came back, she could look at it again. It couldn't be helped.

"Everybody's so insensitive nowadays—you say 'Tell it to the desk sergeant,' then he says 'Tell it to the Judge,' the Judge says 'Tell it to the jury'—"

Peacocks is one of those sprawling Elizabethan houses which seem to be nestling into the earth for warmth. As I pulled up, the front door creaked open and Gastineau himself appeared. He was delighted, but also embarrassed to see me, I thought, and he came stiffly forward to open the car door.

"This is so kind that I am ashamed," he said in his clipped, overprecise English as he led me into the house. "I did not mean to drag you all the way out here. I merely have a little favor to ask, and I seem to be making all the trouble in the world."

He glanced at me out of the corners of his dull black eyes and I thought again how extraordinarily ugly he was. He was a tall man who was bent into a short one, and his skin was sallow and stretched over his bones. Worst of all, he gave one the impression that there had once been something vital and attractive about his looks, but that he was now a ghost of himself, and his deep-set eyes were without light.

I did not sit down. "What can I do?" I inquired briefly. "Surgery at six, and I've got to get back."

He grimaced. "Children with spots and old ladies with pains. An extraordinary life for such a pretty woman. But you like it, don't you?"

"I love it," I admitted, "and I'm afraid I never find it even distasteful."

"I see you don't. You are more than clever, you are kind. That is more rare," he said gravely. "That is why I have turned to you. Doctor, I have to have an ambulance."

It was so unexpected that I laughed and was sorry for it at once, he looked so worried.

"I realize I am being ridiculous," he said slowly. "I am, as they say, in a flat spin. A most awkward and difficult thing has happened and I have to do something about it. It is the widow of a very old friend and compatriot of mine. I have just heard that she is alone and ill in London. I fear she may be"—he hesitated and watched my face as he chose a word—"difficult also."

"Nerves?" I suggested. That was the usual story.

"It may be more than that."

"Alcoholism?"

He threw out his stiff hands. "I do not know. It is possible—anything is possible. All I can tell you is that I have to go to fetch her

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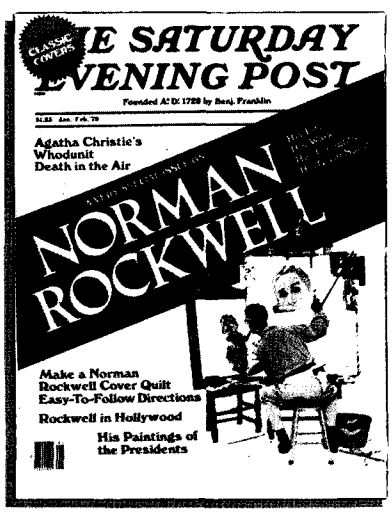

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RELIGION

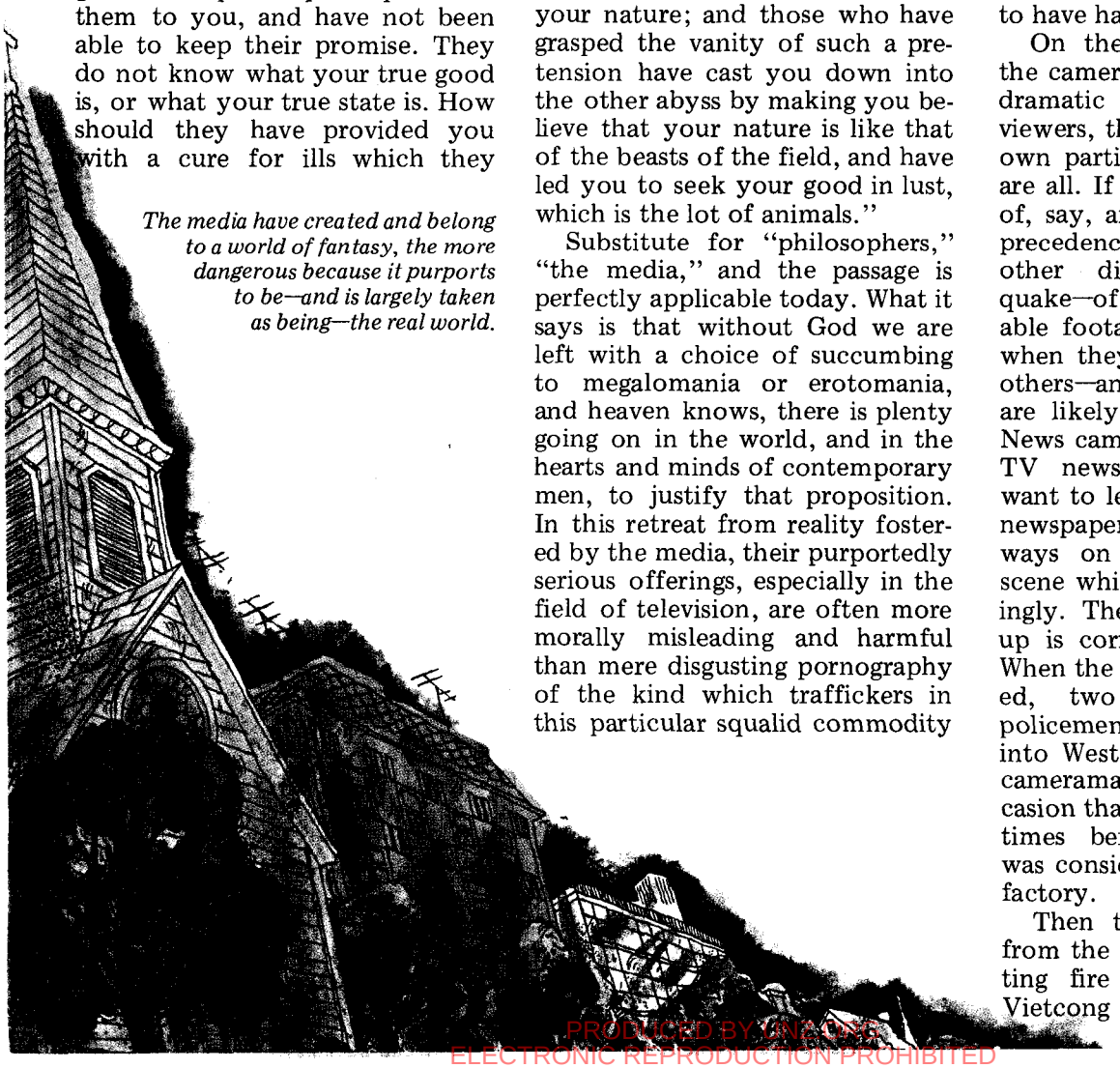
CHRIST AND THE MEDIA

"God ensures that, whatever we may do in the way of deceiving ourselves, ultimately reality will out."

by Malcolm Muggeridge

There is a passage in Pascal's *Pensées*, a book I greatly admire, that I often quote, and that seems to me highly relevant:

"It is in vain, O men, that you seek within yourselves the cure for your miseries. All your insight only leads you to the knowledge that it is *not* in yourselves that you will discover the true and the good. The philosophers promised them to you, and have not been able to keep their promise. They do not know what your true good is, or what your true state is. How should they have provided you with a cure for ills which they have not even understood? Your principal maladies are pride, which cuts you off from God, and sensuality, which binds you to the earth, and they have done nothing but foster at least one of these maladies. If they have given you God for your object, it has been to pander to your pride—they have made you think you were like him, and resembled him by your nature; and those who have grasped the vanity of such a pretension have cast you down into the other abyss by making you believe that your nature is like that of the beasts of the field, and have led you to seek your good in lust, which is the lot of animals."



The media have created and belong to a world of fantasy, the more dangerous because it purports to be—and is largely taken as being—the real world.

Substitute for "philosophers," "the media," and the passage is perfectly applicable today. What it says is that without God we are left with a choice of succumbing to megalomania or erotomania, and heaven knows, there is plenty going on in the world, and in the hearts and minds of contemporary men, to justify that proposition. In this retreat from reality fostered by the media, their purportedly serious offerings, especially in the field of television, are often more morally misleading and harmful than mere disgusting pornography of the kind which traffickers in this particular squalid commodity market and sell, whether in books, periodicals, films, or ostensible entertainment. Such material is at least easily recognizable for what it is, except perhaps in the eyes of some deluded intellectuals, and the aspiring ones who trail along in their wake, including, alas, trendy clergymen and even bishops.

The ostensibly serious offerings of the media, on the other hand, represent a different menace precisely because they are liable to pass for being objective and authentic, whereas actually they, too, belong to the realm of fantasy. Here, the advent and exploration of visual material with the coming of the camera has played a crucial role. This applies especially to news and so-called documentaries, both of which are regarded as factual, but which, in practice, are processed along with everything else in the media's fantasy machine. Thus news becomes not so much what has happened, as what can be seen as happening, or seems to have happened.

On the prowl for news, what the camera wants is an exciting or dramatic scene which will hold viewers, thus bringing into play its own particular expertise. Pictures are all. If there is footage available of, say, an air disaster, that takes precedence as news over some other disaster—say, an earthquake—of which there is no available footage. Famines only occur when they have been filmed; the others—and there are many, alas—are likely to continue unnoticed. News cameramen want to lead the TV news bulletins as reporters want to lead the front page of the newspapers they serve, and are always on the lookout for some scene which will photograph strikingly. The temptation to set one up is correspondingly very great. When the Berlin Wall was completed, two *vopos*—East German policemen—decided to jump off it into West Berlin. I was told by a cameraman present on the occasion that they had to jump three times before their performance was considered to be visually satisfactory.

Then there are those pictures from the Vietnam War of GI's setting fire to huts or shooting a Vietcong prisoner out of hand.

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The chances of such a scene presenting itself just when a camera is ready to roll, with the correct positioning, lighting, and so on, is about a billion to one against. Nonetheless, they were the camera's truth, and so valid, and incidentally in the end decisive in bringing about an ignominious American defeat. One of the most famous shots in the 1939-45 War, used many times subsequently for documentary purposes, is of Hitler doing a weird little dance of triumph on hearing the news that France had fallen to the Wehrmacht. Now this, too, turns out to have been a fake, procured by the simple device of removing a few frames from film of Hitler walking. The Führer's tread was unremarkable, but in the camera's version he will dance on through history for ever.

The most horrifying example I know of the camera's power and authority, which will surely be in the history books as an example of the degradation our servitude to it can involve, occurred in Nigeria at the time of the Biafran War. A prisoner was to be executed by a firing squad, and the cameras turned up in force to photograph and film the scene. Just as the command to fire was about to be given, one of the cameramen shouted "Cut!"; his battery had gone dead and needed to be replaced. Until this was done, the execution stood suspended. Then, with his battery working again, he shouted "Action!", and bang, bang, the prisoner fell to the ground, his death duly recorded, to be shown in millions of sitting rooms throughout the so-called civilized world. Some future historian may speculate as to where lay the greatest barbarism—on the part of the viewers, the executioners, or the cameras. I think myself that he would plump for the cameras.

As for the words that accompany the pictures, they have, of course, to be edited down and made to fit, and so are as malleable as the footage, if not more so. There are many authenticated cases of word faking, like picture faking. In the case, for instance, of the award-winning television program "The Selling of the Pentagon," some of the interviews have been shown to be edited in a way that gives a completely false impression of what was actually said. It goes without saying that none of the awards were withdrawn when the faking was exposed. Nor did the esteem in which the program was held, diminish. The fraudulence of it apparently did not particularly interest viewers; in their eyes, it just did not matter.

I remember once returning to my hotel in New York and noticing on the way that a crowd had assembled outside what was obviously an embassy or consulate of some sort—I found out afterwards that it belonged to one of the Arab countries. There were the usual students assembled—braless girls, bearded men, holding placards with slogans on them; also a police van in attendance, and a number of cops standing by with their truncheons—everything set for a demo. "What's going on?" I asked, and was told, as though it should have been obvious, that the cameras hadn't yet turned up. I lingered on until they came, and watched them set up and start rolling. Then, "Action!" where-

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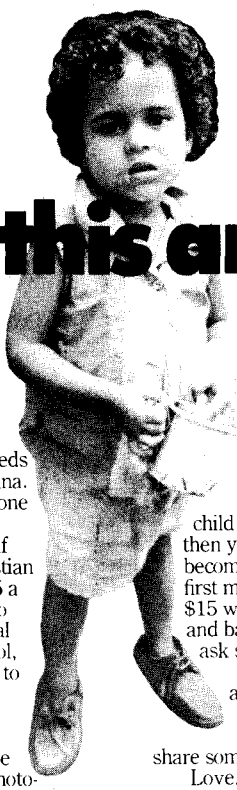

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upon placards were lifted, slogans shouted, fists clenched; a few demonstrators were arrested and pitched into the police van, and a few cops kicked, until, "Cut!" Soon the cameras, the cops, and the demonstrators had all departed, leaving the street silent and deserted. Later, in the evening, in my hotel room, I watched the demo on the screen in one of the news programs. It looked very impressive.

So I suggest that the cameras are our ego's eyes, our age's focus, the repository and emanation of all our fraudulence. Take them to any place of conflict and strife and hey presto!—in a matter of minutes, trouble stirs for them to register.

Does this mean that the camera and all its works are wholly evil and incapable of fulfilling God's purposes? Of course not. Everything and everyone ministers to this fulfillment. Even Judas had an essential role in the sublime drama of the Passion.

It could not possibly be the case that something men have invented, like the media, could never be serviceable to God. If he put into his creatures gifts which enabled them to send words gyrating round the earth and through the stratosphere, then somehow and sometime this must serve his purposes. For me personally the media have come to give off a whiff of sulfur, and yet at the end of the day I have to admit that they can enrich as well as debase a life. For instance, once when I was standing waiting for a train in an underground station, a little man—actually, he turned out to be of Greek extraction—came up to me and asked permission to shake my hand. I gladly, and rather absentmindedly, extended a hand. As we shook hands, he remarked that some words of mine in a radio program had prevented him from committing suicide. The humbling thing was that I couldn't remember the particular program he had in mind; doubtless some panel or other, to me buffoonery, and yet a human life had hung on it.

Then, I have to say that I owe to the media, specifically television, what has proved to be one of the greatest blessings of my life—meeting Mother Teresa. This occurred by chance. I was asked to interview her for BBC television, and on the way to London for the purpose, in the train, looked over some material about her which had been provided. The moment I saw her I realized that, in the words of the prophet Amos, "the Lord had taken her." Subsequent acquaintance only confirmed this.

She has told me more about our Lord, and helped me to understand more about the Christian faith, far, far more, than anything I have ever read, or thought, or heard on the subject. In the television program that we made about her, "Something Beautiful for God," the fact that she does truly live in Christ, and he in her, shines triumphantly through the camera's fraudulence. With God, all things are possible, even bringing the reality of Christ onto the television screen.

We had only five days' filming in Calcutta to make the forty-minute program on Mother Teresa. The normal allowance for a film of that length would have been two to three months. At every point we had to take all sorts of chances, one of them being to film in the very poor light of her home for the dying, where derelicts from the streets of Calcutta are brought, mostly to die, sometimes to live. To everyone's amazement, including the cameraman, Ken MacMillan's, and mine, this particular footage came out very well, showing the home for the dying, formerly a temple to the Hindu God Khali, bathed in a soft and beautiful light. There has been some dispute about this. My own feeling was, and remains, that love carried to the point that Mother Teresa has carried it has its own luminosity, and that the medieval painters who showed saints with halos were not so wide of the mark as a 20th-century mind might suppose. In any case, the program has been shown many times, in many different places, always with great impact.

The moral would seem to be that what is required to make a successful Christian television program is merely to find a true Christian and put him or her on the screen. This, rather than any televisual skills or devices, would seem to be the key. Though my own part in making the program was quite small—just doing the commentary, which meant letting Mother Teresa speak and then producing a book about her, which meant holding a pen for her to write—it is a source of great satisfaction and joy to me, and something for which I am truly grateful to the media, that when I meet her Missionaries of Charity, which I quite often do, it usually turns out that a good number of them were drawn into the order by the film or the book.

What is this reality of Christ, contrasting with all the fantasies whereby men seek to evade it—fantasies of the ego, of the appe-

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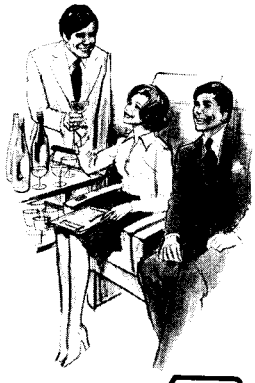

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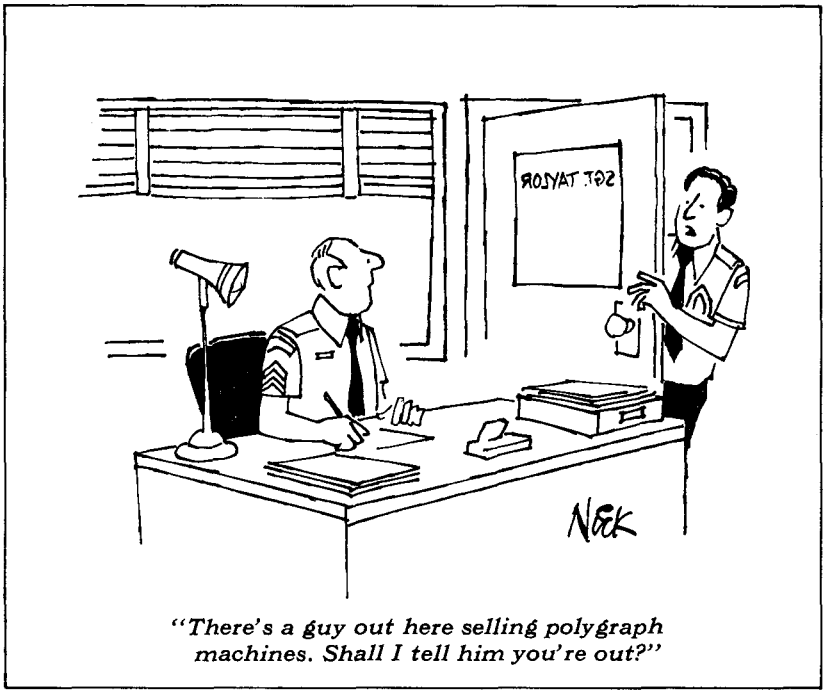
tites, of power or success, of the mind and the will; valid when first lived and expounded by our Lord himself 2,000 years ago, buoying up Western man through all the vicissitudes and uncertainties of Christendom's centuries, and available today, when it is more needed, perhaps, than ever before, as it will be available tomorrow and forever? It arises simply out of the circumstances that by identifying ourselves with Christ, by absorbing ourselves in his teaching, by living out the drama of his life with him, including especially the Passion—that powerhouse of love and creativity; by living with, by, and in him we can be reborn to become new men and women in a new world.

It sounds crazy, as it did to Nicodemus, an early intellectual and potential BBC panelist, who asked how in the world it was possible for someone already born to go back into the womb and be born again. Yet it happens; it has happened innumerable times; it goes on happening. The testimony to this effect is overwhelming. Suddenly caught up in the wonder of God's love flooding the universe, made aware of the stupendous creativity which animates all life, of our own participation in it—every color brighter, every meaning clearer, every shape more shapely, every note more musical, every word written and spoken more explicit: above all, every human face, all human companionship, all human encounters recognizably a family affair. The animals too, flying, prowling, burrowing, all their diverse cries and grunts and bellowings, and the majestic hilltops, the gaunt rocks giving their blessed shade, and the rivers faithfully making their ways to the sea—all irradiated with this same new glory in the eyes of the reborn.

What other fulfillment is there that could possibly compare with this? What going to the moon, or exploration of the universe, what victory or defeat, what revolution or counterrevolution, what putting down of the mighty from their seats and exalting of the humble and meek, who then, of course, become mighty in their turn and fit to be put down? A fulfillment that transcends all human fulfilling and yet is accessible to all humans; based on the absolutes of love rather than the relativities of justice, on the universality of brotherhood rather than the particularity of equality, on the perfect service which is freedom rather than on the perfect servitude which purports to be freedom.



"There's a guy out here selling polygraph machines. Shall I tell him you're out?"

How beautiful always is the end of a journey! How exquisite the twilight when a day is ending! How glorious are the closing bars of the *Missa Solemnis* triumphantly echoing, as they do, all that has gone before! Even so, I felt induced to renew my purpose to serve and live in the reality of Christ, and scribbled down, as it were, my operational orders for such time as remains to me in this world.

1. Seek endlessly for God and for his hand in all creation, in the tiniest atom or electron as in the wide expanse of the universe, in our own innermost being as in all fellow creatures. So, looking, we find him, finding him, we love him, and realize that in every great word ever spoken or written we hear his voice, as in every mean or sordid word we lose it.

2. Live abstemiously. Living otherwise—what Pascal calls "licking the earth"—imprisons us in a tiny dark dungeon of the ego and involves us in the pitiless servitude of the senses. So, imprisoned and enslaved, we are cut off from God.

3. Love and consider all men and women as brothers and sisters, caring for them exactly as we should for Jesus himself if we had the inexpressible honor of ministering to him.

4. Read the Bible and related literature, especially mystical works like the metaphysical poets and *The Cloud of Unknowing*. These are the literature of the Kingdom proclaimed in the New Testament; words which became flesh and have dwelt among us, full of grace and truth. I would add here an extra little codicil particularly my own: Love laughter, which sounds loudly as heaven's gates swing open and dies away as they shut.

5. Know Jesus Christ and follow his Way, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, whithersoever it may lead; through pleasant pastures, over formidable hills, into sloughs and along the Valley of the Shadow of Death itself, but always with the light of the Celestial City, not just in prospect, but *in* one's very eye. Thereby we may learn to live and learn to die.

Thus fortified, we can laugh at the media as Rabelais, in the person of Panurge, laughed at the antics of carnal men; as Cervantes, in the person of Don Quixote, laughed at the antics of crusading men; as Shakespeare, in the person of Sir John Falstaff, laughed at the antics of mortal men. ✠

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Good Guys. Bad Guys.
Zane Grey knew both kinds and lived to tell about it.

WILLIAM BONNEY
(Billy the Kid)

JESSE JAMES

CAPT. MC NELLY
(Texas Rangers)

Zane Grey actually stood face-to-face with gunslingers, gamblers and lawmen. He hunted mountain lions with Indians and outlaws with Texas Rangers.

Zane Grey sought out men who had known Wyatt Earp, Jesse James, Captain McNelly and General George Armstrong Custer. He would play poker with Arizona card sharks. Talk with the dance-hall girls and cowboys who had looked into the icy eyes of Billy the Kid. He got the facts about the most exciting episodes in the history of the West firsthand.

For example, his novel *The Border Legion* is based on eye witness accounts of how an outlaw army led by Henry Plummer and Boone Helm robbed, murdered and terrorized the town of Alder Gulch on the Idaho-Montana border, before being captured and hanged by a group of vigilantes who took the law into their hands.

If this is the kind of rousing adventure you crave, we'll send you, for only $1, *The Border Legion* plus three more of Zane Grey's action-packed novels drawn from the history of the West.

ZANE GREY

Riders of the Purple Sage. Lassiter, one of the most feared guns in the West, gambles his life and the woman he loves for one last chance at freedom. Perhaps the most popular Western ever written, the book captures the excitement and drama of the Mormon struggle for existence in the bleak, hostile Utah territory.

The Thundering Herd. Riding to the rescue of a kidnapped girl, hide-hunter Tom Doan is trapped between rampaging Comanches and miles of stampeding buffalo. Zane Grey describes in vivid detail the methods used by hide-hunters as well as virtually every aspect of their lives; his realistic accounts of the killing and skinning of the buffalo have never been surpassed.

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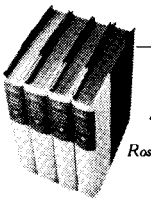

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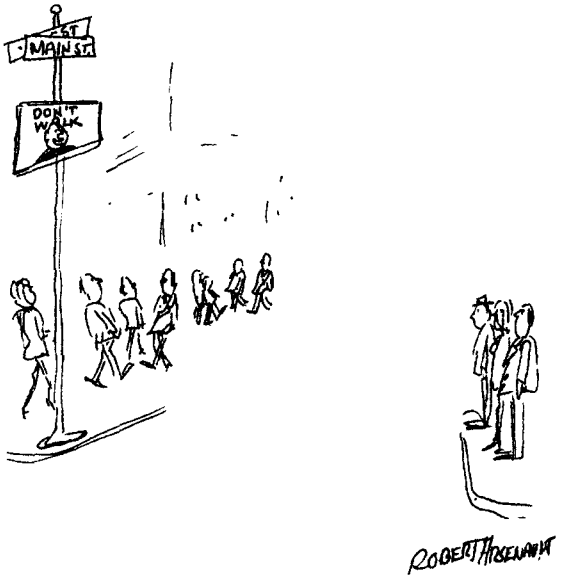
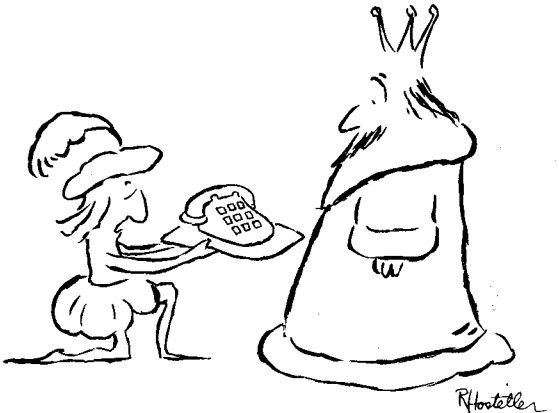
COMMUNICATIONS

"Carlton, my love . . . it's the media."



" 'Walk' will be back, right after this commercial."

"Testing, testing . . . one-to-three, three-to-five, five-to-seven. . . ."



"Destiny calls, Sire. Holding on line one."

"Miss Mayberry, I'd like to answer some constituents' letters. Would you peek in the pork barrel and see what's left?"

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Summer—"Sheer Agony"

Winter—"Chilling Chore"

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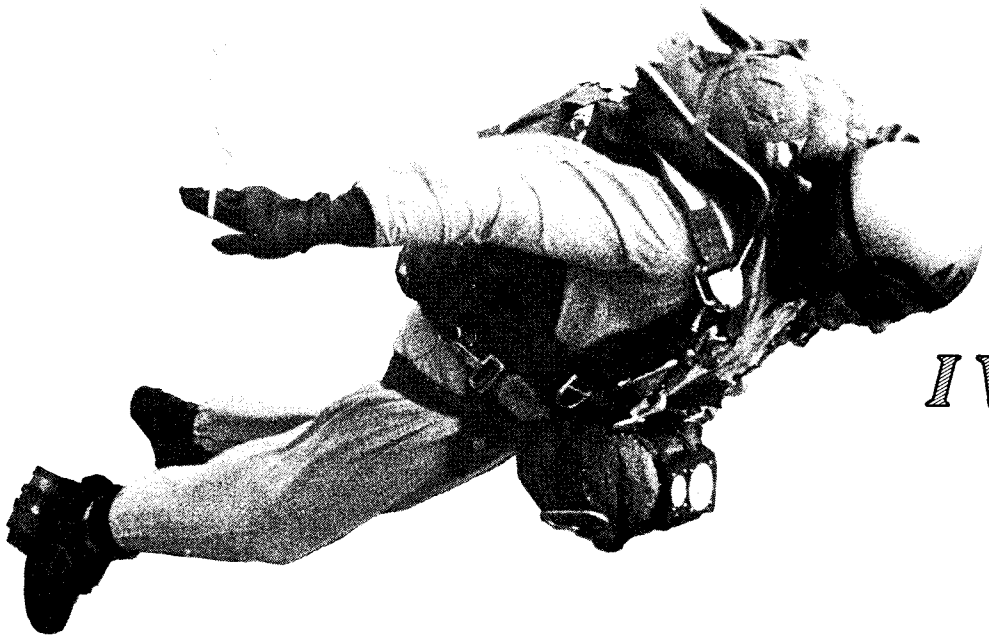

"My first chute didn't open at all. The second chute got tangled with the first and it didn't open either. I was about 1,000 feet from the ground when I realized

I WAS GOING TO DIE."

by Tom Keating

It is 4:30 a.m. and a lone man can be seen running through the tawny daylight along a soft path that winds around a golf course. The morning coolness seeps into his open pores and his eyes shine too brightly, as if touched by a pure, cold apprehension.

He is tired, the pain has returned to his damaged body, and the temptation to stop, to rest, to quit is great. No one would know. No one would blame him if he paused for a while or even if he gave up this running business for good.

But he would know, so he keeps running. That is what separates a man like Roger Reynolds from the rest of us.

If, indeed, the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation, as Thoreau observed, then Roger Reynolds is not of the masses. He is of a different stripe of men who accept no limits on what they can do and who take their fears to battle.

Reynolds joined the United States Army in 1971 at the age of 18. He went through paratrooper training, Ranger School, and Special Forces training and then joined the Golden Knights, the army's 27-man skydiving team. For the next two years he traveled around the world performing at air shows, festivals, and fairs.

Roger's specialty was a stunt called the "cutaway," in which he would jump from an airplane wearing two parachutes. He would pull the first chute and float toward the ground for a while; then he would cut that chute and appear to be falling to his death. While the crowd screamed in terror on the ground, Reynolds would pull his second chute and drift safely down. The trick was the highlight of every show and Roger did it with a certain flare and perfection.

On April 24, 1974, the Golden Knights were appearing at a Dogwood Festival at Charlottesville, Virginia. A crowd of 6,000 was on hand. The day was rainy and the clouds were low. By the time Reynolds was ready to jump, the cloud cover was at 2,100 feet. "That was really too low to jump," he remembered. "But the people were waiting and I didn't want to disappoint them."

So, at 2,000 feet above the ground, Reynolds stepped out of an airplane for the 960th time in his life. The next minute is frozen in his mind.

"My first chute didn't open at all," he recalled. "When I pulled the second chute, it got tangled with the first and it didn't open either. I was about 1,000 feet from the ground when I realized I was going to die. The old story about your life flashing before your eyes was true in my case. I remember thinking about my mother and father and wishing I was back home. A psychologist told me later that when death appears certain, people reflexively think about the most secure time of their life.

"I can remember the ground rushing up to meet me," he continued. "I can even remember the exact moment of impact. The funny thing was there was no pain. The shock to my body and my system was so great that I was numb and could feel nothing.

"I was unconscious for only about 15 seconds and I can remember people looking at me on the ground and being put into the ambulance and arriving at the hospital. I knew I was near death and I wanted to sleep so bad, but I willed myself to stay awake and breathe easy and stay alive."

It was estimated later that Reynolds hit the ground at a speed of slightly more than 80 miles an hour.

(Left) Reynolds runs a personal marathon every day. (Above) Only photo taken of Reynolds during a jump records nearly fatal fall. Note broken rip cord.

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"How did I live through it?" he asked. "There are three reasons, I think. First, I landed on my left side instead of on my feet, which would have meant instant death. Second, I landed on a very soft piece of ground in a doctor's backyard only a few feet from a concrete driveway. The doctor and his wife were looking out the kitchen window and saw me hit the ground. He was able to get to me within seconds. Third, I was in excellent physical condition."

When Reynolds was wheeled into the nearby University of Virginia Hospital, just about everything in his body was broken. On his left side, his shoulder, ribs, hip, pelvis, arm, leg, ankle, and heel were shattered beyond belief and he was bleeding from more places than he thought possible. For two weeks, it didn't appear Reynolds would live, but he gutted it out. Doctors said his determination was a prime factor. For 4 months he was in traction, the pain indescribable at times. For 12 months he was in the hospital, learning to sit up, stand, and then take one step at a time.

Week by week the doctors began removing the tubes and steel rods and pins until his body was his own again. It was 14 months after the fall that the last cast was removed from Reynolds' body. He was told he was a lucky man but that he would always walk with a limp and running was forever out of the question.

"I never understood that lucky business," Reynolds said. "If I had been lucky I wouldn't have fallen in the first place. Also, I don't like to be told I'm unable to do something. It goes against my grain." He says such things quietly and without bravado.

When he was discharged from the hospital and the army, Reynolds returned to his home in Indianapolis, Indiana, and enrolled as a pre-med student at a branch of Indiana University. Four months after walking out of the hospital, he walked out of another airplane.

"Going back up there and stepping off that plane on that next jump was the hardest thing I've ever done in my life," Reynolds admitted. "But I made up my mind to make 1,000 jumps before I quit. I've jumped 32 times since the accident and I only need 8 more."

Why?

"I want to quit the sport on my own terms," he replied with eloquent simplicity.

In the meantime, the first order of business was to regain some of the weight he lost in the hospital. He had dropped from 165 pounds to 128 pounds and his 5-foot, 10-inch frame looked emaciated. "I started taking long walks at first," Reynolds said. "It bothered me about the limp so I kept trying to strengthen my legs. They were in pretty bad shape.

"Finally, I decided to hell with it. I was going to run no matter what the doctors said. In September of 1976, I started out with a quarter-mile jog and it nearly killed me. But I forced myself to keep trying and soon I was up to a

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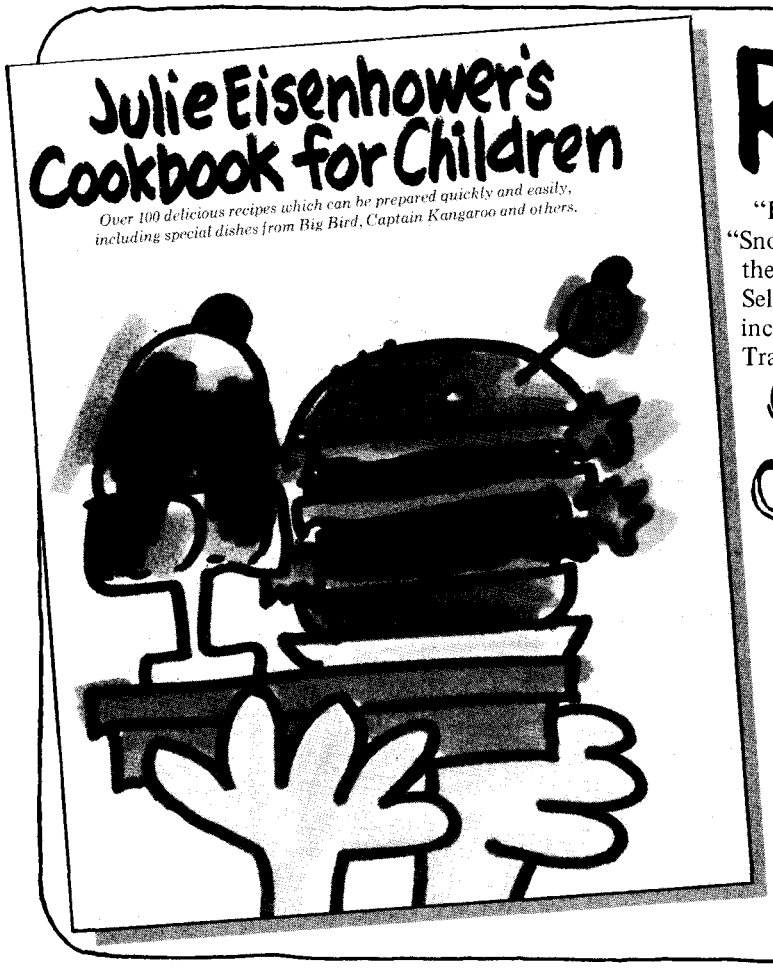
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Over 100 delicious recipes which can be prepared quickly and easily, including special dishes from Big Bird, Captain Kangaroo and others.

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"Brown Paper Bag Chicken," "Magic Six Tomatoes," "Snowflake Cake," and "Easy Homemade Ice Cream" open the pages of *Julie Eisenhower's Cookbook for Children*. Selected especially for children, ages 6 to 12, the recipes include favorites of such well-known people as Maria von Trapp, Captain Kangaroo, Big Bird of Sesame Street, as well as Julie and some of her young friends. The volume is hard-cover, 8¾" x 11¼"– a colorfully illustrated 96 pages. Cook up some fun with the kids in your life!

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half-mile in my jogging."

And then a mile, and then a mile and a half, and then two miles. By this time, Reynolds was running mornings and afternoons seven days a week, forcing his weakened legs to carry him a bit further on each attempt. Along this torturous road, an amazing thing happened. The limp gradually disappeared.

"One day I read a story about the Boston Marathon—all 26 miles and 485 yards of it—and that's when I started going to bed early and really working," Reynolds said.

He had no track or running background and knew only to run each day until he would collapse. Ever so slowly the distance increased. Three miles, four miles, until one fine, exhilarating day he ran ten miles before his long-suffering legs gave out.

"The first big test came in May 1977," he explained. "I entered the Indy Mini-Marathon. The distance was 13 miles and it was murder. But somehow I finished in the top third and I knew then I could reach my goal."

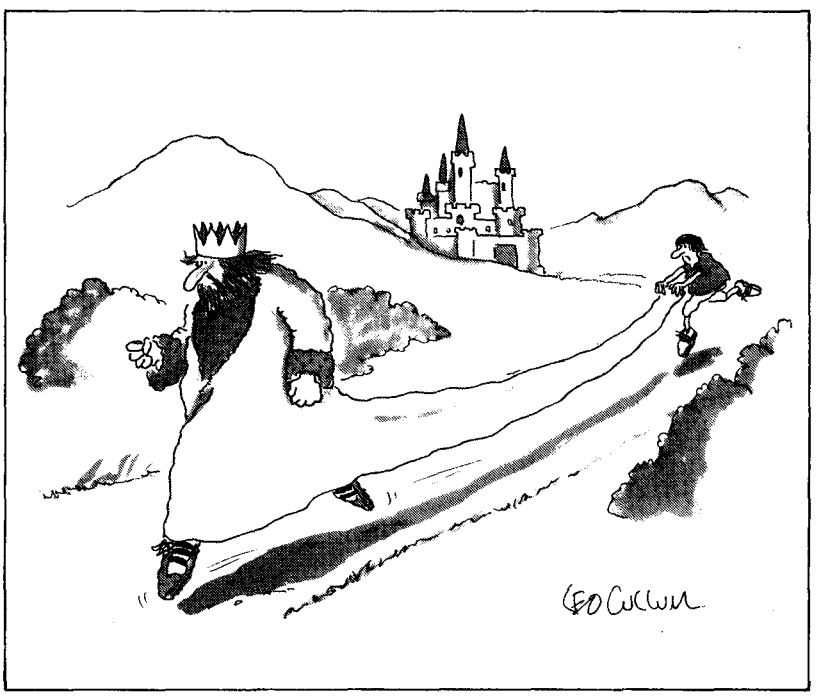
Three days before the 1978 Boston Marathon on April 17, Reynolds' car broke down and he decided to travel to the event alone on an Amtrack train out of Indianapolis.

What Reynolds didn't know when he arrived in Boston 25 hours later was that the wire services had picked up his story from an Indianapolis newspaper and sent it across the nation.

"I had the phone number of some friends of a friend to call in Boston for a place to stay," Reynolds said. "When I phoned these people from the train station, they said they had seen a story about me in the New York *Times*. I spent the whole weekend in an apartment with five girls who treated me like a hero or something. Then, on Sunday, CBS called and sent a camera crew and reporters over to the apartment. They filmed an interview for an hour and a half. The next morning, they said they didn't want to lose me in the crowd so they picked me up at the apartment and drove me to the race. They shot more film of me warming up before the race and interviewed me again, then took more film during the race at different locations and interviewed me after the race. It was all pretty unreal."

Reynolds experienced a great deal of pain the first mile of the Marathon and then gradually passed through the first barrier of agony and ran easy until the 10-mile mark.

"At about 14 miles, my legs began to lose their spring and the pain returned," he related. "I had read an article by a doctor who said that beer was good for your system during a marathon, so whenever I stopped at an aid station along the race route I passed up the oranges and apples and water and took a few sips instead. It seemed to work.



"At 17 miles, my lips began to tingle and my whole body started trembling. But when I reached the top of what is called Heartbreak Hill, the crowd encouraged me and I drank a few more sips of beer and some water and it was all right for a bit. Before long, though, my legs went numb and the pain intensified. I could feel the location of every organ in my body. I could even feel the digestive juices in my stomach."

With about three miles to go, Reynolds remembers his hips began to ache, his back and neck became inflamed knots, and his eyes went out of focus. Colors that had seemed rich and resonant earlier in the race began to dim and all the bright surfaces corroded. The sharp outlines of buildings melted and became formless. Even his hair felt as if it had decided to grow in the other direction. He began to think he had asked too much of a body that had already endured what few others have.

"This is where your mind comes in," he explained. "I've come to believe you can control pain with your mind. It's like putting your arm in very hot water. It hurts terribly at first and then you get used to it. The water is the same temperature, but your body builds up a tolerance to it."

His mind in control of his pain, Roger Reynolds finished the last 100 yards of the Boston Marathon with a sprint. His time of 3 hours and 46 minutes was not significant in a racing sense, yet the fact he finished at all stole the show.

But all this is history now. Reynolds has turned his attention to the future. There are those eight more leaps from an airplane that he needs to reach a personal goal of 1,000 jumps and there are plans to work his marathon time down to three hours flat for next year's Boston meeting.

And . . .?

"Well, I've been so busy with school and running this past year, I haven't had time to do one thing I've always wanted to do," Reynolds said. "I did a little climbing in the service and sometime this next year I want to try a first-class mountain, one of those out west where the cliffs are straight up."

It may be a good thing Reynolds is a pre-med student.

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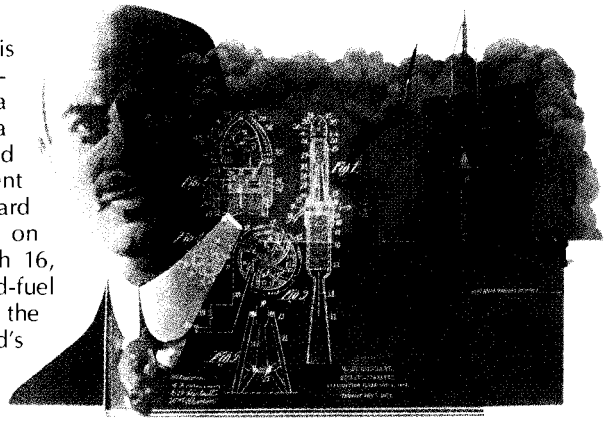
On October 19, 1899, 17-year-old Robert Goddard climbed a tree in his backyard to do some pruning. Suddenly his fertile mind envisioned a device for flying into space. The idea was later entered in his diary — and never left his imagination. As a student and later a doctor of physics, Goddard did exhaustive, original research on rocket propulsion — and on March 16, 1926, fired the world's first liquid-fuel rocket to a height of 41 feet. Today, the U.S. is using over 200 of Goddard's patents — most of them basic to rocket engine operation.



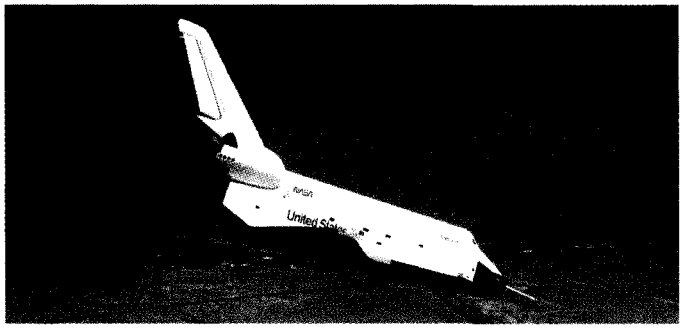
But for you, Robert Goddard, the moon might still be green cheese.

Look where the science of space is today.

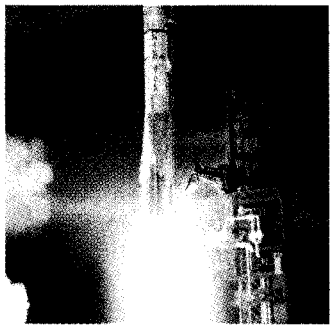
With Robert Goddard's help, man has been able to free himself from Earth's gravitational apron strings, to launch himself and his satellites into space — and into a new era.

For companies like Rockwell, who helped make the great leap possible, ours is an era rich in challenge. We're working in many areas to help bring the current and potential benefits of space down to Earth.

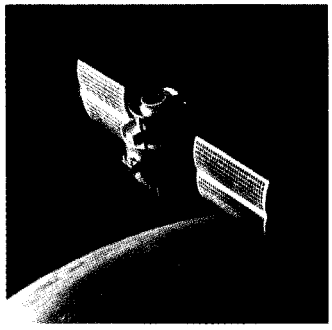
The science of space is just one of the sciences of Rockwell. For more about the diverse company that supports these developments, write for our Annual Report. Rockwell International, Dept. 815P, 600 Grant Street, Pittsburgh, PA 15219.



Today, only expensive one-way rockets can put man-made satellites into Earth orbit, but next year a Rockwell-built Space Shuttle orbiter will fly its first of over 100 missions into space. It's one of a fleet of orbiters under construction for NASA — as part of the world's first reusable space transportation system. Shuttle orbiter crews will place, service and retrieve satellites in space; operate scientific and industrial laboratories carried into and out of space; and develop the technology for new space systems such as solar power satellites. The Shuttle is the key to space operations . . . and a whole new era of benefits for mankind.



Two thirds of all U.S. manned space flights and satellites have been launched with rocket engines built by Rockwell. We also make attitude control systems, Shuttle orbiter main engines, and smaller propulsion systems for deep space.



NAVSTAR satellites for the Department of Defense Global Positioning System (GPS) are designed and built by Rockwell. When fully operational in 1985, GPS will give land, sea, air or space navigators their positions to within 30 feet, their exact speeds and the correct time.

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MEET KELLY LANGE

TV's second-highest-paid newswoman works seven days a week and loves it.

by Honey Greer

Los Angeles' Kelly Lange is the second highest paid newswoman in the country (Barbara Walters is first). Her NBC contract will make her richer by some $750,000 over the next three years.

What does she do to earn that much money? She co-anchors the 6:00 p.m. news at NBC's Los Angeles station, and on the 5:00 news handles a strip called "People in the News," an interview segment that has become known affectionately among her many fans as "Kelly Visits." Usually she trades quips with such celebrities as Angie Dickinson, Carroll O'Connor, Sonny and Cher; but perhaps her most memorable segment came one evening when her celebrity of the evening (Alfred Hitchcock) cancelled out at the last minute and in desperation she interviewed herself.

She guest-hosted the "Today" show with Tom Brokaw this summer and will be doing the same this coming summer. (When Barbara Walters left "Today," Kelly was a major contender for her position. Initially she was tempted by the thought of becoming a regular. "It's true I was very interested in doing the 'Today' show when Barbara Walters had it. I felt it was the most exciting job in the country for a newswoman. But I discovered that Barbara Walters had taken the excitement with her. NBC decided, after Barbara left, to go back to a strong anchorman, à la Dave Garroway, Hugh Downs, Frank McGee. Tom Brokaw would host. They were not going to have a co-hostess. They told me the woman would do just one six- or seven-minute interview a day. Otherwise she'd be there to welcome people, voice-over occasional films—lead to commercials. After we talked about it, the job just lost its attraction for me.")

Not limited to morning appearances, Kelly sometimes appears on the "Tonight" show, and occasionally substitutes for old buddy Tom Snyder on the "Tomorrow" show.

The task of co-hosting the annual Rose Parade from Pasadena for NBC is a chore that is very close to Kelly Lange's heart. She chuckles at the mere mention.

Workaholic Kelly Lange dislikes parties, prefers an evening of popcorn and TV.

"The Rose Parade is like no other show I've ever done. We kind of fly by the seat of our pants. We all get to Pasadena at about three in the morning—after seeing the New Year in. And just getting there is an adventure. All roads leading to Pasadena are backed up for miles, and the parade route is lined with folks from all over the country who've been camped out for three days. When the parade gets rolling down Colorado Boulevard, there's no time for scripts. Mike Landon and I become spectators—we just watch and tell about it for two and a half hours."

How did she get her start in TV?

Born in New York and brought up in Lawrence, Massachusetts, she came to Los Angeles in 1966 with a B.A. in English, credentials to teach high school, and $200. One day at a shopping mall in Buena Park, a Los Angeles suburb, she saw a group of women clustered around a trailer and tagged on to the end of the line thinking someone might be giving something away. The attraction turned out to be a radio contest. KABC, an ABC-owned station in Los Angeles, was searching for a "Ladybird," a woman to fly over Los Angeles in a helicopter and broadcast traffic reports on the freeways. Kelly won that contest and was on her way.

One thing led to another. Kelly says, "I covered spot news from the chopper, I did a turn at anchoring the morning news, I conducted a three-hour telephone talk show, and I did some television reporting for our sister station, KABC-TV in Los Angeles. They paid me $25 a story."

In 1971, she landed a job with KNBC-TV news, and it was as the 6:00 and 11:00 p.m. weather girl that she really made her mark. She charmed the bad-news-weary viewers with tales about "Old WB" (the Weather Bookie); her Uncle Maurice and Aunt Gert in Tampa, who covered the Southwest for her; the storms in Kansas that brought "hailstones big as matzoh balls, the big ones you have to break with a fork."

In 1975 her own NBC Network TV program, "Take My Advice," appeared daily for half a year. Mark Massari, the producer of "Take My Advice," says of Kelly: "She was involved in every aspect of the show. Kelly wasn't satisfied just being the hostess. She read the letters, interviewed the guests, she was involved in the entire production: in fact, she got many of the celebrity guests herself. People who would never agree to appear on any daytime show eagerly came on 'Take My Advice': Henry Fonda, Carol Burnett, Sammy Davis, Jr."

Lisa Taylor, producer of Kelly's current "Sunday" show, considers her ability to win friends a prime asset: "Kelly goes out of her way to make guests feel at ease. If they come on our show a stranger to her, they leave as a friend." ☒

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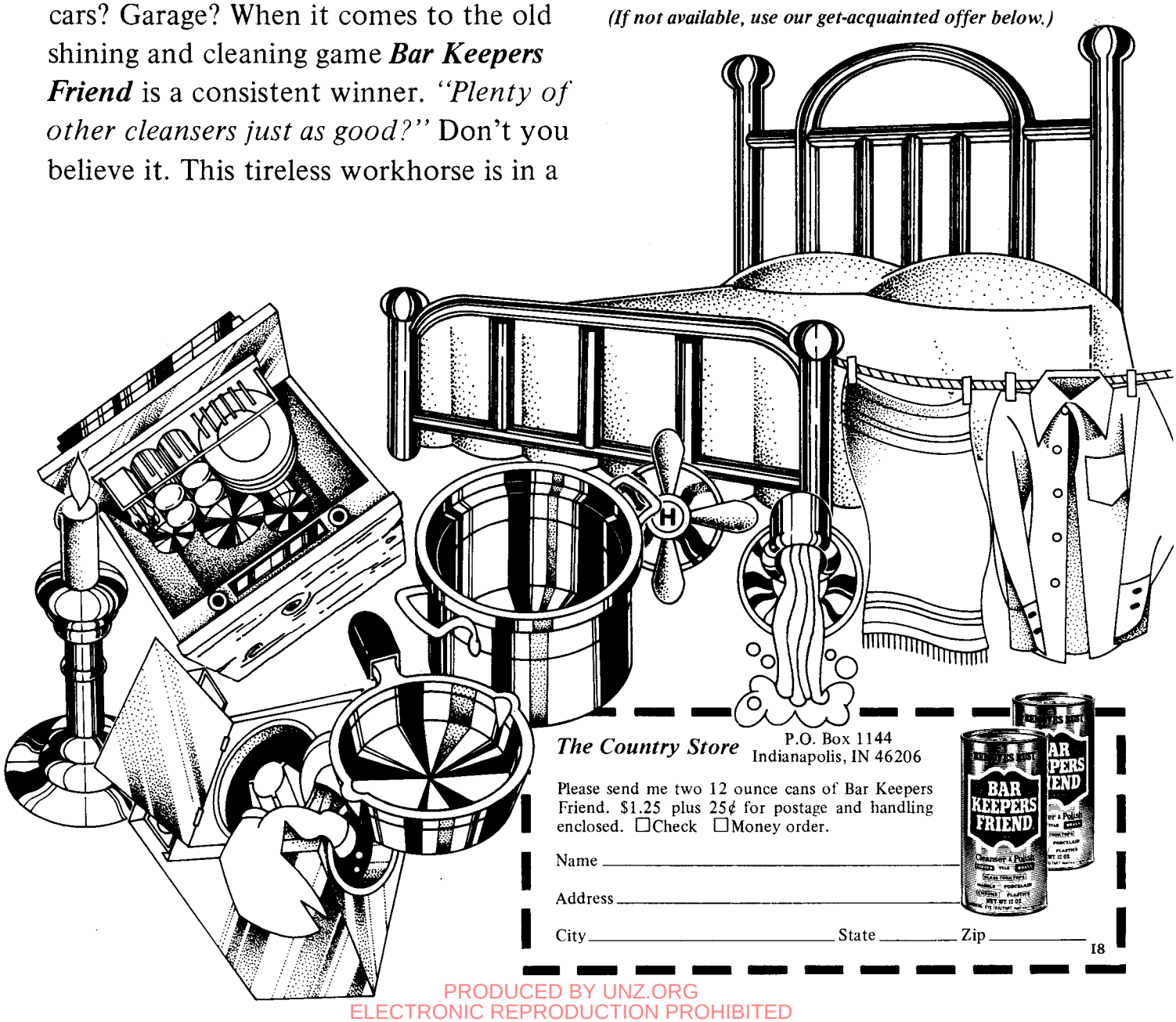

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HOW TO GET A RAISE (AND OTHER THINGS YOU NEED)

The art of negotiation is an acquired skill; the trick is learning what to say, when to say it, and when to say nothing at all.

by Paula Nelson

Negotiation touches almost every area of your life, whether you're contacting your neighborhood bank for a loan, signing a lease, buying or selling a house or car, or seeking a new job or a raise. Most of us are negotiating every day of our lives. But not all of us are aware that we're negotiating. It's just silly to ignore this fact. If you are being interviewed for a new job you may be able to secure as much as $1,000 a year more, simply by using sound negotiating techniques and holding your ground at the crunch.

Let's begin with that most common (and vexing) situation: asking the boss for a raise. You want a raise, and your employer has to be convinced that you deserve one (or more than one). One of the basic planks in negotiation is casting a cool eye on the overall picture: You must establish your own position first. Begin by asking yourself these questions:

1. How valuable am I to the firm?
2. What would it cost in time and money to replace me, train someone else to replace me?
3. What is the worst that could happen if my employer said no?
4. Can I get a job somewhere else? How easily? Do I have contacts in other firms in the same field?
5. Does my company or department have the available funds to grant a raise?
6. Are others in my company being paid more than I for the same job? Am I performing more than one job?
7. What is my relationship to my boss?
8. What have I done for my employer or company lately (cut costs, increased production, raised sales, whatever)?

After you've asked yourself these questions and have come up with good answers to them, you're ready to develop your game plan:

1. Try to make your presentation to your boss outside his office. If possible, invite him to lunch, or meet him in your office or the conference room. This shifts the interview out of the old "boss's office," chief-subordinate pattern and can lighten the psychological pressure on you a bit.
2. Have your reasons for a raise carefully defined. If you don't feel comfortable saying them out loud, write them out and hand them to him during the meeting. But it's much better to talk it out—the spoken word is usually softer and more pliable than the written one.
3. Determine exactly how large a raise you want and how much it would cost the company by the hour and month and year. This is important. You must know *precisely* what you're talking about. Then ask for slightly more than you expect, in order to leave room for negotiating.
4. Be sure you suggest the amount of the increase, not your boss.

"No, no, no! When I said *you were indispensable, I* meant *you were hard to get rid of."*

There are a number of tactics that have been used very effectively (on me, I might add) within this framework. One, of course, is the power play of telling your employer you've received an offer for a similar position with another company, for more money. This can give you excellent leverage—unless, of course, it makes him so mad he gives you your walking papers. This last point is one you must weigh very carefully before your meeting with him.

Another type of approach—not one which I recommend, but just one which I mention in passing—is the third-party negotiating

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method. This is where you let it be known through your boss's secretary or some other key employee that you've had another offer and you "don't know what to do about it." Be sure to tell your intermediary the subject is confidential. If he or she is a good, loyal type, and you yourself are a valued employee, the word will get out, and you'll get your raise for one reason: The boss won't want to lose you.

Another tip: Don't let resentment at being passed over make you so angry that you defeat your own purpose. In any firm, but especially in a fledgling one, it's possible that your boss is simply too busy or harried to remember when it's salary review time for you. He or she may even be waiting to be reminded. Executives often like to see signs of aggressive spirit, a sense of inherent worth, in their subordinates. My very capable assistant at Infonics, Inc., Barbara Hauser, was always having to give me a gentle reminder at review time. There was never any question in my mind that she *was* due for a raise, but I was working my head off at the time or away in the field, and if she hadn't reminded me she might have gone for several months without her due increase.

Obviously, these suggestions are designed to give you leverage, but they should be used only if you've been a "good and faithful servant." If you haven't you could end up feeling very embarrassed—and unemployed. Be sure your self-analysis is carefully and accurately thought out.

Now let's talk about negotiating in general. If you're starting your own business, you'll find yourself bargaining at the very outset with a landlord, suppliers, prospective customers, the people you will hire. If you're buying out an established firm, the amount you'll pay for the takeover may actually determine the fate of your venture. To put it bluntly, you will probably be negotiating with people more experienced at it than you are.

The main principles involved in the art of negotiation (aside from the realization that if you don't get your way, or as much of it as is reasonable, the other fellow will get his and you'll be sorry) apply to many situations:

1. Establish credibility as your first move. Make the other person realize that you are aboveboard, trying to be constructive rather than trying to take unfair advantage. Don't be too tough or drive too hard a bargain, at least in the beginning; no one wants to work with a "sharp operator."

2. Always try to hold the negotiating session on your turf—your office or your home. That's where you feel comfortable and the other person feels out of place. You won't always have this choice, but when you do, take it.

3. Get concessions from the other side as early as possible. For example, if you're negotiating for a lease, ask the lessor for fresh blacktopping on the drive or new storm sashes—anything, however small, that might induce him to make a concession. It will set a precedent for the meeting. Ease him into the habit of saying yes.

4. Again, as in salary negotiations, ask for more than you realistically can expect to get. This leaves you room for maneuver, to advance alternatives or counterproposals, and to establish a fallback position.

5. As the bargaining proceeds, give the other side some small victories; put up only a token fight on certain minor points.

6. Keep psychological motivations in mind. Occasionally they can be more important than monetary ones. When someone sells his own house, for example, he may want to sell to a sound, reputable family as much as he wants to attain top dollar.

7. Early on in the exchanges, ask a question to which you already know the answer. If the other party corroborates it, good. If not, you've learned something very valuable: your opposite number is either misinformed on that point or is not leveling with you. You will need to tread with some care.

8. Leave the other side room for maneuver, too. A peremptory or inflexible stance delivered too early can destroy any chance for the give-and-take that is the essence of any negotiation. A bargaining session should build slowly, like a friendship.

9. Always have an associate present during negotiations if you possibly can, if another's presence is relevant to your particular kind of business. (Obviously, some negotiations are conducted by phone, and some are best conducted alone.) If your partner cannot make the meeting for any reason, postpone it. You may *think* you're the equal of any number of opponents, but it's not that simple. Two heads are often better than one, and unless you have a fabulously retentive memory, you won't recall everything that was said, and *how* it was said. Having at least one associate with you can double the persuasive power you can muster. Don't neglect to learn who your adversaries will be, and how many will be there on the other side of the table. If they have five on their side, you should bring at least three to yours.

Another advantage to having at least one ally is that it enables you to observe the "body language" of the opposition. While you're talking and arguing, your confederate can be watching. Books have been written on the subject of detecting, through physical signs and movement, what the other fellow is thinking. The crossing of arms or locking of fingers, a jiggling foot, and scores of other twitches and gestures have their significance for the experienced observer.

Continued on following page

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10. When basic agreement has been established, put it in writing, even if it's not the ultimate, refined version. Getting something in writing effects an immediate commitment.

11. After an agreement has been reached, stop the meeting, stop selling, stop talking, *shut up*. You already have what you want. Don't risk fouling it up. As salespeople have learned to their sorrow, many a sale has been lost after it's been made simply by talking on and on and on.

The most careful preparation possible is essential to success. You must do your homework: Have a blueprint of what you hope to achieve, and what you need to secure as an absolute, nonnegotiable minimum. It may suit your purposes to keep a check list of your objectives in front of you at the bargaining table—but don't, for heaven's sake, let the other side see it, any more than you'd give an opponent a glimpse of your hand in a card game. A better course is to commit to memory your objectives, alternative offers, fallback positions: what you *must* gain, what you *can* concede. Facts, and your command of them, are vital; the more securely you hold them in your mind, the greater ease of manner and facility of argument you'll bring to the table.

Rehearsal for the drama of negotiation is also highly advisable. Bargaining is the country cousin of the theatrical arts. You should work up a scenario well in advance, a game plan embracing introductory gambits, diversionary suggestions, counterproposals, crucial arguments, and final position. If you don't, you'll be like an actor who hasn't learned his lines—and you'll feel every bit as foolish.

When I say that negotiating is a form of theater, I mean that a certain amount of thespian ability is extremely helpful. So is a poker face. Pretended disinterest in an adversary's proposal, while you cite possible alternatives to his suggestions, is likely to provide you with an advantage: It will put him on the defensive, in the position of selling *you*—even if secretly you are quite willing to be sold on his proposition.

You'll find that one of the most

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effective bargaining weapons is silence. Nothing unnerves an adversary so much as an impassive, inscrutable, unresponsive exterior. Here you must school yourself rigorously. You may, while negotiating, find the temptation to fill the silences almost irresistible. Resist, nonetheless. A highly successful real estate broker told me she lost out on a very big piece of industrial property early in her career because, in the face of her adversaries' stolid silence and her own nervousness, she gave away too much.

A display of controlled anger can also be effective if it is used in very special circumstances with people who might be impressed by it. But don't overdo it. If you start raging, you may find yourself with no alternative to stalking out of the bargaining session.

There are several vital don'ts connected with the art of negotiation:

1. Don't assume the other party has the same motivations you do. Everyone comes to a negotiation with a different set of objectives and needs. Your job is to define as quickly as possible your needs *and* the other side's needs.

2. Don't drag a lawyer along until you need one. Lawyers cost lots of money. Recently in preparation for a meeting, I had a brief conference with an attorney to go over what I should do in case the deal should seem ready to wrap up. I spent a short, solid 30 minutes with him, took extensive notes on his advice, and felt armed with enough to get through the meeting. (And I made sure I knew where and how to get in touch with him if I needed him during the negotiations.)

3. Don't neglect the ploy, if you have an associate with you during a bargaining session, of excusing yourself from the meeting in order to discuss strategy. It's perfectly all right to say that you want to discuss with your partner a few points outside the conference room. Simply excuse yourself, take a walk in the hallway, or go out for a cup of coffee, having informed the other side that you'll be back in 15 minutes. If your opposite number gets hot about it and says, "Absolutely not," be ready to reply: "All right. But in that case you must understand that we won't be able to give you a quick answer."

There is great leverage in this tactic, if used wisely. Such a maneuver can bemuse the opposition. But you should *never* use it if by doing so you appear indecisive or confused. Then you will lose far more than you can hope to gain.

"I wasn't ready for this haircut, and I'm darn *sure not ready for pleats."*

4. Don't agree too quickly. "Bargains made in speed are commonly repented at leisure"—a wise rule of thumb. Don't let yourself be hurried unduly; think the deal through with slow and measured care. Turn it this way and that in your mind before you move. But once you've given your word, stick to it. There is nothing that will destroy your standing more roundly than a reputation for reneging on a deal.

5. Don't be afraid to walk out, if a crucial point is at issue, or if tempers are getting frayed. (It's preferable to getting into a shouting match.) If the other side doesn't call you back, you can always return anyway. And if you *are* called back, that's usually a sign that the opposition is starting to weaken.

6. If possible, never go into a negotiation unless you're in top shape, physically and mentally; never when you're upset, sad, or sick. Remember: The deal you negotiate today, whether it involves real estate, a raise, a new car, or a million-dollar contract, you will have to live with from that point onward. So be sure you go into the match in top form, at the peak of your capabilities, and able to tell yourself that you've done the very best job you could.

7. Finally, never, *never* assume that the other party isn't as intelligent or able as you are. More disasters arise from underestimating the capacities of one's opponent than from any other single mistake. The shock engendered from a miscalculation of this sort will place you at a disadvantage from which you won't easily recover.

Whether you're buying or selling, you should always be the salesman in negotiating. Even if you're buying, you have to sell the seller on the idea that he's doing the right thing. This is particularly important if you're buying, for instance, a family business, in which case the idea of continuity is important. You have to persuade the seller that you're worthy of maintaining his family's business.

Remember, the cornerstone of all good negotiation is preparation. That is what will give you flexibility and poise. Essentially, negotiation is simply a matter of trying whatever you want to try. And it is also a matter of practice. Finally, it is a matter of understanding the other person's position as clearly as you do your own. That's the name of the bargaining game. ☒

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WAR ON THE FBI

"Unless something is done, we are in grave danger of doing what the Soviet Union has long tried to do: cripple the FBI and CIA."

by William E. Simon

Have you ever heard the name John M. Maury? Like Victor Marchetti and Philip Agee, he is a former member of the CIA, but unlike them, he is not a disgruntled former employee. He carries no grudge against the CIA. He has not written a book betraying government secrets and endangering the lives of CIA agents. Perhaps if he had done these things, his recent appearance before a congressional committee would have attracted the attention it deserved. In his testimony, Mr. Maury, a veteran of 27 years with the CIA, stated that a former Soviet intelligence officer had told him that the top priority of Soviet intelligence was "to put out the eyes of our enemy by disrupting and discrediting his intelligence service." This is not the first time we have been given this warning.

As far back as 1965, Representative Melvin Price placed in the *Congressional Record* an excerpt from a Soviet document stating that the fundamental task of the KGB—the Soviet secret police—was to "destroy the confidence of the Congress and the American public in U.S. personnel and agencies engaged in anti-Communist and Cold War activities." On April 14, 1976, the highly respected C. L. Sulzberger, who recently retired as foreign affairs columnist of the New York *Times*, wrote: "It is believed Moscow has found a way to paralyze the United States by striking at its two principal warning security services. As a consequence of such operations . . . the effectiveness of the CIA and the FBI is held to have been rendered extremely anemic by apparent internal U.S. political arguments."

Thus, we have been warned. What deeply concerns me is that we heed the warnings. Judging from recent events, it doesn't seem that we are. Unless something is done—unless the American people are prepared to act now—we are in grave danger of doing what the Soviet Union has long tried to do: cripple the FBI and the CIA.

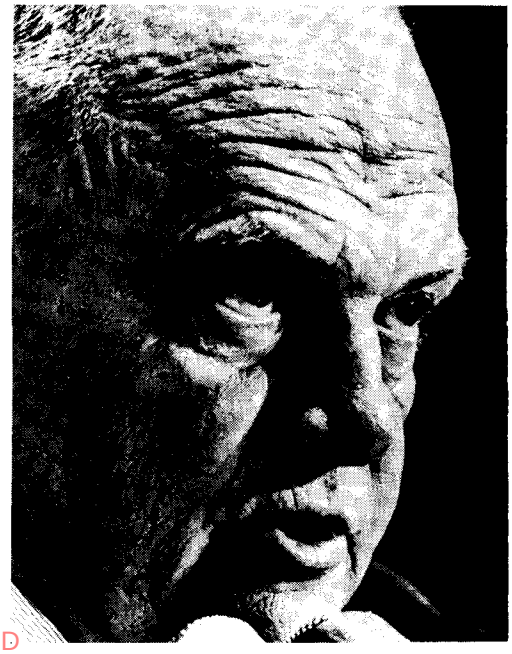
A flamboyant style momentarily overshadowed by a pose which seems to echo Simon's warning that "what deeply concerns me is that we heed the warnings."

One of the most dramatic examples of how far we have gone astray—of how we accommodate the Soviet Union—was the indictment last year of John J. Kearney. Although the Justice Department has recently dismissed all charges against Mr. Kearney, his case provides a perfect illustration of how we are persecuting the people charged with protecting our security.

After devoting 25 years of his life to the FBI, Kearney retired from the Bureau in 1972 with an immaculate record and the respect and affection of his colleagues. In April of 1977, five years after he retired, he was indicted on five criminal counts by the U.S. Department of Justice, his former employer. What are the "crimes" Kearney was accused of? Graft? Bribery? No.

From 1970 until his retirement in 1972, Kearney was supervisor of Squad 47, the New York-based FBI unit whose assignment was to track down the Weather Underground. This was the terrorist group, you will recall, that had declared war on the United States, vowing to adapt the guerrilla strategy of the Vietcong to the United States, which it did with a malignant proficiency, planting bombs from coast to coast.

In its search for this band of bombers and saboteurs, Squad 47 tapped the phones of 10 people and opened the mail of 16 people authoritatively believed to be contacts and associates of the Weather Underground. It was for these activities that the Justice Department charged Kearney with two counts of obstructing correspondence, two counts of conspiracy, and one count of illegal wiretapping—despite the fact that mail opening and wiretapping were investigative techniques used by the FBI and other security agencies under five Presidents and their attorneys-general. As Attorney General Griffin Bell admitted to a Senate subcommittee shortly after the Kearney indictment, what Kearney did "has been going on



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for 40 years in this country." The Supreme Court, in 1972, ruled that warrants were required for taps on domestic organizations, but the decision did not become effective until after Kearney had retired. Furthermore, the Court did not require warrants if those tapped had "significant" ties with a foreign power. Lest there be any doubt about the Weather Underground's ties with a foreign power, the FBI has compiled a 400-page report detailing the Weather Underground's relationship with foreign powers, particularly Fidel Castro's Cuba, a frequent host to members of the Weather Underground since the terrorist cadre's formation in 1969.

Frankly, I haven't the slightest doubt why the Justice Department decided against prosecuting John Kearney. Everybody hates to lose. But the Justice Department hasn't given up its prosecution of the FBI. It has just chosen new targets.

The same day that Attorney General Bell announced the dismissal of the charges against Kearney, he also announced the indictments, on charges of conspiring to violate the civil liberties of relatives and acquaintances of the Weather Underground fugitives, of three former high-ranking members of the FBI: L. Patrick Gray III, a former acting director of the FBI; W. Mark Felt, a former associate director of the FBI; and Edward S. Miller, a former assistant director in charge of the FBI's intelligence division. Obviously, the war on the FBI continues.

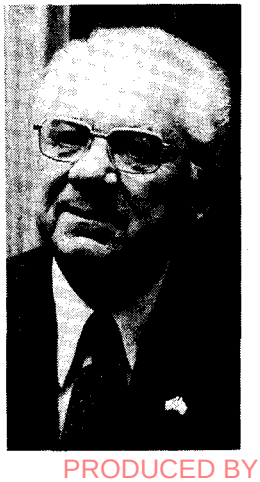
Along with the indictments of Gray, Felt, and Miller, Attorney General Bell announced that he would initiate "administrative disciplinary proceedings" against J. Wallace LaPrade, the director of the FBI's New York office during its hunt for the Weather Underground. As if his estimation of LaPrade wasn't already clear, Mr. Bell then passed suggestions that he would welcome LaPrade's resignation, not only from his New York command, but from the FBI.

Mr. Bell also announced that he was recommending that FBI Director William H. Webster initiate disciplinary proceedings against the 68 agents of Squad 47 who engaged in the pursuit of the Weather Underground. For a man who has expressed such great concern about the FBI's low morale, he certainly goes about boosting it in a bizarre fashion. Though LaPrade and the agents of Squad 47 don't face any criminal punishment, the public spanking that Mr. Bell seems anxious to administer could well make them vulnerable to civil damage suits, which are growing ever more popular among the enemies of the intelligence services, to say nothing of what it will do to their career. As a result of his indictment, John Kearney is now the target of a series of civil suits brought by fans of the Weather Underground.

In May of last year, shortly after John Kearney's indictment, former Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce, former Senator James L. Buckley, and I decided to do something to make the odds against people like John Kearney a little fairer. We realized that a thorough, painstaking defense against the abundant resources of the Federal Government is difficult and expensive. But we also realized that many Americans throughout the country were as outraged as we were about what was being done to the FBI—and would not want it to stand alone any longer. It was this assurance that led us to form the Citizens' Legal Defense Fund for the FBI. In the months since, we have seen how justified our assurance was. There was an overwhelming outpouring of support for Kearney, ranging all across the political spectrum, embracing people in every walk of life. Along with the support of 78 members of Congress, about 15,000 people have made donations, including Charles Addams, the cartoonist; Eric Hoffer, the longshoreman-philosopher; Frank Borman, the former astronaut; Senator Barry Goldwater; and Leon Jaworski, the Watergate prosecutor.

There have been countless touching letters. One man, on the chance that Kearney were to be convicted and sentenced to jail, wondered if it would be possible for him to serve the sentence in his place, saying he was "retired,

Furrowed brow of L. Patrick Gray (left) mirrors pressure on the Bureau. (Below) Clare Boothe Luce (left) and James L. Buckley (center) teamed with Simon to found Defense Fund; former Watergate Prosecutor Leon Jaworski (right) donates to fund. (Far right) Eric Hoffer's diverse background typifies Simon's supporters.



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ready, and willing."

Besides receiving the support of thousands of private citizens, we have discovered that the Defense Fund has also greatly boosted the morale of the people in the intelligence services. Until our group was formed, there was no citizens' group organized to lend moral support to the intelligence community and financial assistance to agents and former agents under investigation or indictment for their efforts in defending America. Thanks to the support we received, we were able to hire Edward Bennett Williams, the famed trial attorney, to represent Kearney—part of the reason, no doubt, the Justice Department was willing to drop its case against him.

The Defense Fund, aside from assisting Gray, Miller, and Felt, is also helping 122 active and former special agents in obtaining and retaining legal counsel in connection with their appearances before Grand Juries investigating the FBI tactics in pursuit of such as the Weather Underground. As mentioned before, many FBI agents and officials, along with their counterparts in the CIA and other agencies, have become targets of a rash of civil suits, asking damages running into the millions of dollars. Although legislation has been introduced to provide individual defendants in such cases with immunity from damage judgments—in the belief that people shouldn't be financially ruined for performing duties they thought were lawful—the legislation is being bitterly challenged by a wide array of powerful groups, many of which, not coincidentally, are eager participants in the civil suits.

It is fear of potential future prosecution that poses such a threat to the FBI. "I feel that I should consult a lawyer before carrying out an assignment," an agent was quoted as saying shortly after John Kearney's indictment. "How can I know if my superiors are acting properly? Or, even if they are, that some lawyer in Justice isn't going to interpret something as a crime that previously was standard procedure." Attorney General Bell's intention to punish the agents of Squad 47 has opened the FBI's wounds even further. The agents in the New York office, according to one account, now seem "extremely cautious, circumspect—almost indifferent." At a time when America is confronted by the gravest threats in its history, can we afford to allow this kind of thinking to permeate the agencies that are charged with protecting our national security? They are handicapped enough as it is.

Send contributions to:
Citizens' Legal Defense Fund for the FBI
Suite 808, 95 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

An FBI agent has recently written a letter to the Defense Fund detailing exactly how severely hamstrung the FBI is. Stressing that he was writing not in his official capacity but rather as an "American citizen deeply concerned with what is happening," the agent wrote that prior to his departure from the Justice Department, former Attorney General Edward Levi, Bell's predecessor, imposed new guidelines for the FBI's domestic security investigations that virtually strip the Bureau of the intelligence function the courts have said it has a duty to carry out. The guidelines are so strict that they confer virtual immunity from investigation of Communist fronts and many terrorist groups. (Example: the agent noted that the Communist Party of the United States—which the Supreme Court has found to be controlled by the Kremlin—is now immune from investigation.) In September of 1976, FBI Director Clarence Kelley revealed that the Bureau's internal security investigations had dropped from 21,414 in mid-1973 to only 626 as of September 1976 (78 organizations and 548 individuals). Although this represented a cut of 97 percent, the number of investigations has continued to plummet: the General Accounting Office recently reported that only 17 organizations and 130 individuals are now being investigated. The GAO says only 143 special agents are now assigned to domestic security work, compared to 788 in 1975.

In the past, the Bureau received

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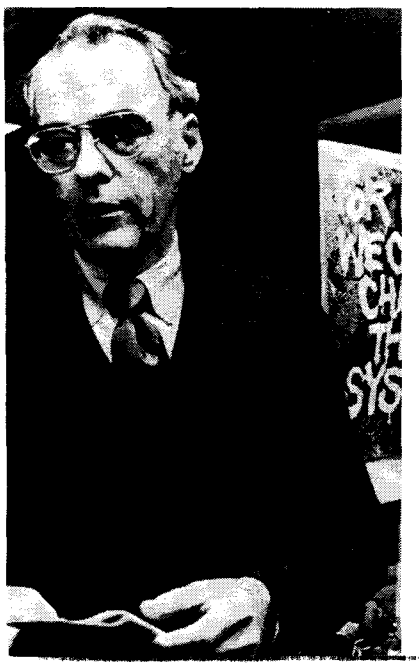

As supervisor of Squad 47, John J. Kearney (left) was in charge of tracking the notorious Weather Underground in the early '70s. His indictment on charges of wiretapping and conspiracy sparked the formation of the Defense Fund. W. Mark Felt (center) faces 10 years in prison and a $10,000 fine if convicted on similar charges. Ex-CIA agent Philip Agee (right) contributed to the Intelligence backlash by writing exposé of CIA operations.

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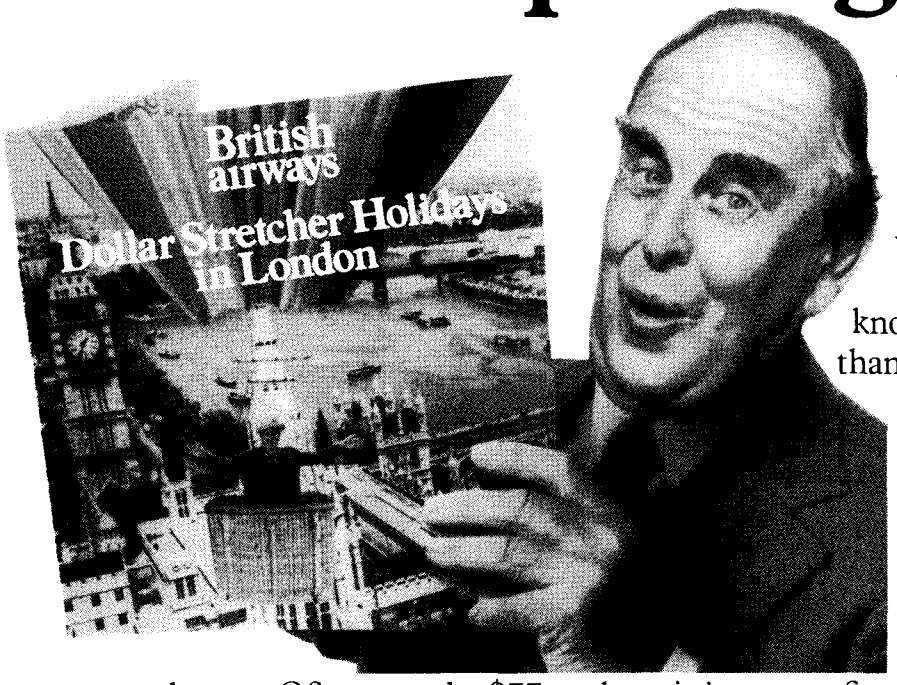

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War on the FBI

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great quantities of information from the CIA and other agencies that operate abroad. Now this flow of information is evaporating, in part because of two laws passed by Congress: the Freedom of Information Act, which gives individuals and groups the right to obtain information about themselves held by government agencies; and the Privacy Act, which bars the government from releasing information on anyone without his consent. Many state and local agencies, because of these laws, are withholding information from the FBI out of fear that their informants and sources will be compromised by disclosures compelled by the Freedom of Information Act. The reverse is also true. The FBI is not giving police and other local law enforcement agencies the information they need out of fear of violating the Privacy Act. On top of all this—on top of the threat of criminal indictments, the threat of civil suits, the stringent new guidelines, the drastic reduction in intelligence personnel—the agents must also contend with something called the Campaign to Stop Government Spying, an umbrella group composed of many organizations, ranging from the American Civil Liberties Union and Americans for Democratic Action to recognized Communist fronts such as the National Lawyers Guild and the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee. The purpose of this Campaign to Stop Government Spying is unmistakable. It seeks nothing less than to paralyze our intelligence services, the same goal—need I repeat?—as the Soviet KGB, a goal that seems perilously close to being realized.

Last year, Robert Moss, editor of the *Economist's Foreign Report*, took to the pages of the *London Sunday Telegraph* to urge his countrymen not to do to their intelligence services what has been done to America's. To demonstrate that America was not setting an example worthy of imitation, Moss offered a few "symptoms of America's malaise":

- Soviet block spies are free to roam Capitol Hill, while the FBI is constitutionally forbidden to maintain a presence there;
- Local police intelligence teams have been dismantled in many states;
- Leaks of continuing intelligence operations from congressional subcommittees have disrupted America's foreign policy;
- The Civil Service Commission in Washington no longer bothers to run security checks on base-grade government employees.

"Do you have anything else in gray flannel?"

While nothing would please me more than to be able to report that the American intelligence services have touched bottom and are on the rebound, this does not seem to be the case. Various measures are being discussed whose effect would be to circumscribe them even further. The Carter Administration, according to Vice-President Mondale, is preparing a new set of regulations that would prohibit the FBI from investigating political organizations in the name of "domestic security," thereby putting out to pasture the few agents still engaged in domestic security investigations. Representative Ronald Dellums has proposed a bill that explicitly states: "The Federal Bureau of Investigation shall have no function other than the investigation of specific acts which violate the criminal statutes." Thus, if the FBI were tipped off about a successor to, say, the Symbionese Liberation Army, would it not be forbidden from investigating and developing information about the group until *after* it had kidnapped its first victim or exploded its first bomb? Would the enactment of this kind of legislation better protect our freedom, our rights as American citizens?

While the FBI and CIA are fighting for their survival, their enemies—our enemies—are thriving. A KGB agent was recently quoted as telling a *Time* magazine correspondent: "Of all the operations that the Soviet Union and the U.S. have conducted against each other, none have benefited the KGB as much as the campaign in the U.S. to discredit the CIA. In our wildest scenarios, we could never have anticipated such a plus for our side. It's the kind of gift all espionage men dream about. Today our boys have it a lot easier, and we didn't have to lift a finger. You did all the work for us."

Although the U.S. intelligence agencies have an abundance of overseers, on Capitol Hill and in the rest of the country, surprisingly little attention is paid to the activities of other intelligence services. The Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, for example, devoted most of its first annual report to the CIA and FBI, but it did discuss briefly the operations in the U.S. of the intelligence services from such countries as Chile, Iran, Taiwan, and the Philippines. The report neglected to mention one word, however, about the Soviet bloc's intelligence opera-

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tions inside the U.S. Compared to the Soviet bloc, the efforts of Chile, Iran, Taiwan, and the Philippines are strictly Little League.

The Soviet Union conducts the most massive spy operations in the world. Last year, Soviet agents were expelled from Norway, Sweden, West Germany, Switzerland, Spain, and Zambia. In the U.S. last year the FBI arrested: a Soviet emigré in New Jersey on charges of attempting to transmit space program secrets to a KGB agent; two Americans in California on charges of plotting with a Soviet embassy official in Mexico; an American and a West German in Florida on charges of conspiring to smuggle cruise missile components to the Soviet Union.

Since there are reliably reported to be at least 5,000 Russian spies in the U.S., it is probably safe to assume that a major share of their activities proceed free of interference. An aide to a Republican senator recently said that he takes it for granted that the Soviets have penetrated Capitol Hill. Given the fact that spies have been discovered inside virtually every major Western government, he says it is naive to think they wouldn't be capable of infiltrating the government of their major adversary, especially when that adversary is preoccupied with the fumigation of its own intelligence agencies. Yet why are there no campaigns to stop KGB spying? The KGB doesn't represent the only threat to the U.S.

The attack on the FBI comes at a time when the world is experiencing a terrorist boom. It was recently reported that there were 239 terrorist attacks—bombings, kidnappings, and assassinations—in the world last year, compared to only 37 such attacks a decade ago. And the boom hasn't bypassed the United States. The Symbionese Liberation Army, as residents of the West Coast are frequently reminded, has already been replaced by something called the New World Liberation Front which has taken credit for 50 bombings in California, Colorado, and Oregon. FALN, a Puerto Rican terrorist group operating in the U.S., has several fatalities to its credit, along with thousands of dollars' worth of damage to property.

Basic to any effort to counter the New World Liberation Front, FALN, or any other terrorist group is governmental recognition of the importance of surveillance. As the West German government has recently learned, in order to defend itself against this modern plague a government must be willing to wiretap, to use informants, and to infiltrate terrorist groups: all those things various people are trying, with no little success, to deny the FBI. What astounds me, in light of the brutal campaign being waged against the FBI, is how the Bureau has retained any effectiveness at all.

The Citizens' Legal Defense Fund is not so foolhardy as to think that it can solve all the problems of our intelligence services; too much has already happened. But we can show the beleaguered agents that we are on their side.

It is very easy, now, to ignore the scars left by the Weather Underground. But it is inconceivable that the Justice Department would have dared to indict any of these men in 1972, while the Weather Underground's bombs were exploding all over the country. No, it waited until memories were dim, striking, in Kearney's case, just two months before the statute of limitations would have prevented the Department from prosecuting him; in the case of Miller and Felt, just one month before the statute of limitations would have placed them beyond the reach of the Justice Department.

Thanks to the thousands of people who have given their support to the Citizens' Legal Defense Fund, we have been able to show—and will continue to show—that Americans have not forgotten what the Weather Underground did to America. We also have been able to show—and will continue to show—all the present and former members of the Federal Bureau of Investigation that we have not forgotten what they have done for America.

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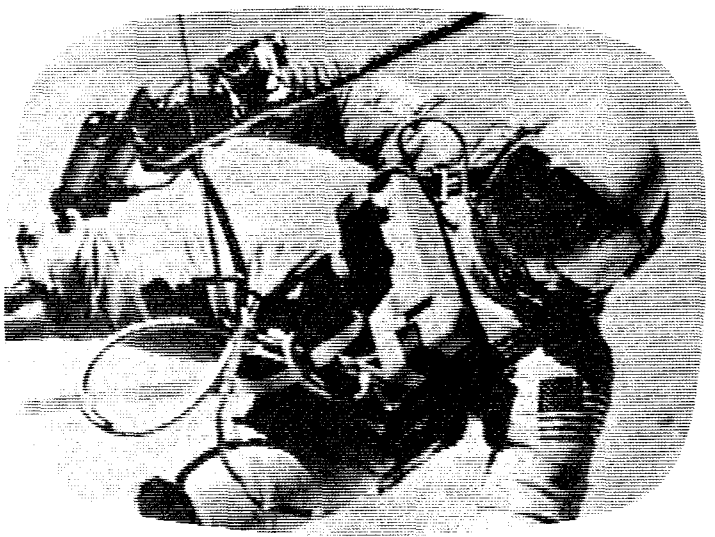
WHAT DO YOU BRING TO TV?

TV's favorite neighbor, Mr. Rogers, turns the cliché inside out to ask how our lives affect what we see on television.

by Fred Rogers

It's heartening these days to see the amount of attention that is being paid to the possible effects of television in our lives. We at Family Communications certainly are persuaded that television does exert important influence on us as individuals and as a society, but we also know firsthand how hard it is to produce television and how hard it is to evaluate its influence. There are few clear cause-and-effect correlations.



For adults who grew up with science "fiction," the space walk was an incredible eye-opener; but children reared in the Space Age yawned through mankind's "giant step."

Television is used to do so many different things. It can be a positive force as well as a negative one and the issues seem intertwined with one another. Perhaps that's why it's so important to worry about television: It is such a significant part of the fabric of our lives, our knowledge-sharing, our value judgements, our economic performance—just about everything we do.

One of the earliest questions that researchers began to deal with is: Do we model our behavior after what we see on television? The aspect of that question that has attracted most attention, of course, is: Does violence on television tend to breed violence in real life?

Another question that has emerged fairly recently is of particular interest to us: How has having a television set in the house altered family life? What has happened to family suppertime and the conversation that went with it? How about bedtime stories and songs? Projects that families did together on Saturday morning? How has television created new disciplinary problems? And how has television become a new instrument of discipline? But then we also have to ask whether television in the home has made new opportunities for family communications, for the shaping of common interests, and for learning to respect individual preferences. Each family can best answer these questions itself.

Television's effects on our individual behavior and on our family lives are only two considerations among so many others! In fact, there are so many that it hardly seems fair to add another one to the pile, and yet that is what I would like to do. I'd like to turn the most familiar question inside-out. Instead of asking "How does what we see on television affect our lives?" I'd like to ask "*How do our lives affect what we see on television?*"

An English friend of mine, now living in this country, finds "Hogan's Heroes" the most offensive television series on the air. Though my friend was too young at the time of the Second World War to participate in the fighting himself, his father was away fighting all the time. And although his father survived, many other family members did not. Still other relatives endured years in concentration camps. For my friend, the Nazis were not buffoons and life in camp was not a lark. For him, jesting about the situation is simply appalling. On the other hand, "Hogan's Heroes" is among his young children's favorite television programs. Its bald humor and caricature touch their normal sense of the ridiculous with great success.

The father of another friend of mine died last year. She has two young children and together they went through the difficult times of loss and grieving. Recently, she and her five-year-old daughter were watching an animated fairy tale on television. The hero was washed up on a shore looking lifeless; but when the fair maiden kissed him, his eyelids fluttered and he sat up. My friend's little girl asked: "Mommy, how did he get undeaded?" She had a lot of her own life experience to bring to that program!

And for another mother, "Emergency Ward" represents a brief, mindless respite from daily chores. But what does it mean for her little boy who is scheduled to go into the hospital for hernia surgery?

These examples all concern parents and children because that's the world we work in and know best, but it is the same for all of us. Whenever we are looking at a television program, there are two dramas unfolding—the drama on the screen and the "inner drama" we bring to it. Often, our inner dramas happened so long ago, or were so painful, that we are not even consciously aware of them. But they are there, and they are unfolding, even as we watch "The Waltons" or "Kojak" or "Mister Rogers' Neighborhood."

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It seems to me that this is what happens in all sorts of different communications: The communicator makes a statement which comes from his or her own inner dramas and we respond from the lifetime accumulation of ours. I doubt that the process is ever an exact match. It is more like a handshake; the two hands are different and unique, yet similar enough to create an understanding when they touch. These handshakes occur when we listen to a piece of music or when we look at a painting. They certainly occur, too, when we watch television. For example, there is one program in "Mister Rogers' Neighborhood" in which we deal with the arrival of a new baby and the feelings that older brothers and sisters may have at that time. One child watching asked her mother, who was seven months pregnant, if she was going to have a baby. We had an angry complaint from that mother for having raised the subject. As she put it, "My little girl never suspected anything, and I was just going to surprise her with it." Of course the little girl *had* been suspecting something and simply used the program as a way to try to begin talking about it. In that home, the family drama taking place was every bit as important as what we were trying to say on the program.

With all this in mind, the question of whether television affects our behavior in real life looks a little different: It depends on what is going on within us as well as what someone says or shows to us. For most of us, a violent episode, say, may indeed be cathartic, as some television researchers have claimed. That is because most of us have learned to control our violent impulses, to channel them into safe or even creative directions. For us, violence acted out on television may simply provide a safe fantasy for the more violent sides of our personality. But for a person who has never been able to develop appropriate safe controls, a violent television episode may touch an inner drama and stir it into violent, outward reality.

From Milton Berle one-liners to Dick Van Dyke slapstick to Monty Python eccentricity—are we amused by what we watch or do we watch what amuses us?

In "Mister Rogers' Neighborhood" we spend a lot of time working with the good feeling of control. One of the most frightening things for anyone is to feel out of control, so we try to offer on our program many appropriate ways to express feelings. Everyone has feelings of all kinds. It's what we do with them that's important. We have a song which goes in the following way:

What do you do with the
mad that you feel
When you feel so mad
you could bite?
When the whole wide
world seems oh so
wrong and nothing you
do seems very right?
What do you do? Do you
punch a bag?
Do you pound some
clay or some dough?
Do you round up friends
for a game of tag?
Or see how fast you go?

It's great to be able
to stop
When you've planned a
thing that's wrong,
And be able to do
something else instead
And think this song:

I can stop when I want to,
Can stop when I wish,
Can stop, stop, stop any time.
And what a good feeling
To feel like this,
And know that the feeling is
really mine,
Know that there's something
deep inside
That helps us become what we can.
For a girl can be someday a
woman,
And a boy can be someday a man.

I hope that with that song we are helping young children to think about the kind of control they can develop best.

Do we have trouble telling the "real" from the "pretend"? Could society become so calloused that each burst of violence must top the last in order to penetrate our thickened skins?

Our inner dramas begin so early in childhood—perhaps right along with our first breaths and possibly even earlier than that. Then come the years of dependence within a family and, for many children, the first years of dependence on television. Of one thing we can be sure: By the time a child first sees a television program, he or she already has plenty of inner drama to bring to that piece of communication—just as he or she already has a hand to bring to a handshake. By "dependence on televi-

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THE PRESIDENT'S DOOMSDAY PLANE

If mankind's most dreaded moment occurs and nuclear war is launched, the President may take to the air to command the armed forces from a flying sanctuary.

by Frank Van Riper

If the awful time ever comes when the United States and the Soviet Union engage in nuclear combat, the President of the United States will very likely direct U.S. forces from a flying command post that is irreverently—but quite appropriately—called the Doomsday Plane.

Jimmy Carter became the first President to ride the specially converted Boeing 747. I was among a small pool of White House reporters who accompanied him, and together we got a sobering look at what it might be like to ride first class into World War III.

The 90-minute trip took us from Andrews Air Force Base near Camp Springs, Maryland, to Warner Robins Air Force Base outside Macon, Georgia. The ride was an unsettling combination of the mundane and the macabre that included:

- Officers and crew downing club sandwiches and sodas in specially shielded quarters that had no windows lest the men be blinded by nuclear flashes.
- The President hearing the secret code words of war bounce back and forth between the plane and ground stations while daughter Amy frolicked nearby with her Siamese cat.
- Military personnel sitting at rows of government-issue desks in the plane's fluorescent-lit "battle staff" area shuffling papers like so many uniformed accountants. Only the papers they shuffled this day were not ledgers; they were attack plans against major targets in the Soviet Union.

Officially, the Top Secret Doomsday Plane (the heaviest and most expensive plane in the world—425 tons, $125.9 million a copy) is called the National Emergency Airborne Command Post—or "Kneecap." Its purpose is as old as warfare itself: to give the Commander-in-Chief a secure platform from which to observe and direct his forces.

The President could, of course, assume such command from any of a number of "hardened" command centers around the country, each bristling with computer-coordinated, high and low frequency communications and radars. One such post is deep within the Pentagon; another is dug into the side of a mountain at nearby Ft. Ritchie, Maryland.

But the Doomsday Plane has a key advantage over these and other sites in time of war: mobility. Simply put, it would be a moving target, a floating war room.

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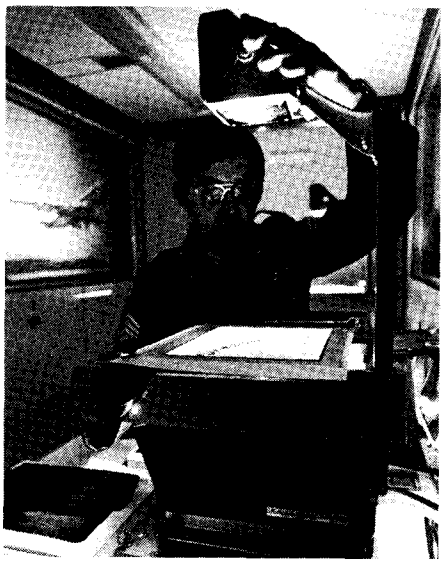
Carter decided to use the aircraft for a weekend trip to Plains, Georgia, at the invitation of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Once on board, however, Carter told us that another reason he was riding the Doomsday Plane was to test his escape route.

Carter left Washington the day of the flight after a full schedule of meetings at the White House. As the President and Mrs. Carter made final preparations, an assortment of aides and photographers assembled near the White House Rose Garden to watch the departure. After a few minutes, Amy, dressed in slacks, boots, and a blue coat, wandered out of the executive mansion holding her Siamese cat, Misty Malarky Ying Yang, awkwardly in her arms.

As Amy struggled with the cat, trying to put the anxious animal into a pet carrier, two members of the White House Communications Staff busied themselves nearby at the "tea cart," a portable communications center that had summoned Marine One from Andrews.



Slides and overhead projections can be relayed to screens in Operations team briefing room and National Command Authority conference room.

At 3:25 a dot appeared on the horizon next to the Washington Monument. It was Marine One, and within seconds it was hovering over the White House lawn.

The noise from the chopper's engine and rotor blades grew deafening as it descended slowly onto landing pads on the South Lawn.

When the rotors stopped, the President and Mrs. Carter strolled smiling toward the aircraft along with their sons Chip and Jeff and their wives, Caron and Annette.

Amy already had clambered aboard the helicopter's rear steps with me, White House physician William Lukash (who always travels with the President), and Richard Keiser, the Secret Service agent who heads the White House detail and who bears a striking resemblance to Gerald Ford.

There was still another member of our party who stayed discreetly near the President at all times—the military aide carrying the war codes. Actually a series of war plans or options, each bearing a distinct letter and numerical signature, the war codes, small enough to be carried in a black attaché case and always within the President's reach, are the keys that would make the doomsday machinery work.

As the chopper touched down at Andrews we immediately looked out the window at the huge plane before us. All white except for a blue strip and the legend "United States of America" along its fuselage, the 747 dwarfed Marine One.

Air Force personnel on the tarmac snapped to attention awaiting the President, but Carter hesitated inside the helicopter.

Continued on following page

Carter was first President to fly in the Doomsday Plane, but Rockefeller took a little-noticed ride when Vice-President.

Operations teams at consoles are able to communicate worldwide. While on board the author heard secret code words like "Dicker" and "Blue Grass," but it was not a vital security leak since they are changed daily.

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Cockpit of the Doomsday Plane, known to the Pentagon as "E-4" or "E-4A." In a real war the aircraft would take off without the President's family. If he were more than a half hour away, it would leave without him, too.

"Where's my bag?" he asked with a trace of annoyance. Finally, garment bag over his shoulder, the President stepped from the helicopter, greeted the base commander and anyone else near the plane, and bounded up the Doomsday Plane's forward steps.

The plane readied for takeoff as soon as Carter boarded. Since flight activity at an airfield stops when a presidential plane takes off or lands (a security precaution) the chief executive never has to wait for a clear runway before he can travel. It's a privilege that every President must miss when he leaves office.

Carter and his family strapped themselves into their "executive quarters"—a comfortable, though institutional-looking suite directly below the cockpit of the three-story plane.

There was a gold pile rug on the floor, and a gold upholstered sofa along one wall, as well as two bunk beds, each with a restraining belt.

Near the sofa were three high-backed seats similar to, though somewhat plusher than, standard first-class airline seats. There were also desklike counters bolted to the wall that held red and white telephones. The white one would connect the President to almost anywhere in the world using the plane's on-board communications. The red one would do likewise, but not before scrambling the President's words to defy interception.

Army Major Gene Markison, who commanded the plane's 15-member "battle staff" of communications and intelligence experts, briefed my colleagues and me once we were airborne.

He explained that the plane was divided into six compartments: an executive work area (Carter's quarters on this trip), conference room, briefing room, battle staff area, communications control center, and rest area.

The only place off limits to us, Markison said, was the cryptographic area in the "basement" of the plane.

A bespectacled, soft-spoken man who hesitated before answering each question, Markison said that the plane can carry 94 persons but that today only 51, including the President, were on board.

Air Force Colonel Don Ray briefed the President shortly after we took off and served as tour director during a look at the guts of the plane, the battle staff area. This, the largest single component of the plane, is where Markison's men would assimilate data on war options, potential threats, damage to population centers, and the like and pass it on to Carter seated nearby at a command troika of seats in the adjacent briefing room.

The briefing room, with seating for 21, is perhaps the closest thing the Doomsday Plane has to a war room. There, under fluorescent lights and looking up to a surprisingly small pair of rear projection screens, the President would issue orders, via secure telephone or radio, to ICBMs, Strategic Air Command bombers, and submarines around the world.

As we neared Georgia, Carter spoke to us. He seemed genuinely sobered by what he had seen. He knew that even he was expendable if a rain of nuclear weapons was homing in on Washington and he was not near enough to be gotten to Andrews on time. (Current estimates are that it would take a half hour for ICBMs from Russia to reach the United States.) If Carter were in New York, for example, he might be out of luck, the duties of Commander-in-Chief being assumed by any member of the National Command Authority—Vice-President, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, or even lower ranks—lucky enough to make it on board.

And he knew that even if he did make it on board, the Doomsday Plane could stay aloft a maximum of only 72 hours before the lubricating oil in its monstrous engines would begin to break down, forcing the plane to land.

"It's very sobering . . . what might occur unless we assure peaceful relationships with other nations," the President said.

The consequences otherwise, he said, were "horrible."

After a few minutes, Carter walked slowly back to his family in the "National Command Authority" suite to await touchdown at Warner Robins. The plane landed as dusk was falling and as hundreds of people pressed against restraining ropes to see both the plane and the President.

Carter emerged, with his garment bag, grinning and waving at his fellow Georgians. He worked the crowd awhile. Then, grinning still, he got into a car with his family to drive to Plains. ☒

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GETTING TO THE POINT WITH SHANA ALEXANDER

Or How 40 million TV viewers get their weekly shot of wry.

by Holly G. Miller

If Shana Alexander seems less angry and more low-key during her weekly spat with Jack Kilpatrick on CBS's "60 Minutes" program, she has two good reasons.

The "house liberal" of the Point-Counterpoint segment of the popular TV newsmagazine has finally scored a point of her own with the show's producers.

"They used to tell me to read my part over and sound madder," she explains. "Now they finally understand that it's better when I don't. If I sound 'madder,' as they say, it comes out strident and shrill. It's not as good. After I had been doing the show for about two years they came to me and admitted they were wrong. It's more effective if I do it intimately and quietly."

Shana recalls being so nervous for her first interview, she wrote down all her questions. "I still do," she adds.

The second reason for Shana's new-found calm might be the recent lifting of a major weight from her much-photographed shoulders. Her book, *Anyone's Daughter*, which has dominated the last four years of her life, is safely in the hands of her publisher and is scheduled for January release by Viking Press, Inc.

"It's about me and you, my daughter and all the other daughters and sons in the country. It's about where we all are in America after 200 years as the world's oldest constitutional republic. It's especially about Patty Hearst.

"Writing her story was like painting a great WPA mural. I began working on it five weeks after she was kidnapped. It was written with the cooperation of Mr. Hearst all the way. At first, Mrs. Hearst thought I was trying to rip off her daughter like everybody else. Finally, by the time the trial came around, we became friends."

In addition to feeling a sense of relief at having completed the project, Shana says she feels gratitude toward Patty on several levels.

"Her story not only helped me to understand America after Vietnam and Watergate, but the kidnap of Patty Hearst became the rescue of Shana Alexander from the grind of weekly newsmagazine journalism. After a quarter of a century in the profession, I was a deadline junkie. I feared I couldn't write a word without a weekly deadline. Well, I was wrong, thank God, and it only took me four years and about a quarter million words to find out and kick the weekly habit."

Shana still does have to contend with the weekly deadlines set forth by "60 Minutes." She's not complaining though. She claims she loves each of the 90 seconds allotted her.

"I'm having more fun than I ever did in my life. We're reaching 40 million people a week—most of whom, I figure, agree with me, because they can't all be retired admirals."

Her on-camera opponent, Jack Kilpatrick describes her as a beautiful, intelligent, articulate, misguided woman. Her rebuttal is less gallant. On issues such as the feminist movement, she lumps him together with "Phyllis Schlafly, Anita Bryant, and all the other lunatics who are against the Equal Rights Amendment."

Often asked if she and Kilpatrick mean what they say in their heated prime-time debates, she replies adamantly.

"I do . . . passionately, in fact. But it's hard for me to believe that Jack believes all that nonsense."

Do they write their own material?

"Of course. Monday we get on the phone, pick a topic, and agree to disagree. It takes me two days: one to research the question, write and rewrite it; another day to drive from my home on Long Island into New York City, make a pit stop at Elizabeth Arden, then on to CBS for the taping.

"It takes Jack somewhat less time, not only because he doesn't need Elizabeth Arden, but because he doesn't need to do the research. He made up his mind when he thought about everything 30 years ago."

Such verbal assaults are meant in fun. Although Shana is located in New York, and Jack tapes his segment in Washington, they maintain a long-distance friendship. Shana believes the image Jack projects over the screen may be closer to the "real" Jack than the on-camera Shana is similar to the off-camera Shana.

"Sometimes I think the public perceives me as a dwarf, with only a head and some shoulders. I'd like them to know there's something below the pearls. There's a body, some legs . . . a real human being." ☒

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NOTES FROM THE REAL LITTLE HOUSE ON THE PRAIRIE

A memoir from one of America's most beloved writers.

by Laura Ingalls Wilder

Laura Ingalls Wilder was the author of what is probably the most acclaimed set of children's books ever written. They are universally popular with both critics and children alike. In the fall of 1978 the television series entitled "Little House on the Prairie," based on these books, enters its sixth year.

The first of the "Little House" books, as they came to be called, appeared in 1933 during the Depression. It was just what America wanted, and Laura proceeded to write more. She was often asked how she came to write these stories of pioneer days, and shortly after she finished the volume entitled On the Banks of Plum Creek *(from which the main characters in the present television series derive) she wrote this account. I came across it recently in going through some papers of Laura's which I inherited from my adopted grandmother, Rose Wilder Lane. (She herself was a remarkable pioneering woman, although in other ways. I edited a biography of her early years entitled* Rose Wilder Lane *which was published this year.) This piece was written in black pencil on lined paper—as Laura wrote almost everything—and there's no telling for whom she intended it. She did not alter her comments for later publication. I have edited the text in minor ways: for example, Laura referred to a projected series of seven books, rather than the eight which appeared during her life. But in its strength and simplicity of telling, the account is typically and wholly Laura's.*—Roger Lea MacBride

Years ago, in the Little House in the Big Woods, Sister Mary and I listened to father's stories.

Little House in the Big Woods, *Laura Ingalls Wilder's first book, was published in 1932.*

There was no radio to amuse us then, no moving pictures to go see, so when the day's work was done, we sat in the twilight or by the evening lamp and listened to Pa's stories and the music of his violin. Our little family had to be self-sufficient for its own entertainment as well as its livelihood, and there was no lack in either.

Mother was descended from an old Scotch family and inherited the Scotch thriftiness which helped with the livelihood.

Although born and raised on the frontier, she was an educated, cultured woman. She was very quiet and gentle, but proud and particular in all matters of good breeding.

Father's ancestors arrived in America on the *Mayflower* and he was born in New York State. But he also was raised on the frontier. He was always jolly, inclined to be reckless, and loved his violin.

So Ma taught us books and trained us in our manners, while Pa taught us other things and entertained us.

We had a busy, happy childhood, but of it all, Sister Mary and I loved Pa's stories best. We never forgot them and I have always felt they were too good to be altogether lost. Children today could not have a childhood like mine in the Big Woods of Wisconsin, but they could learn of it and hear the stories that Pa used to tell. But I put off writing them from year to year and was past 60 when I wrote my first book, *The Little House in the Big Woods*.

When to my surprise the book made such a success and children from all over the U.S. wrote to me begging for more stories, I began to think what a wonderful childhood I had had. How I had seen the whole frontier, the woods, the Indian country of the great plains, the frontier towns, the building of railroads in wild, unsettled country, homesteading, and farmers coming in to take possession. I realized that I had seen and lived it all—all the successive phases of the frontier, first the frontiersmen, then the pioneers, then the farmers, and the towns. Then I understood that in my own life I represented a whole period of American history. That the frontier was gone and agricultural settlements had taken its place when I married a farmer. It seemed to me that my childhood had been much richer and more interesting than that of children today even with all the modern inventions and improvements.

I wanted the children now to understand more about the beginning of things, to know what is behind the things they see—what it is that made America as they know it. Then I thought of writing the story of my childhood in several volumes—an eight-volume historical novel for children covering every aspect of the American frontier.

After the work was well started, I was told that such a thing had never been done before; that a novel of several volumes was only for grown-ups. My daughter, Rose Wilder Lane, a writer and novelist, said it would be unique, that an eight-volume novel for children

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had never been written.

I hesitated. Perhaps my idea was all wrong.

But letters kept coming from children, individuals, whole classes in schools, mothers of children too small to write letters—all wanted to know what happened next, wanted me to go on with the story. I decided to do so. Someone has to do a thing first; I would be the first to write a multi-volume novel for children. So I wrote the second volume, *Farmer Boy*. This is the story of a farm boy in the East before he went West. It is the story of the childhood of my husband on his father's farm near Malone, New York.

The old house is still standing just as it was when his mother sat at her spinning wheel in the attic chamber. We got some wintergreen plants from the old place a few years ago, to set out on our Ozark farm.

Almanzo still loves horses as well as when he was that Farmer Boy, but he doesn't drive them now. He drives our new Chrysler sedan instead; at least he holds the wheel. Of course I do the driving with my tongue.

You may wonder that the name Almanzo, of Central Asian origin as it is, should have been given to a Yankee farmer boy. The name Almanzo comes from El Mansur and was brought into England from Asia during the crusades and from England to America by the Wilders when they came to Plymouth in 1631.

The third volume of my children's novel, *The Little House on the Prairie*, goes back again to

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(Above) NBC's Laura Ingalls is 14-year-old Melissa Gilbert. (Left) The real Laura, here 17, knew of the bizarre events described in this article but chose not to include them in her novels. "The 'Little House' books are stories of long ago, but the real things haven't changed," wrote Mrs. Wilder. "It's still best to be honest and truthful; to be happy with simple pleasures and have courage when things go wrong."

(Above) The real Ingalls family, left to right: Ma, Carrie, Laura, Pa, Grace, Mary. Grown-up Laura and her husband Almanzo moved to a farm in the Ozarks. Mary graduated from the College for the Blind and lived with Ma and Pa in De Smet, South Dakota. Carrie married a mine owner and moved to the Black Hills. (Left) Karen Grassle and Michael Landon are Ma and Pa for the TV series.

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MAKE YOUR MARRIAGE BETTER

Ten Commandments for a happier, healthier marriage

by Billy Graham

The divorce statistics are alarming, but they hide one very important fact—there are millions and millions of *happy* marriages in America.

Recently I was mentioning to a friend that Ruth and I would be celebrating our 35th wedding anniversary this year. "Tell me something honestly, Billy," he said, "Have you or Ruth ever seriously thought about getting a divorce?" "Never!" I replied. "In fact, it has never even entered our minds." And that is the truth.

And I doubt if we are alone; in fact, I suspect there are countless couples who could say the same thing. But why? Why is it some marriages work marvelously, while others seem to be nothing short of a battleground?

Whatever else might be said about happy marriages, one thing is certain: *Good marriages don't just happen; they are the result of lots of hard work and willing adjustments by both partners.*

Each year I receive thousands of letters at my office in Minneapolis, Minnesota, from people seeking counsel about personal problems. Every year, by far the largest category is that dealing with love and marriage. From these letters, from my personal counseling, from my contact with numerous psychologists and counselors, and from my study of the Bible I have become convinced more and more of one thing: God has given us certain guidelines for marriage, and when those guidelines are neglected the likelihood of marital difficulty is increased tremendously.

As you look at your own marriage, or perhaps as you contemplate marriage, how can you make it more like the wonderful and joyous relationship God intended it to be? Let me suggest ten guidelines—ten commandments, if you please, for improving your marriage. Each of them is only a starting point, but I believe if you take them seriously you will not only overcome some of the problems you may now be having in your marriage, but you will also discover new dimensions and possibilities you may never have dared dream about.

1) *Put God first in your marriage.* I mention this first, because I am convinced this is the most important key to a solid marriage.

Since the day we were married, Ruth and I have always felt there were actually three people in our marriage—Ruth, myself, and God. We both have a strong conviction that God brought us together, and we both feel He is, in a real sense, a partner in our marriage. Just as we love each other, so we both love God, and in turn we know that God loves us.

The story of the Bible is the story of God's love for humanity. The human race, the Bible says, was created by God, and originally had perfect fellowship with God. But sin entered the picture, the human race rebelled against God, and that fellowship was broken. Since that time we have sought to live apart from God and to leave Him and His Law out of our lives. But God still loves us—He loves you and He loves me! The proof of His love is that He sent His only Son, Jesus Christ, into the world to take away our greatest problem, our sins. By simple faith and trust in Him, by committing ourselves to Him and turning ourselves over to His rule in our lives, we can be reconciled to God. We can begin to discover (through His Word, the Bible) why we were created and what God wants us to be. We can know the hope of eternal life.

And all of this is true because God loves us. Furthermore, this same kind of love—boundless, self-giving—should be true of a marriage.

Is that possible? Humanly speaking, I don't believe it is. But I also believe God can give us this kind of love when we commit our lives to Christ. I believe He can bring this kind of love to a marriage relationship when that relationship is consciously committed to Him. Put God first in your marriage. Seek His will above all else. "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matthew 6:33).

2) *Learn the art of mutual acceptance.* I am amazed at the number of people who marry someone who may not be compatible with them, saying "He (or she) will change after we're married." Sometimes it works out that way, but more often it doesn't. What happens after that? Often it leads to conflict and hostility, and eventual marriage breakup. Or again, every newlywed couple discovers they really did not know each other very well when they got married. "He never threw his coat over a chair when we were dating!" "She never showed up on a date with hair-curlers!"

Mutual acceptance—accepting each other and respecting each other without constantly wishing things were different—is crucial in a marriage. That does not mean a husband or wife simply relaxes and decides it is unimportant to change. If they truly love each other, they will seek to overcome irritants in the marriage.

3) *Accept your individual responsibilities.* Not only should two people in a marriage accept each other, but they should accept

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the responsibilities each has as husband or wife. Perhaps this sounds very obvious, but it is surprising how many letters I get from husbands or wives who complain about the failures of their partner, and yet clearly have never begun to fulfill their own responsibilities. As a husband you have certain responsibilities—both in big things (such as providing for your wife and children) and in little things (such as doing things around the house that are better done by you). Similarly, as a wife you have certain responsibilities to your husband and your children. Before a wife accepts a job, for instance, she should ask whether or not it will interfere with her responsibilities as a wife.

4) *Learn to communicate better.* One of the saddest things I have heard married people say is, "We don't really have anything to say to each other." I have heard of couples who hardly said anything to each other every day. Where is the sparkle in such a marriage?

"We have lost sight of the fact that God is the One who gave us marriage and have assumed that it somehow was a human invention," says Billy Graham, here with Ruth, his wife for 35 years.

The truth is that such a state usually is the end result of a long process—a process in which communication is gradually lost. Finally, one day a couple may wake up and realize not only that they are no longer saying anything meaningful to each other, but also that they actually have become two strangers. Instead of two persons becoming one—as God intended—the oneness of marriage has become two separate lives barely touching each other.

But this need not be the case—and the time to prevent it is now, not at the end of the road. Learning to communicate is not always easy, but it is possible. A husband can hardly expect his wife to show an interest in his work and its problems if he demonstrates no interest in hers. Learn the art of asking questions—questions which show you are genuinely interested. Be sensitive to your partner. Things may have been hectic at the office and a husband yearns for a sympathetic and comforting ear at home. The last thing he may want to hear about is the sick cat or the stopped-up drain. But good communication means that—in time—both husband and wife learn to talk about everything.

The need to communicate is especially true whenever problems come up between two people. Unfortunately, that is precisely the time we usually clam up and give the other person the "cold shoulder." Learning to communicate means being able to talk, even when things are not going smoothly. It means also having the ability to say, "I'm sorry."

5) *Take time with each other.* This follows from what I have just said about communicating with each other. Communication takes time, and so does the whole marriage relationship. And why wouldn't it be that way? For two people to get married only to go their own separate ways is not only illogical but is against God's plan for marriage. God created us so that we should need other people, and one of the reasons God gave us marriage is to meet that need.

Frankly, I'm afraid my fellow males are often usually at fault here. We get absorbed in our business affairs, or we become consumed by our passion for a hobby or sport. Unconsciously we assume that the wife is responsible for the home, and therefore we think we don't need to bother with it.

But true love means we learn to take time for each other. Whenever a husband is too busy to spend time at home, whenever a wife is too busy to spend time at home, only one conclusion is logical. "He loves his business more than he loves me." "She loves her tennis tournament more than she loves me." Yes, learn to spend time with each other. It is one of the best ways to show you care.

6) *Give attention to the little*

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MORE THAN MACHO

Superstud, serious artist, talk-show clown, family man, intuitive and sensitive lover—will the real Burt Reynolds please stand up?

by Betty White

I never know what to do with macho men. Well, I know what to do, but I'm scared to do it.

That's why when I edged into Burt Reynolds' Waldorf Towers suite I was surprised to find him warily eyeing *me*. He was (as people are always saying) not as big as I expected. He's about 5 feet 11 inches and very slender. He looks almost fragile, but that's partly because of the open, vulnerable look in his brown eyes.

Let's say right here that Burt Reynolds is an actor. If you think he is the good ole boy who strides through his mostly less-than-memorable movies with a lewd wink and a ready fist, you're wrong. Or if he is the good ole boy, he can do a very convincing interpretation of an intelligent, thoughtful man who is willing to take chances in order to grow.

Take your pick. I think it's harder to fake brains than brawn.

It was brawn, though, that got Reynolds his first television and movie roles when producers discovered that in this rugged young man they could get two for the price of one—an actor and a stunt man. "I got all the parts that involved getting thrown out of a window or falling down the stairs," Reynolds recalls.

And it was brawn that helped him win acceptance in the painful adolescent years when his schoolmates called him "Mullet" because his part-Italian, part-Indian family lived in the fishermen's neighborhood of Riviera, Florida.

"I found out that I was the fastest runner in a race at my school," Reynolds says. "One day I was Mullet, and the next I was Buddy. I thought to myself, *Boy, if there ever comes a time that I can't outrun everybody, I'll go back to being a 'Mullet.'* I guess I've been running ever since."

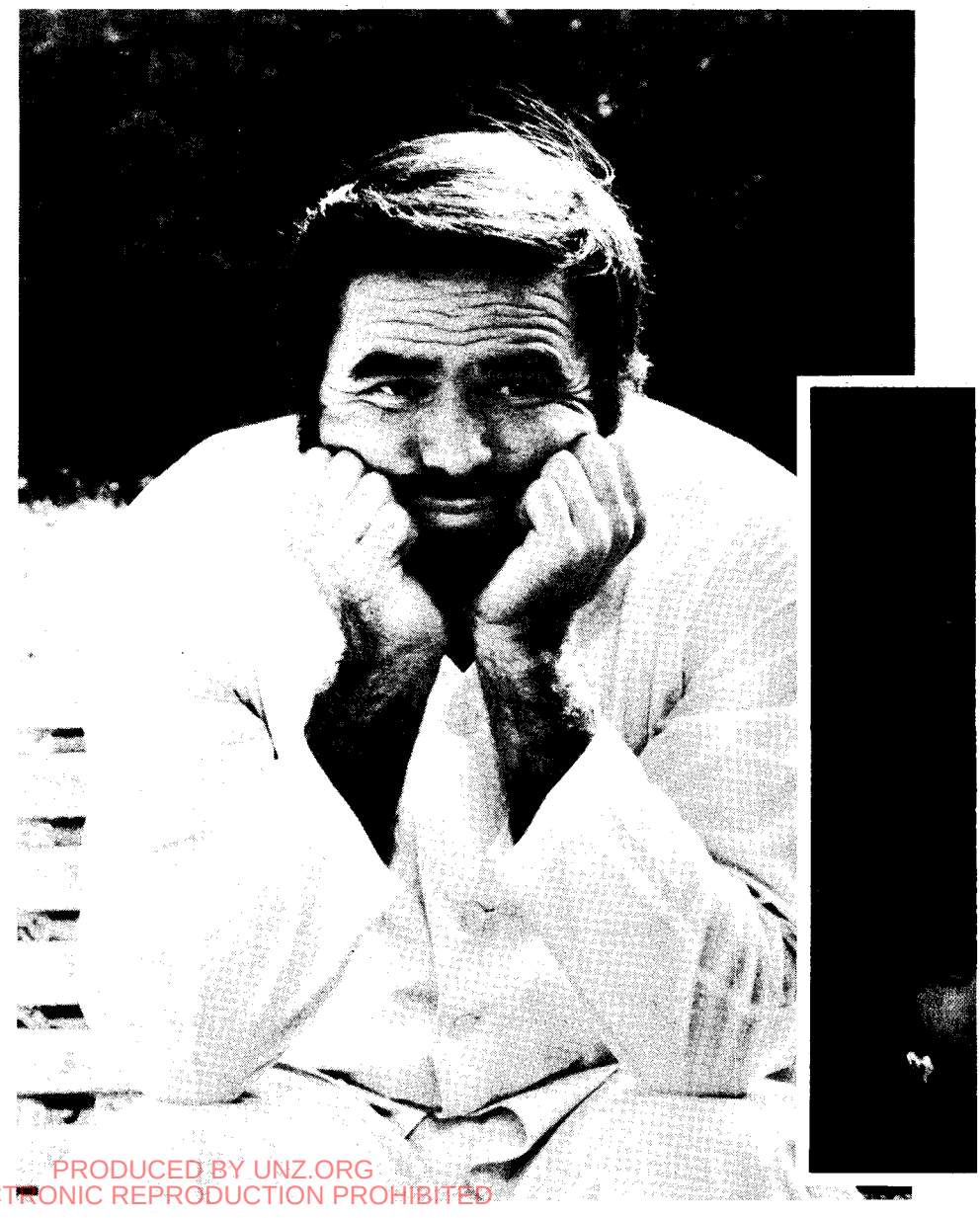
Reynolds was a wild kid, wrecking cars and running away from home—perhaps all in a desperate search for some sign of his stoic father's love.

"My dad was chief of police and he was tough as granite. Hugging him would have been like hugging a statue of Abraham Lincoln. You just didn't do it. My whole family was undemonstrative. My mother, my brother and sister and I—we never touched each other or expressed our affection openly."

When Reynolds ran away from home at 15, he was arrested as a vagrant in South Carolina and sent home. He stayed at a friend's house for a year waiting for some sign that his father wanted him back. When they met on the street, his father said, coolly, "How are you, boy?"

"I guess I wanted to prove something to my father, but of course I didn't. One day I just

Burt faces THE END in his new movie. "My character goes right out and looks for all the sympathy he can get and that's just what I would do in real life."



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gave up and went home."

Reynolds' athletic prowess eased his way into Florida State College where he played varsity football during his freshman year. He completed three years at Florida State, but when it became apparent that an injury sustained in his sophomore year meant no more football, Reynolds dropped out of school and went to New York.

"I really intended to go back to school, but I gravitated to the places where actors hung out and I found they were not at all the way I expected them to be. They weren't all gay, they weren't all interested only in themselves. They encouraged me to try acting as my literature teacher had once suggested, so I got into summer stock.

"People would like to think that I was an overnight success, but I paid my dues. I spent two years doing theater in the East before I became a talking body in TV and movies.

"I played in *Mr. Roberts* in New York City. It had a great cast with Charlton Heston in the lead. John Forsythe was in it. I'll never

A disconcerted Burt (as swinger Sonny Lawson) makes his mind-boggling confession to the youngest priest in the western world (Robby Benson).

forget when I looked up and there stood 'Moses' in the doorway. I looked at Heston standing there enormous in his top coat and I thought, *I'll never be able to call him Chuck.* Then he took three steps into the room, tripped, and fell flat on the floor. And that's how I met my first big movie star."

It was in summer stock that Reynolds met Joanne Woodward. She later told him that she thought he was just the nicest person that she'd met in a long time. So she introduced him to her agent and the agent signed him.

"Was it because of your talent or your looks?" I asked brutally.

"Well, it certainly wasn't my talent. I did look like Marlon Brando, but I think it was because Joanne just took an interest in this shy person who was always peering around the curtains."

Joanne Woodward appears in Reynolds' latest movie, *The End.* "After I signed Joanne, everybody said, 'Well, this must be a big movie,' so it was easy then to get the cast I wanted," Reynolds says ruefully.

"But when I first met Joanne, I was so shy that I carried my lunch in a paper bag so I could hide somewhere at lunchtime.

"When all the agents moved west, so did I, and I crashed cars and fell out of buildings until I eventually landed a regular part on 'Gunsmoke.' I guess I could have stayed on that show for years and made very good money, but I didn't want to limit myself to half-breed roles for the rest of my

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Reynolds with close companion of the last three years, Sally Field. "I love to act with Sally," says Burt. "She is so inventive and funny. We read plays together at home, acting out all the parts between us. It's so important to have someone you can be silly and laugh with."

Reynolds and Dinah Shore, still friends. "I don't think it did him justice," Dinah once quipped, referring to Reynolds' satirical centerfold picture.

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THREE'S COMPANY: WHY IS THIS MAN SMILING?

A family of three finds it easy to ménage.

by Gary Posey

Why does "Three's Company" regularly show up on Nielsen's weekly list of the top five TV programs? Is it the show's admittedly unique premise that two very attractive young ladies are sharing an apartment with a handsome young man who poses as a homosexual to fool the landlord into believing that there is no cause to suspect hanky-panky among the threesome?

Or is it the appeal of the three young people—zingy Suzanne Somers who has become the new Farrah Fawcett; pretty Joyce DeWitt, and the teddy bear in the middle, John Ritter?

Could it be the writing, which leans more toward one-liners than clever plotting? Or is it the direction, which is broad, to say the least? (No pun intended.)

I conducted my own poll, and the results were surprising. Most of the over-35 set see the show as one vast sexual innuendo. They think the relationship of the three young characters is probably not wholly platonic, but they like to watch pretty girls and a winsome young man who get off some good one-line jokes while doing a number on that ancient enemy—the landlord. The more discerning also recognize the strong contribution of veteran actors Norman Fell and Audra Lindley as the landlord with a permanent "headache" and his sex-starved wife.

The under-35 crowd bring an entirely different perception to the show. They identify with young people struggling to make ends meet and combining their resources to do it. They see nothing unlikely about sharing an apartment with a member of the opposite sex for economic reasons.

John Ritter is much more a big brother than a sex symbol. To top it off, the landlord is a great joke on the older generation. In short, this show is cunningly devised to reach the group advertisers lie awake at night scheming to attract.

Everyone in our admittedly limited survey who likes the show named Suzanne Somers, the blonde bombshell who doesn't seem to have a fuse, as his favorite. One young man loved to fantacize being John Ritter and living with two gorgeous girls. Joyce DeWitt, a cool brunette, has her own share of admirers. Something for everyone.

The team who adapted the idea from a British commercial television hit called "A Man About the House" cut their teeth on television controversy with "All in the Family" and are responsible for "The Jeffersons," a successful spin-off from that series. Don Nicholl, Michael Ross, and Bernie West credit their success to good writing, attractive stars, and a chemistry that comes through to the audience.

"John Ritter projects his own innate charm and good manners. The audience just knows that John would never take advantage of either roommate. They may talk about sex, but with Suzanne and Joyce and John the audience senses there is really nothing going on. The basic decency and good humor of these young characters counteract the far-out premise of the show," Ross believes.

One of the show's former participating sponsors feels differently. "We withdrew our participation in 'Three's Company,'" says Sears spokesman Wiley Brooks, "primarily because the show deals with one basic joke—a continual sexual innuendo."

Working with its ad agency, Sears has developed an Episode Caution list. "Someone at the agency previews all the programs we are interested in and makes a decision about each show's accept-

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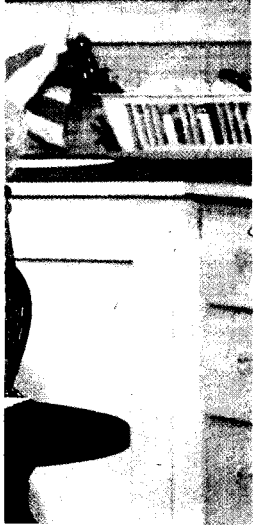

Emmy-winner Norman Fell and equally distinguished actress Audra Lindley (flanking DeWitt, Ritter, and Somers above) will make six shows starring the Ropers, a potential spin-off from "Company."

Joyce DeWitt and John Ritter react to Suzanne Somers' Chrissy in bemusement. "Help," a refreshingly humble Somers implored her producers, "the other people on this show are really actors."

(Right) Somers will be able to watch new husband Alan Hamel co-host (with Phyllis George) his own CBS series "People" when she isn't too busy counting the profits from Chrissy dolls, posters

ability," Brooks explains. "There is no censorship. We don't ask that a certain scene or episode of any program be changed as a condition for our advertising on it. We take it as is or we leave it. In the case of 'Three's Company' we had been leaving it so often that we decided this one wasn't for us.

"We also dropped 'Barnaby Jones' and 'The Six Million Dollar Man' this year because of what we felt was gratuitous violence.

"We didn't do this to create publicity. A news bureau reporter pressed us for the information and his story became a sort of announcement."

Producers of "Three's Company" do not express any particular alarm. There are other advertisers ready to take advantage of "Company" 's appeal.

Babies in their living room playpen witness more graphic sex on soap opera dramas every day than their parents will see in the evening on "Three's Company." The good-natured spoofing of sex and sexuality on "Company" may be its only joke, but it is not the steamy and seamy sex of prime-time dramas like "Loose Change" and "79 Park Avenue," two short-range series served up as special events by NBC. "Soap" exists in a vacuum of its own—celebrating sex as the ultimate snigger.

"People say, 'Gosh, there's too much flesh shown on "Charlie's Angels," ' " says NBC affiliate manager, A. R. Van Cantfort, assessing the appeal of shows like "Company." "Then they go home, kick off their shoes, turn on the set, and ogle those girls on what is probably the most poorly written show on TV."

There are viewers who complain about "Company," but the ratings say that millions more are watching the show in carefree suspension of conventional scruples. Is "Company" amusing or offensive? That perception rests with the viewer. We tend to forget that power to accept or reject is literally at hand.

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Striding toward a prickly fate?

TATTOO

The anchor you see on a sailor's arm may actually be the English flotilla engaging the French Navy in the Battle of Trafalgar. Look closely. Beneath the spreading eagle there's more than meets the eye.

by W. S. Doxey

Illustrated by John Norment

Long-Distance-Running-in-America was doing a few easy miles outside of Golden, Colorado, in preparation for a visit to Buffalo Bill's grave. It was one of those Big Sky blue sky days in early summer and the thin air was crisp at noon.

Long-Distance-Running was making for a creek he knew that flowed just off the road through a stand of pines. Maybe he would splash cold water on his face and afterwards, while his skin dried in the warm sun, rest awhile and consider the distant mountains.

At the place where he left the road, a battered Ford was parked. The tag was dusty, but he recognized the state was Maryland. And sitting on a mossy boulder beside the bright water were a man and a dog. The man was brown-haired and ruddy cheeked. He wore jeans and a white shirt with the sleeves rolled up. His shoes were rough-soled loafers. The dog was brown-haired too. It looked like a mixture of shepherd and plain mutt. The dog sat so still that it seemed to be stuffed. The man was doing something to its fur.

A man and his dog—there was something sacred about that relationship. Long-Distance-Running decided not to disturb them. The stream ran into the mountain and emerged again two miles further. He could wait to splash cold water on his face.

But as he backed away, the man on the rock looked up, smiled, and said, "Long-Distance-Running-in-America, hi! Saw your ad in the Rocky Mountains *Times*. Figured you'd be coming this way. Buffalo Bill Cody was in your league."

Long-Distance-Running grinned. He was not surprised. As was his custom, he had put an announcement in the Personals to inform the interested that he'd be in the area. He wiped his damp hand on his damp shorts and offered it to the stranger, who laughed and held up both his hands to show they were busy, one with a large magnifying glass, the other with a small drill of some kind.

The stranger said, "I call myself Tattooing-in-America, and I'm on vacation. I use the time to perfect my art. Care to see?"

He held the glass above the sandy fur on the dog's back. Long-Distance-Running took a look. The stranger's fingers parted the fur to reveal that what appeared to the naked eye to be a mole was really an amazing picture, a landscape with mountains in green and gray. The peaks were snowy white against a dazzling blue sky.

"Well?" asked Tattooing-in-America.

"It's very good."

"I know what you're thinking," said Tattooing. "You're wondering why. No, don't protest."

He grinned. "What most people don't know is that tattooing is very big these days, in a small way. Plenty of folks are crazy to be tattooed but they don't want just anybody seeing their artwork." He laughed. "For a while I toyed with the idea of using invisible inks, then tried a few scenes with those that glowed

A local anesthetic (from the local pound) works as well as ether or NO_2.

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under black light stimulation. Got some good effects, too. But there are too many radiations in the air. Person wouldn't know when he or she might light up. I had to find another solution to the problem."

Long-Distance-Running said, "You tattooed people's pets instead of themselves?"

"Hey, that's not bad! But no. I practice on Rex. He's a good subject because he's trained to sit absolutely still, and because I can cover my work with his fur and keep it secret."

"Secret?"

"Sure, I told you tattooing is big. Did you know that there was a time when kings and queens had Royal Tattooers? You'd be surprised how many famous persons are tattooed—and where!"

He laughed again, and his collar pulled open to reveal a spider web of red and blue lines. Long-Distance-Running was tempted to ask him for an exhibit, but on second thought decided the day was too beautiful for such a sight.

Tattooing said, "What I've done is go miniature. You saw the sample. Size is relative, right? And small things are often more precious than large. There's also the ironic factor. Next time you see a pretty girl with a beauty mark on her cheek——"

"A tattoo?"

"Not *a* tattoo—one of mine. I did *The Last Supper* for one, and *The Charge of the Light Brigade* for another. On the back of the left hand of a high-ranking government official I put *Hiroshima.*"

"What about Nagasaki?"

"I never repeat a subject," said Tattooing-in-America. He withdrew the battery-driven tool from a pouch he had slipped it in when Long-Distance-Running sat down. "Now," he said, "I'd like to do something for you."

Long-Distance eyed the vibrating needle. "For me? Why?"

"As one artist to another. A trade of talents. You can run a mile in my shoes."

"Yeah, well, I would—really—but loafers cause blisters."

"Art is suffering—you of all people know that."

The fellow had logic on his side. And Long-Distance-Running had always secretly wanted a tattoo. "What do you have in mind?"

For the runner who has it all (i.e., good shoes and good trails): A tattoo of his predecessor, Long-Distance-Running-in-Greece.

Tattooing whistled. The dog Rex bounded from the trees and crouched before his master, ears alert, eyes bright, lips drawn back to show big sharp teeth.

Tattooing said, "I use Rex instead of anesthetic, because while it's impossible for an artist to obtain a drug license, anybody with a couple of bucks can have a dog."

Long-Distance-Running eyed the dog as it eyed him. "You mean——"

By way of an answer, Tattooing whispered, "Rex, *guard*!"

The animal flattened his ears and bared his fangs and growled. Savage creatures were not unknown to Long-Distance-Running. He had been nipped more than once. So he froze where he sat and offered no resistance as Tattooing began his work of art.

There was pain, but no worse than several ant stings, so he bore it without flinching. In 20 minutes Tattooing put away his needle and exclaimed, "This may well be my masterpiece—look!"

The dog still growled. Long-Distance made no reply.

Tattooing saw the problem and said, "Break, Rex, break!"

Long-Distance-Running looked down at the place on his thigh where Tattooing had done his thing. There was a spot of bright blood he might cover with the tip of one of his little fingers.

"That's it?" he asked.

"Yes, and an appropriate subject for you. Phidippides running into Athens with news that the Persians have been defeated at Marathon, and underneath, in Greek of course, the words he cried before he fell dead: 'Rejoice! We have won!' "

Long-Distance squinted at the spot. The blood was crusting over.

"It's something you'll treasure for the rest of your life, and since I signed it, it's extremely valuable."

Value meant a marketplace, a buying and a selling. Long-Distance-Running wondered if there were a skin trade. But rather than asking that, he said, "Is it okay if I run?"

"Sure—and here are my shoes."

A deal was a deal. He slipped off his Nikes and wiggled his feet into the loafers. They were tight, but tight was better than loose, or so his podiatrist, Foot-Doctoring-in-America, was always saying.

As he ran the mile, Tattooing-in-America followed in his car. The people who passed honked and waved. He obliged their requests for autographs by signing more than a few pairs of running shoes that were held from car windows as he ran on and on without slowing his pace. ☒

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The World I Have Seen

"I think all photographers are caught up in a search for the dramatic moment, the unforgettable face."

by Thomas J. Watson, Jr.

Editor's Note: *Thomas J. Watson, Jr., retired Chairman of the Board of IBM, has been an avid photographer for 40 years, creating a visual record of his loves—his family, aviation, travels in faraway places, and his sailboat, the* Palawan.

Even as a youngster I was impressed by the camera's ability to capture a scene for all time. It was intriguing to me that through photographs I could relive again and again experiences that were meaningful to me. I think, too, that all photographers become caught up in a search for the dramatic moment—like my picture of the *Palawan* as seen through the hole in the iceberg. Through the medium of photography I can at least pretend to myself that I have creative ability, and I suspect that this is what all of us are looking for in life.

Ever-absorbing Afghanistan. The water takes its vivid color from chemicals leached from the surrounding hills. The effect is a strangely compelling tranquillity and mystery.

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(Above) Cruising the north coast of Greenland in mid-summer of 1974 we passed thousands of icebergs in the course of 70 days. When we came across this one, it instantly occurred to me that this could make a unique picture. We scurried around it in a small boat and took the picture from our dinghy, framing my sailboat, the Palawan. *We considered going back to the boat through the hole but decided not to; and just as we turned around, several tons of ice dropped into the water from the top of the arch.*

(Left) My youngest daughter, Helen, took this picture of me on the island of Criehaven off the coast of Maine. The island is relatively unspoiled because it is very hard to reach. I try to take members of my family there once a year to give them the feel of a really primitive place.

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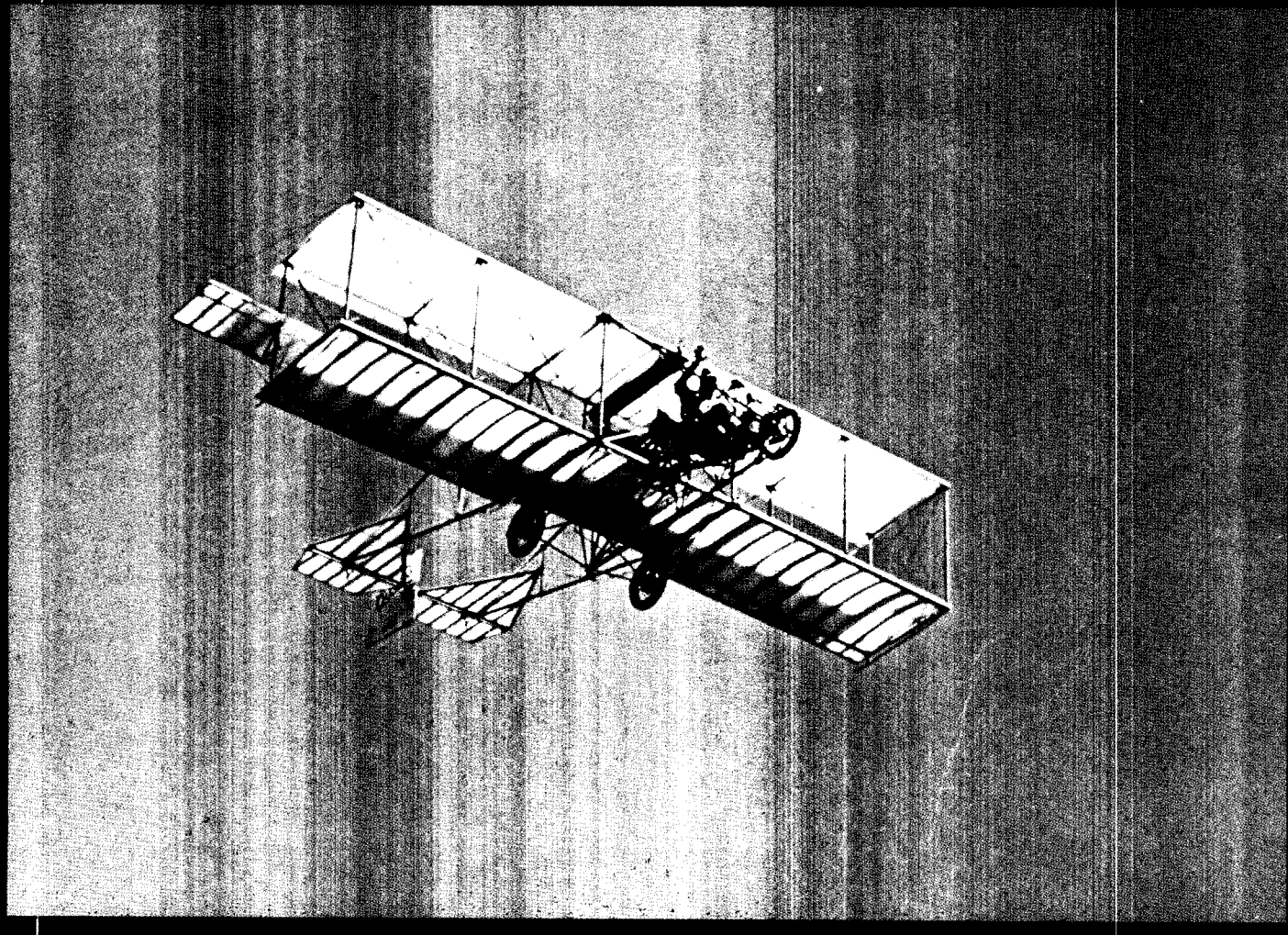
(Left) Afghanistan is a photographer's paradise. Costumes and life have not changed very much there in the last thousand years, and one can find the most magnificent faces and geographical formations to photograph. I am hoping to go back soon for a month with a lot more film. I always keep my camera ready at a reasonable setting with an automatic lens. I have missed twice as many good photographs as I have caught.

(Below) I take credit for this picture even though I'm not quite sure who is at the controls of this Curtis Pusher from the Owls Head Foundation in Rockland, Maine. The pilot is either museum head Jim Rockefeller or me. Either way, the picture was taken with my camera on a setting which I provided and it illustrates another great love of mine. Flying and photography are intertwined for me. I learned to fly as a young man in college and took aerial pictures of homes in the vicinity of Watch Hill, Cape Cod, and Providence to make enough money to rent planes.



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(Above) One of the reasons I take pictures is to substitute photography for my inability to paint. It is a chance to preserve for all time what my eye sees for a fleeting instant. This seascape was taken at our island retreat in Maine.

(Left) We have five grandchildren and I suppose they are the most photographed children in the world. This picture is of Tina Kew, whose mother, Mrs. Alexander Mehran, is my daughter. Tina is five years old. I like to use natural surroundings, but I do use an automatic Ascor strobe light in order to fill in dark shadows once in a while. I am now using a standard Nikon with an EL-2 which has an automatic electronic shutter.

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A COMPLETE FABRICATION

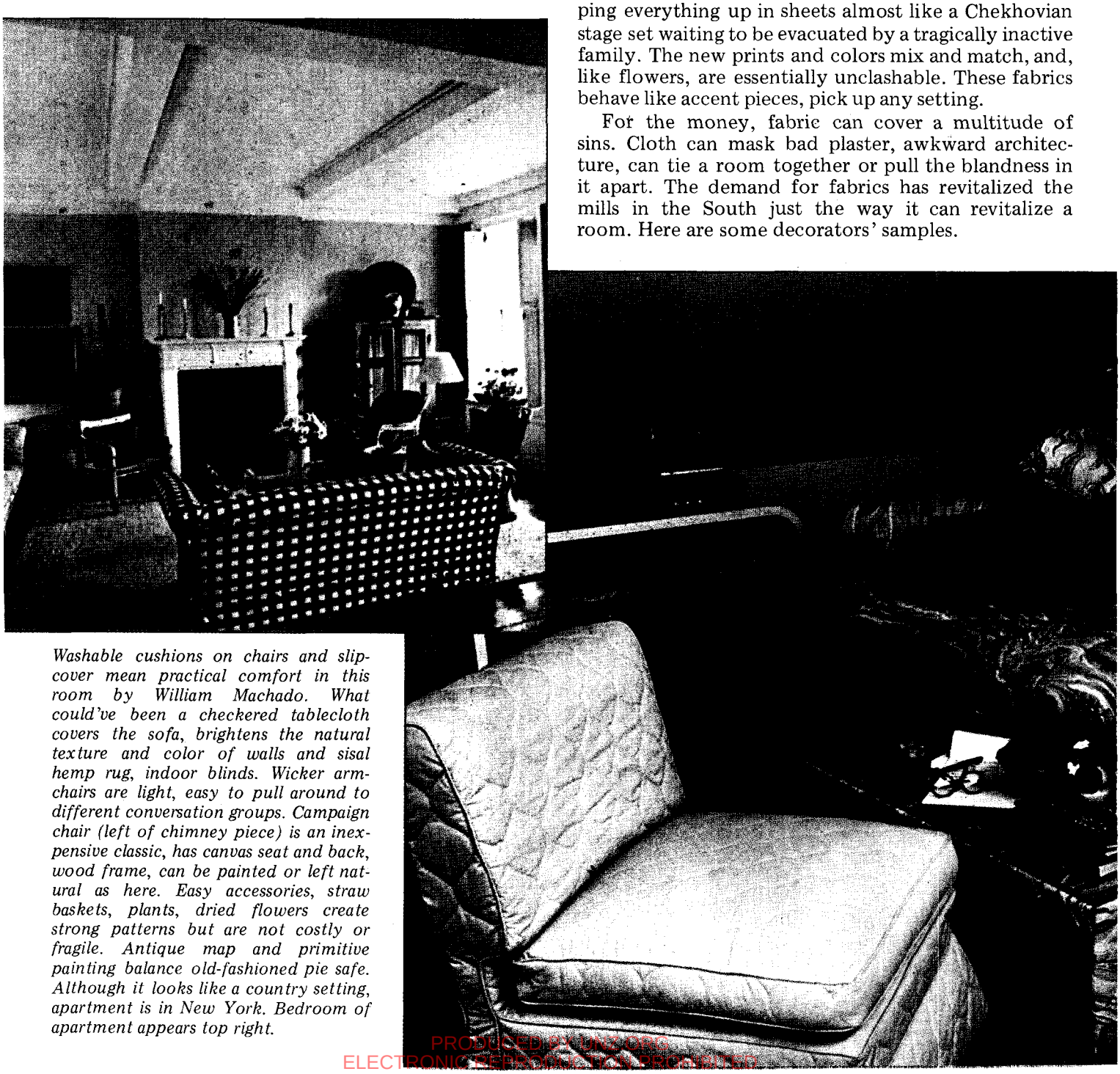
Tables and chairs, walls and windows, sofas and footstools flare up with fabric fashion. The mills can't keep up with the demand for color and cloth and comfort.

by Mary Alice Sharp

Cotton is 58.73 cents a pound. It breathes and, as everybody knows, pure air is at a premium these days. On a September morn when summer should be over but has no intention of being and you are necessarily dressed less comfortably than the famous lady in that painting of the same name, you are thankful for a little breathing space. So of course you have to pay for it. But in this world where everything is expensive and nothing is any good, here is something that comes clean. Remember when nurses wore it and you knew they'd make you well. Recall cotton sheets that were like cool ocean waves on a summer day. Remembrance is part of the fiber. Southern fields, feudal existence, and flowery legends.

The fiber also takes color and holds it and looks spring fresh even when it's not flowers but a sophisticated geometric print. Interior decorators are wrapping everything up in sheets almost like a Chekhovian stage set waiting to be evacuated by a tragically inactive family. The new prints and colors mix and match, and, like flowers, are essentially unclashable. These fabrics behave like accent pieces, pick up any setting.

For the money, fabric can cover a multitude of sins. Cloth can mask bad plaster, awkward architecture, can tie a room together or pull the blandness in it apart. The demand for fabrics has revitalized the mills in the South just the way it can revitalize a room. Here are some decorators' samples.



Washable cushions on chairs and slipcover mean practical comfort in this room by William Machado. What could've been a checkered tablecloth covers the sofa, brightens the natural texture and color of walls and sisal hemp rug, indoor blinds. Wicker armchairs are light, easy to pull around to different conversation groups. Campaign chair (left of chimney piece) is an inexpensive classic, has canvas seat and back, wood frame, can be painted or left natural as here. Easy accessories, straw baskets, plants, dried flowers create strong patterns but are not costly or fragile. Antique map and primitive painting balance old-fashioned pie safe. Although it looks like a country setting, apartment is in New York. Bedroom of apartment appears top right.

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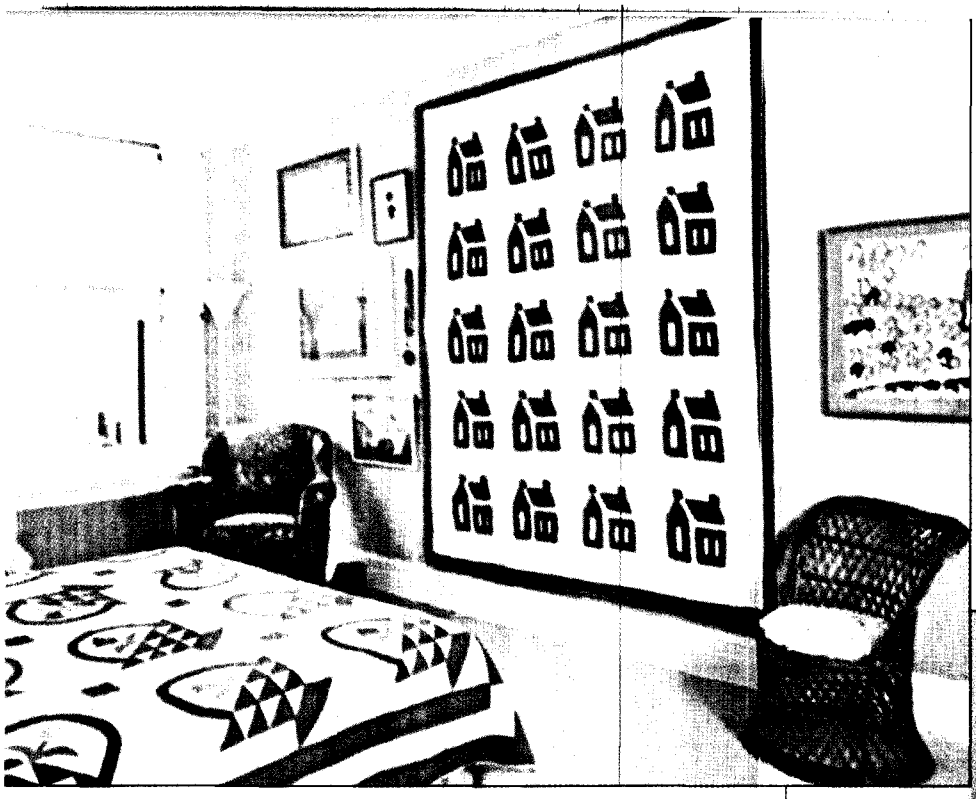
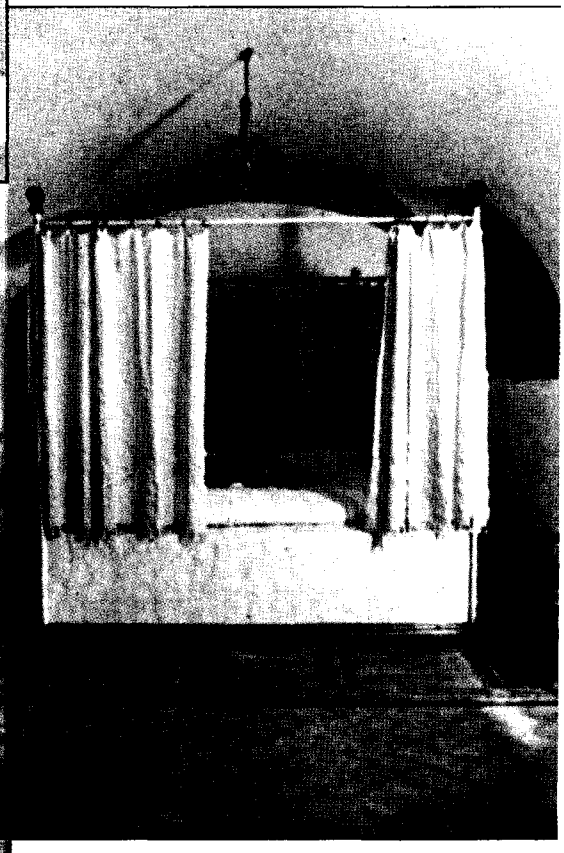


Blue and white cotton gingham covers the walls in this Manhattan bedroom which could almost be in a small town in Kansas. A schoolhouse-patterned quilt hangs between modern paintings and prints and another quilt covers bed. Room looks modern though there are no sharp edges. Absence of chrome and glass avoids clichés of modern style, yet lack of clutter and focus of quilts mean owner has strong tastes, is organized. Good reading light and overstuffed chair make bedroom useful and quiet retreat. Simplicity of color scheme refreshes drab cityscape outside. Fabric on walls softens sounds of traffic, reduces glare, creates perfect background for pictures.



A bed can be an island of repose, especially when it has its own curtains—here of white and beige figured cotton—and structure to dominate a room. This room in an Italian villa is sparsely furnished with two turned baluster chairs and a rug. If bed has no curtain rods, fabric may be hung from two-by-fours nailed to ceiling.

Quilted cotton gives double comfort on armless chairs—a boon in a house full of octopus-armed, jam-stained kids. Bed platform, a lounge for listening to music or watching television or (that almost forgotten pastime) reading, is covered in peach marble Martex sheets, also quilted. Quilting helps improve acoustics, gives richness to simple fabrics without greatly increasing costs. Pillows can be moved to floor for extra seating. Room can be used as an extra bedroom for guests. Simple canvas folding stool acts as piano bench. Colors are simple, accessories few—plants, Indian basket, shells, and books—but effect is rich. Floors are left bare. Table for record player is inexpensive, round-edged laminated version of parson's table. The grand piano, against the light, appears in the room like a work of art, which, of course, it is.

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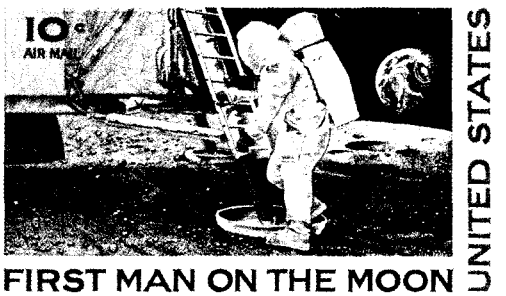

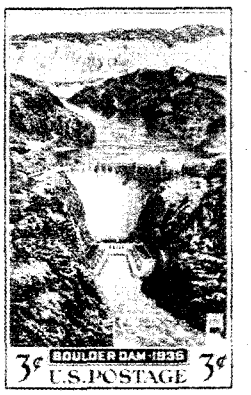

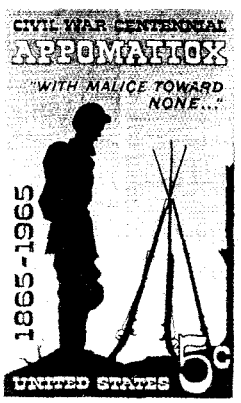

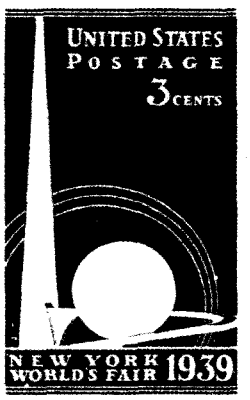

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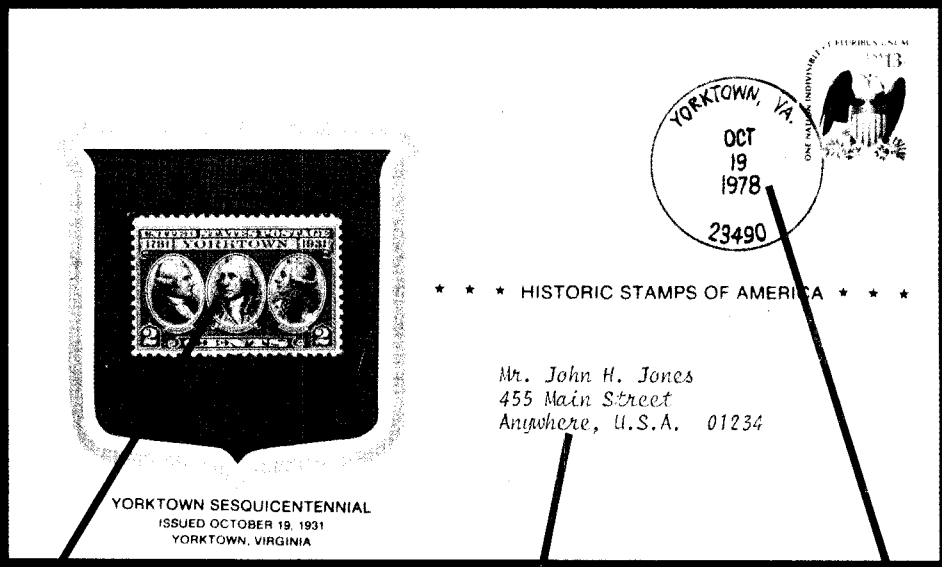

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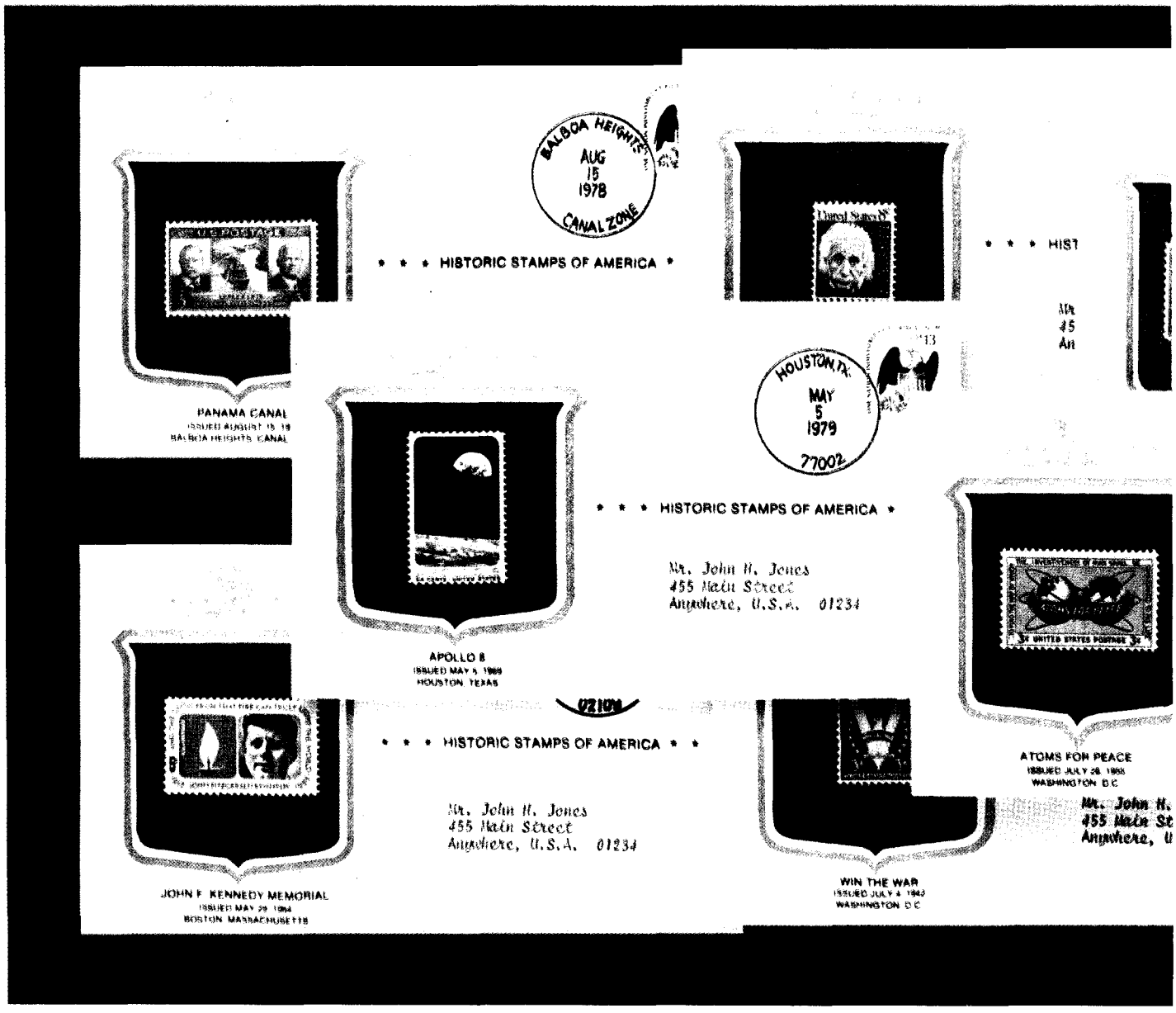

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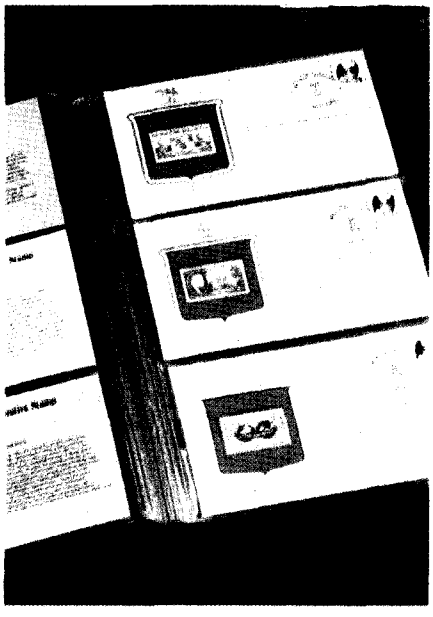

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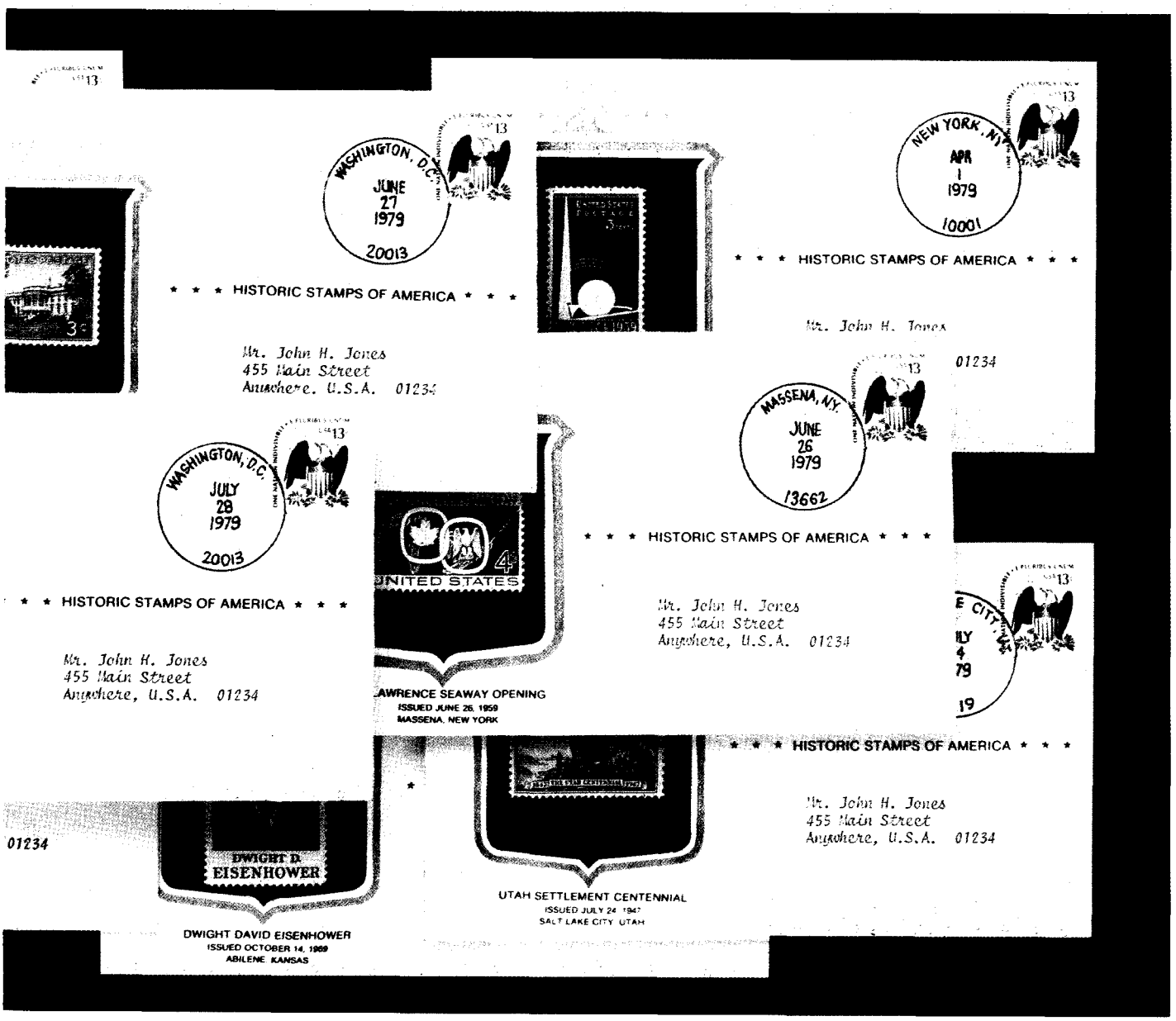
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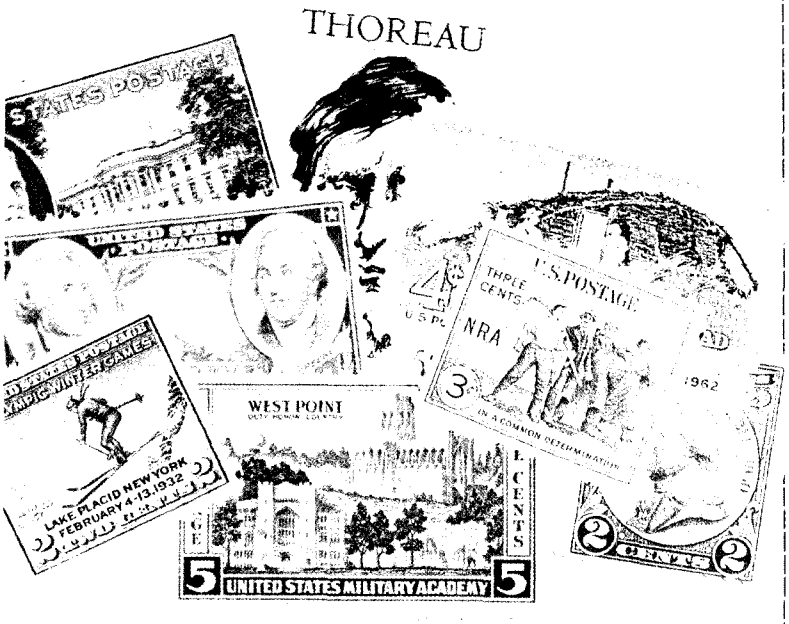

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First Edition Reservation Application

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GOLF'S FINEST HOUR

Duffers unite! Or give me my !$?!&! sand trap or give me death.

by Jim Bergman

Illustrated by Jared Lee

This story is dedicated to the many thousands of American golfers who in 1971 mounted one of the largest protest campaigns in the history of the United States. It matters little that the proposed anti-golf legislation which they were protesting was a hoax, or that each and every one was acting out the part of an April fool. What really matters is that our country's duffers proved their ability to mobilize and act effectively on a national scale when the future of their sport was so obviously threatened.

K. Jason Sitewell was beside himself with worry. The bill recently introduced by Congressman A. F. Day and co-sponsored by 43 other Representatives had received virtually no attention from the media. Unless the public was alerted, and alerted right away, House Resolution 6142 would become the law of the land and the nation's golf courses would be converted into either verdant settings for low-cost housing or pleasure parks for family picnickers.

So Sitewell sat down in the living room of his modest bungalow in Burlingham, California, and pondered what action he should take. A few minutes later the light

Sand traps, water hazards, triple bogeys, double whiffs—dare Congress foreclose on such pleasures?

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bulb inside his mind exploded. Why not write a letter about Rep. Day and his nefarious bill to *Saturday Review*, the highbrow weekly magazine based in New York City? After all, the main reason he had subscribed to the magazine since 1942, the year Norman Cousins became its editor, was his admiration of *Saturday Review*'s unflinching editorial courage in tackling the most complex and important issues of our time—nuclear disarmament, effective world government, air pollution, and the dispension of unsafe drugs, to name just a few. And while Sitewell did not always agree with the magazine's stand on each and every issue, he felt assured that it would welcome the opportunity to add this spurious attempt to destroy one of the country's most wholesome avocations to its long list of worthy campaigns.

Sitewell composed the letter with great deliberation, double-checking all facts and carefully avoiding any exaggeration or inflammatory language so that Day's supporters could not later accuse him of unfair bias. He began with a straightforward description of the bill's major provisions—to abolish privately-owned parks of more than 50 acres and public recreation grounds of more than 150 acres that are used by fewer than 150 persons per day, averaged out over a week—and an explanation that since not one single golf course, public or private, could possibly meet these requirements, the bill's principal effect would be to shut down all of the nation's golfing facilities.

Sitewell then moved on to a savage exposé of Congressman Day's real intentions. The stated purpose of H.R. 6142—to democratize the use of available open space—was simply a facade of the fashionable ecological and conservationist language of the day. Day's real motivation was a "malicious obsession" to destroy

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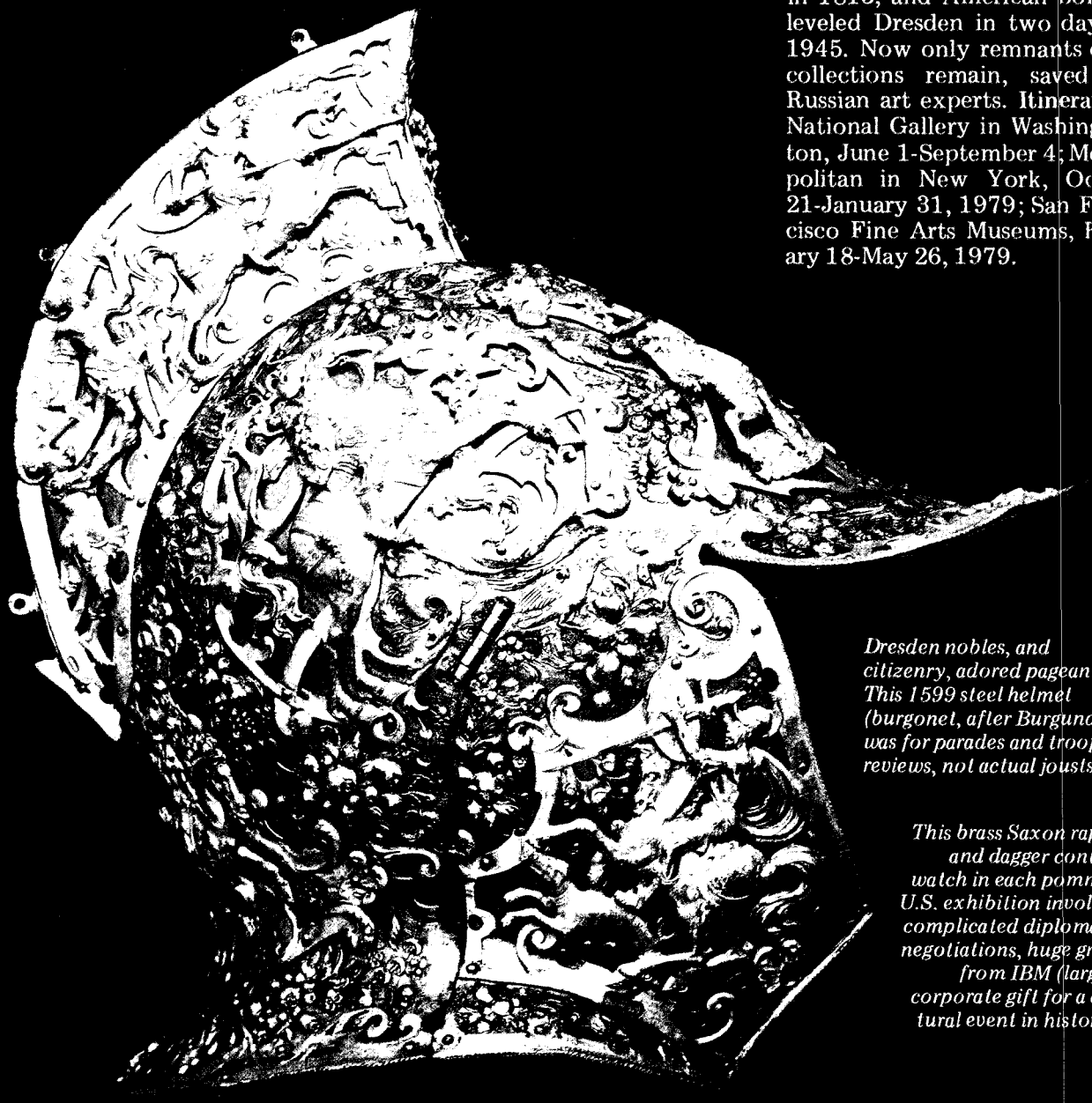
The Splendor of Dresden

A sampling of the breathtaking array of treasures touring America in this unprecedented exhibit gathered from five centuries of art collecting in Germany.

Art is a talisman against time. As valuable to the preservation of art as the artist is the collector. He is a creator too, a builder of atmosphere, a leader who uses his power and wealth to foster an attitude of reverence and devotion to taste. The great collectors, among whom were the rulers of Saxony, tapped the centuries to fill their inquisitive collections with jewels, paintings, armor, porcelain, and sculpture. They were asking, in effect, what life meant. To them, it meant spectacle, perfection, and dazzle. Such splendor could not last. The Prussians laid seige to the city in the Seven Years' War, Napoleon did his damage in 1813, and American bombers leveled Dresden in two days in 1945. Now only remnants of the collections remain, saved by Russian art experts. **Itinerary:** National Gallery in Washington, June 1-September 4; Metropolitan in New York, October 21-January 31, 1979; San Francisco Fine Arts Museums, February 18-May 26, 1979.



Dresden nobles, and citizenry, adored pageantry. This 1599 steel helmet (burgonet, after Burgundy) was for parades and troop reviews, not actual jousts.

This brass Saxon rapier and dagger contain watch in each pommel. U.S. exhibition involved complicated diplomatic negotiations, huge grant from IBM (largest corporate gift for a cultural event in history).

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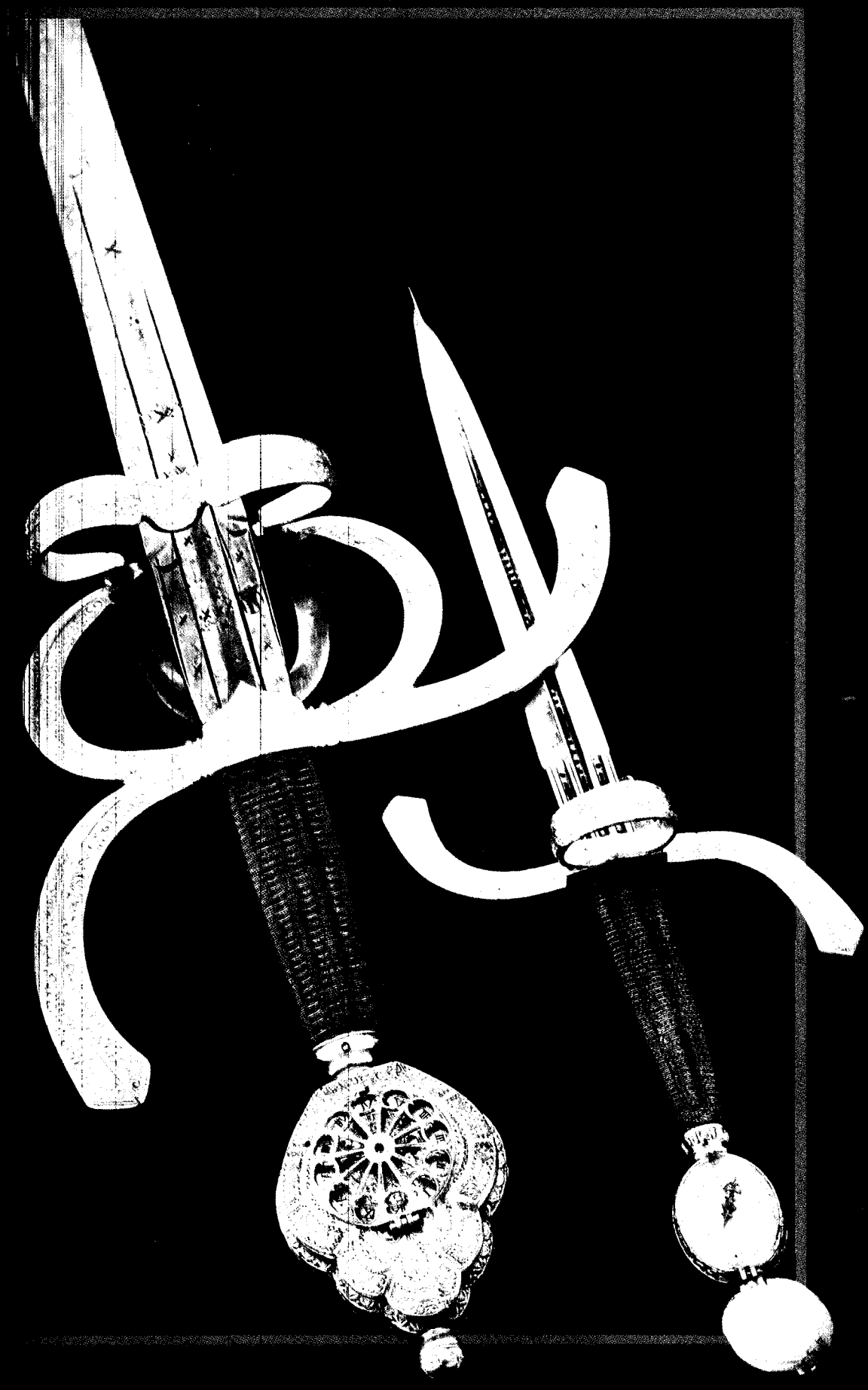

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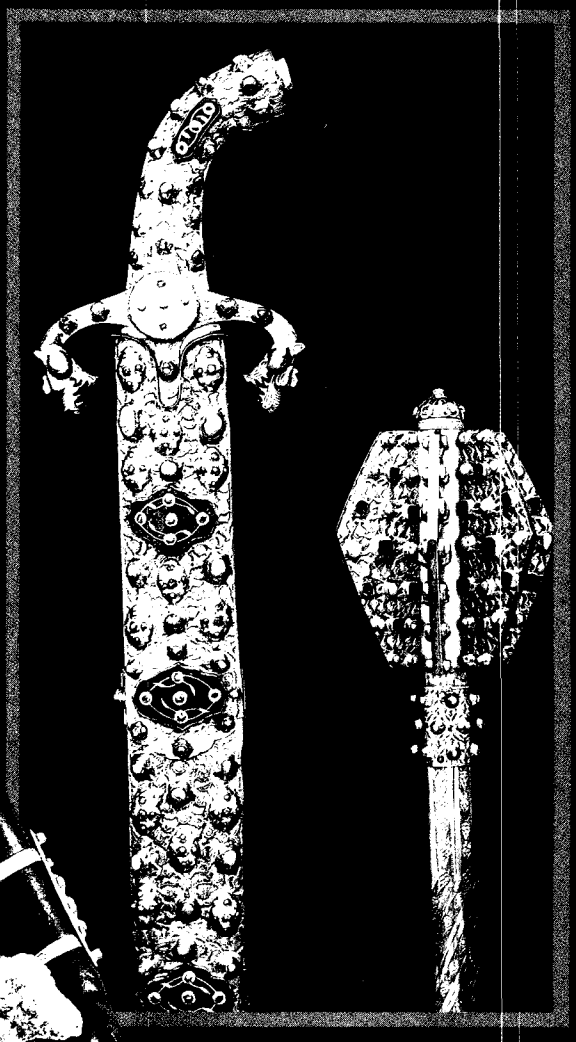

These ceremonial pieces are of Turkish workmanship, come from the Dresden Armory, one of the oldest collections of arms and armor in Europe. Collection contains 10,000 objects—shields, suits of armor, pistols, hunting weapons, horse harnesses, swords, and rapiers.

This pearwood Moor, lacquered black, holds a tortoiseshell tray of real emeralds, may have represented the American continent to 18th-century European fancy. Saxon Elector Augustus the Strong (1670-1733) liked masquerades and tableaux. Courtiers sometimes appeared as the four continents or the four seasons, would have dressed like this figure.

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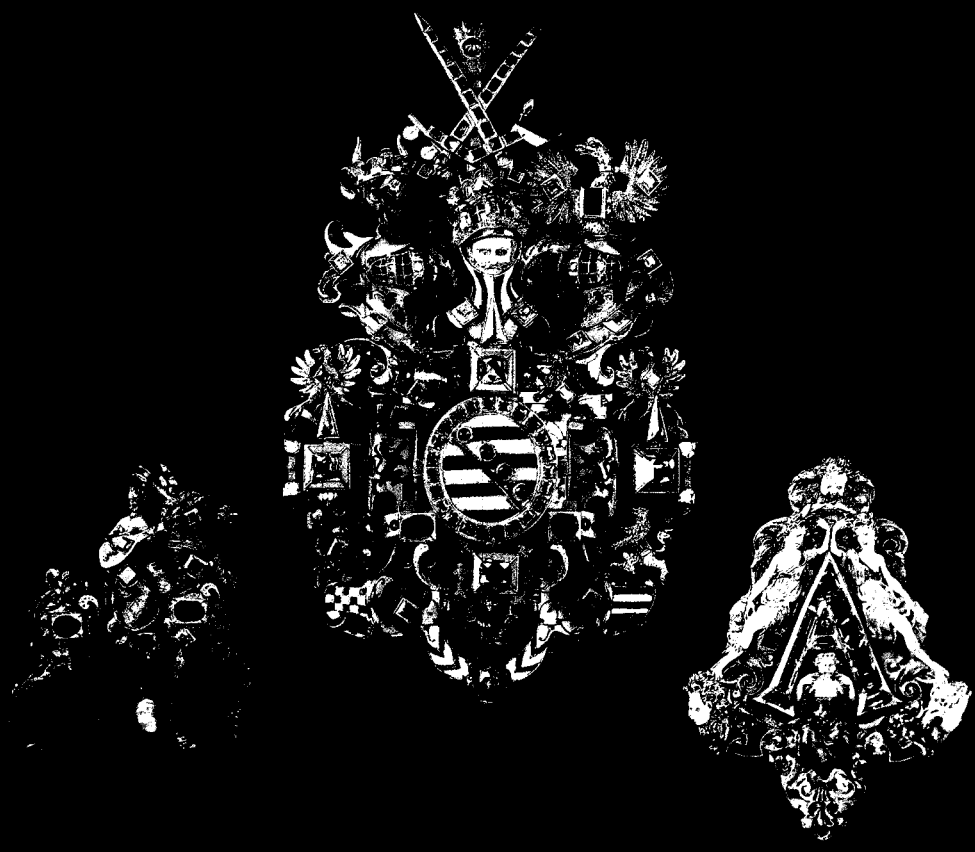
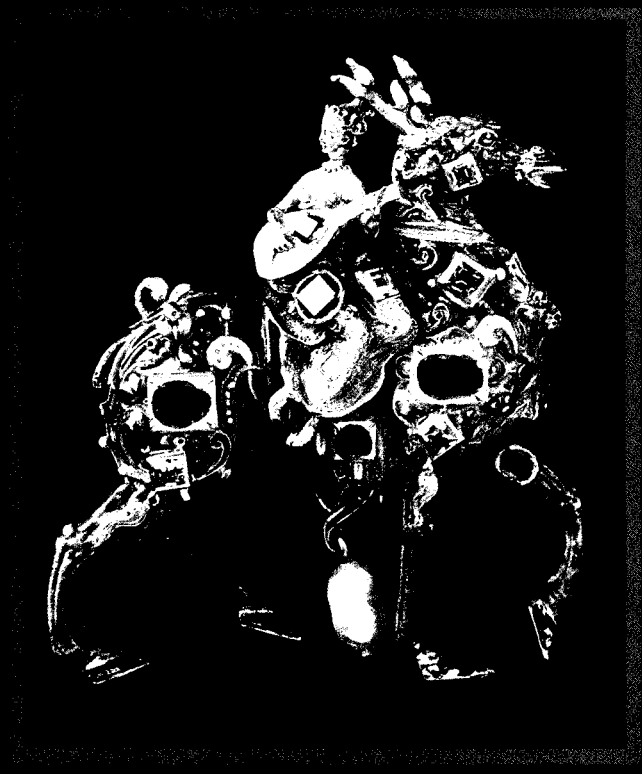


Dresden early discovered precious metals and jewels in its mountains, giving rise to economic and artistic activity. These pendants, brilliant with fine enamel work, gold, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, were made in the late 16th century, show (left) a lute player on a horse, (center) the arms of the Elector of Saxony, and (right) the letter A, either for the Elector Augustus or his wife, Anna.



Pendant of lute player (enlarged here) represents music, comes from Dresden Green Vaults, a treasure chamber in the Electors' Residence. The Green Vaults initiated many display techniques used in modern museums.

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A Dollar of My Own

His credo was simple. Why not sell tires on credit to Polish people, and regular people too?

by Everett Greenbaum

Illustrated by Craig Stilwell

My father, Alexander Greenbaum, was a serious and ambitious man. Like my mother, he was born in Philadelphia. His parents died when I was in my early teens. I remember these things about them: Grandma Greenbaum hung her own wallpaper and on weekends kept a huge live carp in the bathtub; Grandpop Greenbaum never smiled and spent most of his time in the basement making lamps out of empty World War I shells.

Even as a small boy, Al Greenbaum was known as "the gentleman sport." Though they were poor, he wore a tie and jacket. In high school, he began wearing starched collars. His great obsession was commerce.

Retailing was his destiny.

When he was only six, he went into the pretzel business. He bought pretzels for a penny, put salt on them, and sold the salted pretzels for two pennies.

"All I want is a dollar of my own," he was heard to say.

When he was 11, he expanded the pretzel business to include renting folding chairs at parades. Philadelphia had plenty of parades then. An older boy began renting umbrellas. Then he added folding chairs to his line and told my father to get lost. Little Al grabbed one of the umbrellas, fractured the older boy's skull with it, and made the territory his for good.

"I play to win" was his motto.

At 15 he managed to open a nickelodeon. He took money at the door, ran the projector, and did the film rewinding himself. Business was fair, but he made a bad decision.

"The movie business will never amount to nothing. It don't signify," he said, closing down the nickelodeon.

Eventually he became a high school grad . . . the first of his family in the New World. He was peacock-proud of his graduation certificate.

"You don't need a thing more than this unless you go into doctor or dentist," he said.

While he and Mamma were "keeping steady company" in Philadelphia, he was bitten by the tire bug.

His older sister, Sarah, was married to a charming man named Philip Malickson. He had a small factory which began manufacturing auto tires. These were the "EVERGRIP" tires. The tread spelled out the word "EVERGRIP." As you drove down a dirt road, the tires wrote EVERGRIP EVERGRIP EVERGRIP in the mud. The tires did their own advertising.

So Dad went to work for Uncle Phil, selling the EVERGRIPs through the mail to farmers.

For a while everything went very smoothly. Then all the EVERGRIP tires all over the country began to go bad. They began to unroll, leaving thousands of angry farmers all over the country waving huge EVERGRIP rubber stamps in the direction of Philadelphia.

Phil went out of business.

By this time, however, Al had tires in his blood. There was no turning back. An engaged man, he had saved up enough money to start in a business of his own. He wrote to the Chambers of Commerce of 20 cities.

One city answered. Buffalo . . . "Queen City of the Lakes". . . a little bit of Siberia by the sea. He told Mamma, his fiancée, to wait and took the Pennsey north.

He rented one of these little half-number addresses on Main Street, working 14 hours a day, changing the tires himself, taking small, junky-looking ads in the papers to attract tire bargain hunters.

For a while things were slow. Then one day he got an inspiration. At first, like many innovations throughout history, it seemed madness. But it became the basis for the future of "Motor Tire Supply Company."

It was simply stated:

Why not sell tires on credit to Polish people? And Italian and Black and regular people too?

In no time at all this caught on. He invented a catchy phrase which was painted on the storefront and appeared in all the advertising.

It was: *EASY CREDIT. JUST BRING IN AN HONEST FACE.*

Henry Hearn came down the street one day, stopped to talk tires, and became the first employee.

Soon, with the help of Henry and another employee, Eddie Ziffle, things were running well. It was time to take a week off, go to Philadelphia, and get married.

The honeymoon route back to Buffalo was planned so that they could visit towns with tire shops, peeking in the windows. It was always nice to know what the out-of-town tire men were doing.

And so we Greenbaum children were to grow up as Buffalonians, speaking in flat midwestern accents, trudging throughout endless dark and windy winters. Had Daddy been interested in becoming a candy man working for Grandpop, our childhood would have been warmer and we would have spoken the rounder pronunciations of Philadelphia.

We often complained about living in Buffalo. My father had an answer which was completely satisfactory to him. "We don't have earthquakes," he'd say. And besides that, the Chamber of Commerce had answered their mail.

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Many people worked at Motor Tire Supply Company over the years. There was Henry, who spent his life as manager; Miss Lou Nuermberger, tall and gentle, the best bookkeeper on earth; Howard Nichols, fine mechanic and leading daredevil in the retail tire game.

When I was small, the company had a motorcycle and sidecar in which Howard and Eddie Ziffle would embark on collecting expeditions to the homes of delinquent accounts. There was some danger in this. A lot of the customers had knives. But Howard gave it added zest by cutting all left-hand turns so sharply that Eddie, in the sidecar, rose up in the air.

For over 45 years the store opened at nine and closed at six or ten on alternate evenings. My father never missed a day. He arrived five minutes before opening in his Pierce Arrow. Firms along Main Street could set their clocks by him. At business, he wore suit and vest and high, starched collars. Only two or three days a year, in the worst heat of August, would he take off his jacket.

Nothing interfered with Motor Tire. Our house and the kids were Mamma's affair. "I've got a business to run," he said.

The modus operandi of the place never changed. An area known as "the office" was separated from the store proper by a glass counter which had a window

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Even as a small boy, Al Greenbaum was known as "the gentleman sport." His great obsession was commerce. Retailing was his destiny.

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CENTENNIAL

No horses were spared to bring this gigantic Western novel to the small screen.

Text and Photography by Jackie Lewin

When Universal bought the rights to James Michener's sprawling, 900-page novel, *Centennial*, they knew they had a problem. The author, through his invented eastern Colorado city, had set out to chronicle nothing less than the whole of western history itself, the Indians and trappers, the miners and cowboys, everything, in fact, from the geologic formation of the Rocky Mountains to the present day. Obviously, no ordinary television adaptation could do justice to such a mass of material, so the producers decided to gamble. They scheduled the serialization to run for an unheard-of 25 hours—twice as long as *Roots*—and allotted it an equally extraordinary budget of $1 million per hour.

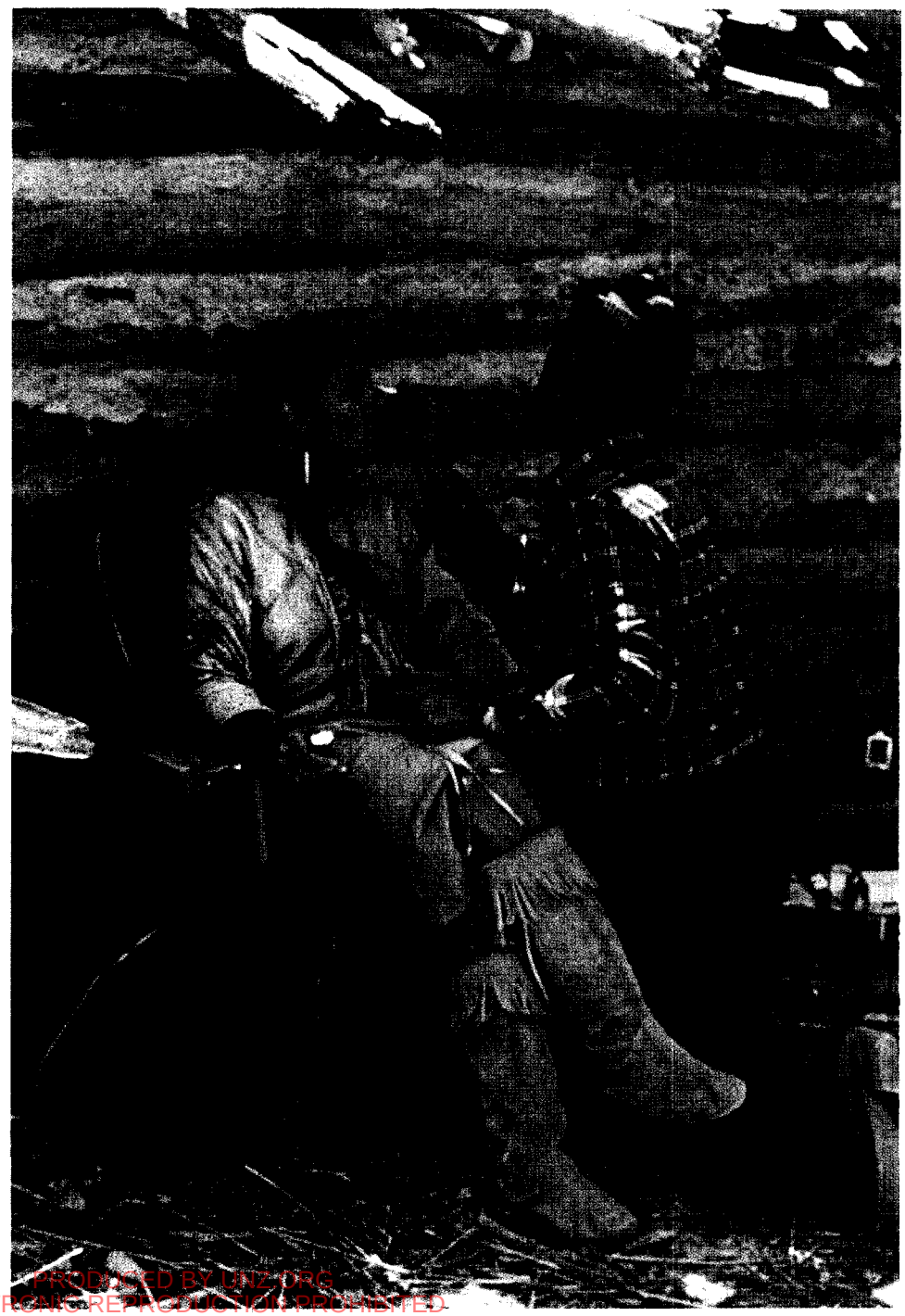
For all concerned, the gamble was—and is—a big one. *Centennial*, the first sections of which will be shown in October, is the most expensive single production in television history.

"Everything you see in front of the camera we put there, everything except the scenery," said line producer Howard Alston. "Look out there. All you can see are sand dunes and plains. It could be Colorado in 1800."

The area, not far from the spot where Michener had placed his fictional town, was 20 miles southeast of Greeley, Colorado, a farming community an hour's drive from Denver. From there the way led past the gigantic Monfort Feed Lots with its 200,000 head of resident cattle and down poorly graded dirt roads to a guarded barbed-wire gate. Once beyond the gate, the road disappeared entirely. Cast and crew, close to 200 people at various times, had traveled those last few bone-jarring miles daily.

"There are so many different places they could have done this so much more reasonably than here," said a tired Robert Conrad during a midday lunch break of cold lobster and vegetables. "Yesterday the entire company moved three hours just to get to the snow. I've never seen anything like it before."

It had been, no question, a rough morning for Conrad. The actor, who plays Pasquinel, the French-Canadian fur trapper, had spent hours on the river in the freezing winds, enjoying it no more than the original hunters of beaver probably had in the 1700s. Despite his reputation as a hell-raiser, the burly, broad-shouldered Conrad is a no-nonsense type. Shooting in such conditions was disturbing his need for efficiency. "They could have done this in northern California," he said with



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some annoyance. "You know—trust me when I tell you this—a mountain is a mountain."

With warmth and food, however, back came his customary enthusiasm. "Pasquinel really is a great role," he said, relaxing. "Typical leading man. Michener. And John Wilder's script, I think, is as good as Michener's book. Those are all the things you want as an actor. Good script, good character, and you want money—money that's put on the screen. I'm happy they have money to spend on the production, and obviously they do."

Michener's Pasquinel is a contradictory character, brave, vain, a braggart and a womanizer. For all his faults, he is resilient and able to cope—virtues he shares with Conrad himself. No stranger to horses after his successful TV series "The Wild, Wild West," Conrad does all his own riding in the film as well as anything else the script calls for. In a scene requiring Pasquinel to carry 250 pounds of beaver skins, he planned to shoulder a load just that heavy to make the strain more realistic. To be a convincing French-Canadian, he had to master a dialect authentic enough to please historians but comprehensible to an American audience, which meant studying the entire script with a dialectician. Co-star Richard Chamberlain had done the same for his role as Scotsman Alexander McKeag. For both, it was a process of total immersion, so much so that they occasionally slid into character even when the cameras weren't running.

Chamberlain, with or without accent, seems almost a scriptwriter's invention for the part of Pasquinel's Scottish sidekick. Tall, angularly handsome in his deerskins and blond wig, he could easily pass as a shy young fugitive fleeing to the New World in the 18th century. In the role of McKeag, he becomes a trapper also, but a deeper, more introspective character than the French-Canadian and often at odds with Pasquinel's opportunistic ways. It's a full part, worthy of a polished actor, but still . . . Richard Chamberlain in a Western?

"It's not a first," he said. "I did a semi-Western film just before 'Kildare.' But I really like doing McKeag because it's a different character from the ones people *think* I've been playing lately. Everyone assumes I've been doing thousands of Shakespearean plays, and I've really done only two, *Hamlet* and *Richard II*."

While he's worked on many remote locations, never before has the terrain been so harsh. "The

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(Left to right) Barbara Carrerra, Richard Chamberlain, and Robert Conrad immersed themselves in their roles, sometimes slipping into character when the cameras weren't running. No effort was spared to assure authenticity—at a cost of $1,000,000 a viewing hour.

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HOW TO TURN YOUR DEN INTO A CONCERT HALL

Shopping for a new stereo? Want to get the best possible sound from the one you've got? Here are some tips on what to look for and how to set up your system to bring the music to life.

by Robyn Kimble

Acoustics sometimes seem to elude even the experts. After consulting professional designers, the promoters of New York's Lincoln Center spent millions of dollars to build Avery Fisher Hall. But it took only one concert to discover that all the planning was in vain: the acoustics were terrible; the structure had to be gutted so the acousticians could start all over again.

This may make you wonder how *you* could ever hope to have good acoustics in your den or living room. Well, relax. It's really not as difficult as you might think, provided you realize that "concert sound" means different things to different people. If you like pop music and listen to the mass-produced records, you're dealing with a sound that is meant to be heard at home, rather than in live performance. These records are done electronically, by recording, and recording over that, and then recording again. One person can sing three or four parts simultaneously, which a musician could never do in a live performance. Mixers are used to change the sonic texture of a live performance, adding more guitar here, subtracting drum someplace else, joining each distinct sound to achieve the balance desired.

In this room, the sparse furnishings, central seating, and carpet will add to listening pleasure. Speakers are up off the floor and on the shorter wall, but should not be angled in the corners.

If, on the other hand, you go to a lot of concerts, you're used to a slightly different sound. Classical music was meant to be played in that setting, and even the electronically produced music of rock concerts seems more natural. If you're after this kind of sound, the first step in creating your "concert hall" might be investing in some of the "direct discs" now on the market. These are recorded live, not in a studio. The music goes directly onto the master, and copies are pressed from there, eliminating recording back and forth and the increased surface noise that goes with it.

Even with direct discs, however, you'll need good equipment to get a good sound. If you plan to shop around, before ever going into the store decide how much money you want to spend and exactly what you want for that money: a compact system or separate components, a manual or automatic turntable, head phones, tape deck, and so on. For first-time buyers, some reasonable price ranges might be: $150-$200 for the receiver, $100-$200 for the turntable, $20-$50 for the phono-cartridge (which houses the needle), and $100-$200 apiece for the speakers.

Most experts agree that you should look at each unit indepen-

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dently. If you decide on one brand name for your receiver, that doesn't mean you should stick with it all the way through. You may end up buying four different pieces from four different manufacturers.

If you go the route of the compact system, because you really don't have room for separate components, you should realize that you'll have to sacrifice speaker and turntable quality.

Compact systems are getting better and better and you can get a good unit for around $500—but it will still be a definite compromise.

When considering the individual units, determine how loudly you'll want to play the music. Top of the line receivers don't sound any better than the bottom of the line at a low or medium volume, but speakers can sound dramatically different. There's a basic trade-off: The receiver determines how loud the music will be, and the speaker determines how good it will be. You have to try hard to buy a bad receiver or turntable, but it's easy to get poor speakers.

For that reason, watch out for "bait and switch" tactics. Sometimes a dealer advertises a particular item at a price that's half off to get you in the store, and then refuses to sell you that item by itself, trying to pressure you into buying what the industry calls "black boxes"—no-name speakers. There's a name plate on the front, but it's not for a quality manufacturer and will not give you your money's worth.

To avoid this trap, if you're shopping in response to an advertised special, try to buy that item individually before you give any indication you're interested in a full system. Also, ask the salesperson to show you some test reports from a hi-fi magazine on the products you're considering. There won't be any articles on black boxes.

Some other checks on the reliability of the store are: Can you bring it back if you get it home and are not satisfied? Can you listen to it in a good listening room before you buy it? Does the dealer service the equipment he sells? Is there a wide selection of all components in all price ranges? Does the salesperson seem genuinely interested in matching what you're telling him with what he is showing you? Most industry spokesmen advise you to shop in specialty stores, where the salespeople are better informed and there is a wider selection of equipment.

Most stereo equipment takes care of itself, but records need special attention: use a record cleaner designed for the purpose (not a rag) and store vertically in jackets without their cellophane wrapping.

Ultimately, how good your system sounds depends on the speakers and phonocartridge. (And, by the way, if you can't afford a whole new system, the best way to upgrade your sound is to buy better speakers.) Any device that takes one form of energy and converts it to another is called a transducer. The phonocartridge—which should be cleaned about once a week and examined under a microscope by an expert every six months—takes the vibrations caused by the grooves in the record and converts them to electrical energy. The speakers take that electrical energy and turn it back into motion. These two parts of the system have not yet been perfected, so the choice is not what is correct but what sounds best to you. Differences which are so small they can't be measured still affect the sound in ways the human ear can detect. And each human ear is different, so a device that sounds pleasing to one person may not sound as pleasant to another.

To find speakers that are right for you, do some comparison shopping. If you have a record that's a particular favorite, something you're used to listening to, buy a brand-new copy of the same album and carry that around with you. Don't take the year-old, worn record; you need a fresh copy.

Another bit of advice, which will help the salesperson as much as you: Bring in your room dimensions and keep in mind where you might want to put the new system. If you plan to put it on a certain shelf, take those dimensions too. You may even want to draw a little map of how the room is laid out. An L-shaped room can make a difference.

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POST SCRIPTS

Double Trouble

Asked what the heaviest penalty for bigamy was, the respected attorney replied: "Two mothers-in-law."

–Audrey Earle

The English Teacher?

A little girl asked her father for 75 cents to take to school one day.

"Why so much, and what for?" he asked.

"Well," she explained, "our teacher, Mrs. Mott, is fragrant and has to resign and we're raising money to give her a little momentum."

–Lloyd Byers

Universal Truth

If you tell a man there are 300 billion stars in the universe, he'll believe you; but if you tell him a bench has just been painted, he has to touch it to be sure.

–Rose Sands

Jackpot!

An earnest young father, trying to teach his 10-year-old the rudiments of democracy, took the boy inside a polling booth during the last election to demonstrate how a voting machine works.

"See, son," he said. "To record my vote, all I have to do is press these three buttons and then pull this lever down. Understand?"

"Sure," said the boy. "Now show me where you put the nickel in."

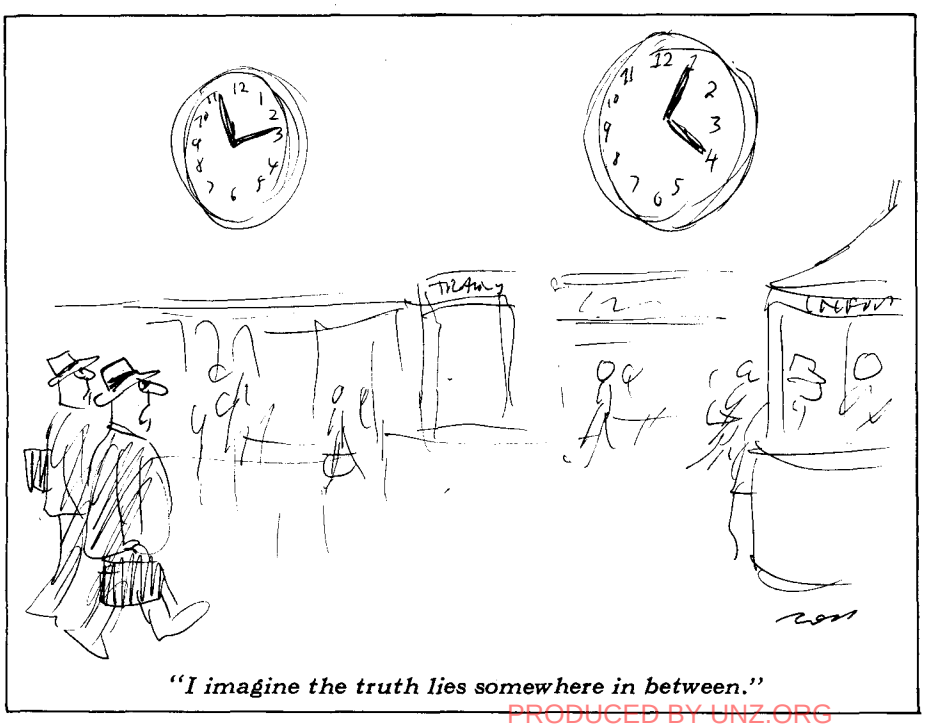
–Robert Fuoss

Too Authentic

A young author sent a manuscript to an editor with a cover letter in which he stated: "The characters in this story are purely fictional and bear no resemblance to any person living or dead."

Some days later, he received his manuscript back with the scribbled notation: "That's what's wrong with it."

–Honey Greer



"I imagine the truth lies somewhere in between."

Timing is All

We all know how to say nothing, but few of us know when.

–George E. Bergman

Silver Lining

"Come, come," said the psychiatrist to his sobbing patient. "You must cheer up and be happy."

"Be happy, he tells me," she said. "How can I be happy? Ten children I've had with that husband of mine, but he doesn't love me. Just tell me what I have to be so happy about."

"Imagine," answered the psychiatrist, "if he did love you."

–Audrey Earle

Candid Cameraman

The elderly gentleman had great fun snapping pictures of his grandson through the newborn nursery window.

"First grandchild?" a nurse asked.

"No," the old gentleman grinned. "First camera."

–Honey Greer

It's a Strange World!

In Kidderminster, England, a teary-eyed housewife claimed a world record for peeling 62 pounds of onions in two hours.

In Portsmouth, New Hampshire, police were called to a coin-operated laundry and found a 28-year-old man spinning around in a clothes dryer. Officers pulled him out and gave him a free bed at the city jail. The man said later that he did it because "I wanted to see what it was like riding in a space ship."

In Newmarket, England, a pig farmer finds pop music keeps his sows contented and helps them put on weight. "They listen to the

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radio most of the day," he reported.

In Jackson, Tennessee, a court has ruled that it is *not* against the law to yell "sooey" at a policeman. In dismissing a lower court conviction for disturbing the peace against a man, the appeals court ruled: "This word addressed to a police officer to exercise a higher degree of restraint than the average citizen would not be expected to cause a breach of the peace."

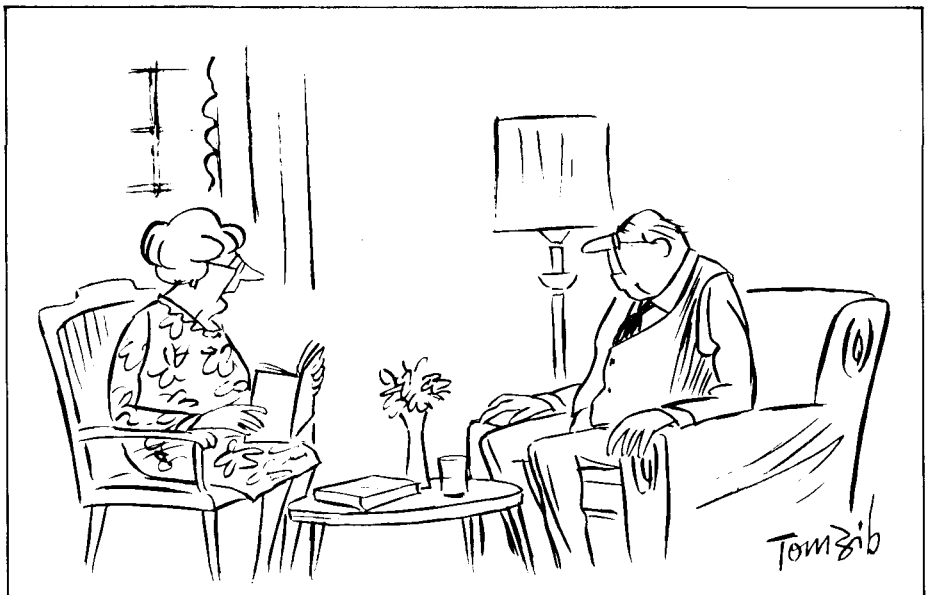
–Herm Albright

Quilt Worrying

A woman was ill and couldn't attend church, so she sent her 11-year-old son, having instructed him to listen carefully and tell her what the sermon was about. On returning home, he told his mother the subject was, "Don't worry. You'll get your quilt."

Puzzled, she phoned the pastor and asked him to tell her the subject of his sermon. The pastor said the text was, "Fear thou not, the Comforter will come."

–Dorothea Kent



"Make your own salami sandwich. These are my leisure years."

Old Saws . . . Sharpened

He who steals my purse steals . . . simulated leather.
When the cat's away . . . the litter box stays clean.
Familiarity breeds contempt . . . for TV re-runs.
Do it right . . . and you'll never earn any overtime pay.
A fool and his money are . . . invited more places.
April showers bring May . . . mildew.
Everything comes to him who . . . orders hash.
A stitch in time . . . may hurt.
A friend in need is a friend . . . to avoid.
He who hesitates . . . . . is not only lost but is several miles from the next off-ramp.
A horse of another color . . . is a good sign that your TV needs adjusting.

–Virginia Ebright

"How do you like that! I've been disbarred."

Evening Thought

Twinkle, twinkle, lonely headlight,
Is your twin a left or a right?

–Dorothea Kent

Deft Deduction

The shortest distance between two points is always under construction.

–Honey Greer

Round Number

The man sat down at the lunch counter and ordered a whole pie.

"Shall I cut it into six pieces or eight?" inquired the waitress.

"Six," replied the customer. "I'm on a diet!"

Doris Dolphin

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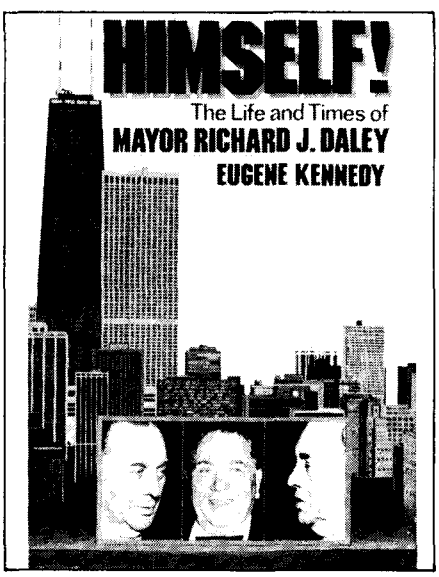
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BOOK SHELF

HIMSELF! The Life and Times of Mayor Richard J. Daley

by Eugene Kennedy
Viking, 288 pages, $10.95

by David Brudnoy

If, as Lord Acton said, power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely, Chicago's mayor—for what seemed like forever—should have been the most corrupt American political operator of his age. That he was not—that, in fact, he was precisely what the hog butcher for America wanted and deserved, that he was more tribal chieftain than old-time political boss—is the thesis of Eugene Kennedy's graceful, indeed elegant biography.



Dr. Kennedy's account is at variance with all past studies of Mayor Daley, other than those short reminiscences written by his adulators. Priest, sociologist, and professor, Kennedy has written a book that must infuriate anyone whose primary image of Daley is of the infuriated man shouting obscenities at Senator Ribicoff at the Democratic convention in 1968; it is also a book that portrays a man barely recognizable to many, Chicagoans and outsiders, who wonder how, in over two decades at the helm, the mayor managed to turn his city into the most segregated urban metropolis in the land. And to the dozens, perhaps hundreds of (figurative) political corpses strewn beside the road by the Daley machine, the Kennedy touch must appear like a gilding of hard, cold brass.

If that last image seems a mite too metaphorical for the reader's taste, it is only a hint of the patches of overwriting Professor Kennedy allowed to creep into *Himself!*, marring, without ruining, his compelling account. One's eyes tend to glaze when faced with too much of the sort of writing that tells us that we can understand a man only if we are able to realize the "roiling complexity, the mixed heritage of antagonistic forces under a control that could generate a mood of tension as palpable as an electric field around him. It was this special presence, this concatenation of forces as heavy and brooding as a thunderhead, that men around him could feel; yes, it was something like elemental power that made them step back when he passed." Well, enough.

Clearly, this is no dust-dry comprehensive Life & Times, and would that more political biographies shared something of Eugene Kennedy's ability to avoid the obvious and capture the flavor of their subjects, never mind the excessive poetry of the prose. The author sees his man as shaped not only by the political realities but by the emotional ties of his childhood. Church, family, neighborhood, a particular (and quintessentially American ethnic) moral value system: all these made Richard Daley, the altar boy grown up to rough-and-tumble it with the other grown-up altar boys who dominated Chicago's government life for decades. Daley rose in the machine, went with it, broke with it when that suited him, and early on realized that to exert power he had to hold power, all the power he could lay his hands on. This meant for him not only the mayoralty but the chairmanship of the Cook County Democratic organization. Setting the stage in the first few pages, Kennedy draws on his reference to the "chieftain" to explain the idea that dominated Dick Daley's manner of governing his city, Chicago.

"True chieftains never leave any doubt about who is in charge. Their way of amassing and keeping power for themselves is one of the causes of ambivalent feelings toward them. They never seem uncertain about the nature of existence or about their role in exercising power. They are the only ones who can finally decide on even the slightest of matters; they hold tightly the power to dispense favors, promotions, or other largess; lasting chieftains never allow anyone even to seem to share power or authority with them. And they use their power against their foes surely, but also against friends if they forget for a moment who is in charge. Such chieftains do not debate their positions endlessly; they live in the world of action, and they settle for what works in the human condition and neither long for nor seek perfect solutions. They trust their instincts about human nature and move swiftly. . . . Real chieftains also stay in office; they keep getting re-elected; they know how to hold on to their power."

And there you have Dick Daley in capsule. It is a portrait that would offend many men; surely Daley would have loved it. He was a man torn by no doubts, sure of his Roman Catholicism, proud of his Irish heritage, certain of his wife, convinced of his child-rearing methods, tormented by no guilt feelings about his (dare we call it?) ruthless exercise of the power he *knew* he deserved to wield. And to what end? To establish Chicago as one of America's most healthy cities, economically; but also one of its least harmonious, racially. To make kings on the highest plane of American political life; but also, it has been said and not convincingly refuted, to fudge the 1960 election

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figures just enough to take the presidency from Richard Nixon and hand it to John F. Kennedy, son of Daley's old crony and, not unimportantly to Dick Daley, the first Irish Catholic elevated to the White House. To perpetuate good government, unsullied by the type of scandal so common in many other American big cities; but also to perpetuate a monotonous sameness, homology, and smugness in that same government.

So this is not the hard-bitten, muckraking "exposé" that some would prefer in their studies of Richard J. Daley. Just where the book should get tough, just where it should peek under the smooth covers and probe the darkest recesses, Kennedy backs off, retreats into a silky metaphor or a pleasant simile or a facile analogy. What we get is nothing even resembling an investigative report; we get instead the best book so far on Mayor Daley, and possibly the most tolerant that can be expected from the hand of a dispassionate observer. Which is not to say that the book is all surface sheen. Far from it: midst the nice little modesties, the unwillingness to intrude too energetically into the muck, Kennedy has assembled a beautifully spare chronology, heightening the turning points, accentuating the incidents that prove his not unconvincing thesis, and illuminating the subject if not exhausting the possibilities.

Some pages are gems, as in the brief description of the relationship between Adlai Stevenson, the "hero of every naive liberal's political dreams," and Daley, another breed of political cat entirely. Adlai the Uncertain and Richard the Cocksure: what a pair! And what delicious anecdotes Professor Kennedy has to offer his readers.

Nothing speaks more to the point of the fineness of Kennedy's study than the framing device he so expertly uses. The book begins and ends with Daley's death just before Christmas 1976. In Kennedy's hands, this near mythic political giant goes out like so: "It was just after 2:00 p.m. and 22 years—almost to the minute—from the time Daley had taken up the challenge of becoming Chicago's mayor. Now from some level deep in the recesses of his chieftain's awareness, in the caverns from which arose his incredible powers of control over self and city, he laid it down for good."

Would it be too much of a truism to say that we are unlikely ever to see Daley's like again? ☒

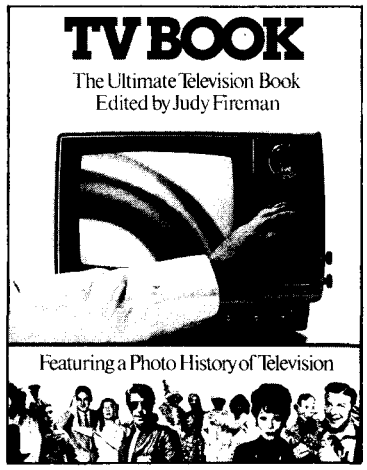
—The Post Recommends—

The Only Investment Guide You'll Ever Need
Andrew Tobias
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
$5.95

I can't vouch that the title of this book is true, but I do know that it is a readable, entertaining, and practical approach to dealing with money—as much for those with limited incomes as for those with vast resources. It differs in two important respects from most other investment guides: first, it doesn't promise riches; and second, it tells you not only how to play a particular money game but whether you should be playing it at all. Among the topics Mr. Tobias covers are how much life insurance you need, 25 things that you might not know are tax deductible, how to knock $50 off the price of your next car. Just to cover all bases, he does tell you what to do in case you inherit a million dollars.

TV Book
Judy Fireman, Editor
Workman Publishing Company
$7.95 (paperback)

In this "ultimate TV book," 150 critics, stars, fans, writers, and producers provide "the kind of information that makes day-to-day TV watching more informed, more entertaining, more fun." Lucille Ball tells why Lucy is ageless; Mary Tyler Moore, why "The Mary Tyler Moore Show" was considered radical when it premiered. Isaac Asimov predicts the future of TV; Nicholas Johnson, chairperson of the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting, considers TV's power and responsibility. Read about the worst program in TV history, the big quiz scandals, the soap opera formula. Find out how to add spice to dull TV dinners, answer a quiz about commercials. If you tire of reading, flip through and enjoy the numerous photos. A fine book to reminisce over, to learn from, to look up facts in.



A Time for Truth
William E. Simon
Reader's Digest Press
McGraw-Hill Book Company
$12.50

William Simon has served as Deputy Secretary of the Treasury (1973-1974), Secretary of the Treasury (1974-1977), and as Chairman of the Economic Policy Board, the Federal Energy Office, and the East-West Foreign Trade Board. During his years in government he came to believe in the unbreakable connection between economic and political freedom and that "in America we are losing both in the wake of the expanding state." Government regulation and taxes are destroying business initiative, and are slowing American growth as more advanced government control has already stifled the British and most Western European economies. Mr. Simon not only dissects in detail what he views as the United States' disastrous course, but he also offers suggestions of what we should do to reverse the process, his blueprint for a "counter-intelligentsia" to preserve our freedom.

In the Night Season
Christiaan Barnard
Prentice-Hall
$8.95

For a first-time writer of novels, Christiaan Barnard has done a fine job. The internationally known heart surgeon has made his primary profession, medicine, his subject matter. His hero, physician Charles de la Porte, learns that Janice Case, a woman with whom he was once in love, is ill (incurably, he is certain) with cancer. How should he treat her? His decision makes him prey to a malpractice suit and introduces the most controversial issues in medicine today: treatment of breast cancer, unnecessary prolongation of life, the doctor's role in euthanasia. Barnard has created characters who react with convincing diversity to the particular problem of mortality which they must face.

As a special service, any book featured in "The Post Recommends" may be ordered by mail directly from the *Post*. Please include your name and address along with $.75 above the retail price (to cover handling and mailing charges). Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. Mail to: SatEvePost Book Club, Saturday Evening Post, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46206.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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CORY SERVAAS, EDITOR
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Blood on Our Hands

On a night last October we were careening through the scrub brush country of Namibia (South West Africa). Our driver was a dimpled young white woman of scarcely 20 years. Ahead, a man in what must have been a mix of native and working dress appeared in the headlights standing alone. Near him a car tilted sideways on the road's embankment. No other car lights could be seen for miles ahead or behind. Our driver stopped, apologizing all the while for delaying us, but fearing that the man might need help. We weren't impatient, just frightened. We had heard so much about guerrillas and there we were midway between Rehoboth and Windhoek. No worry though; the man's cousin was due in Windhoek in an old pickup. This man had driven out to meet him and guide him into the city. Perhaps we had seen him. No, we hadn't; pleasantries were exchanged and we were on our way.

Nothing exciting, but it's the way things were. Earlier in the evening we had had tea with Dr. Ben Africa, the impressive and inspiring tribal leader of the Basters, whose tribal homeland is Rehoboth. We were later to meet Mr. Kapuuo, black tribal chief of the Herreros. We had lunch with Mr. Kloppers and Mr. Barnes, leaders of the "colored" community of Windhoek. We were also to meet former SWAPO (South West Africa Peoples Organization) leaders who had returned from exile and one young SWAPO member who sought us out in the street.

Of course there were differences of opinion, but all of these people were undergoing the heady experience of setting up a new multiracial government. Already the hated racial laws had been discarded by the provisional government. Windhoek bubbled with effervescent goodwill. There was literally dancing in the streets. Every other man one met thought he was Thomas Jefferson.

A Fair Question

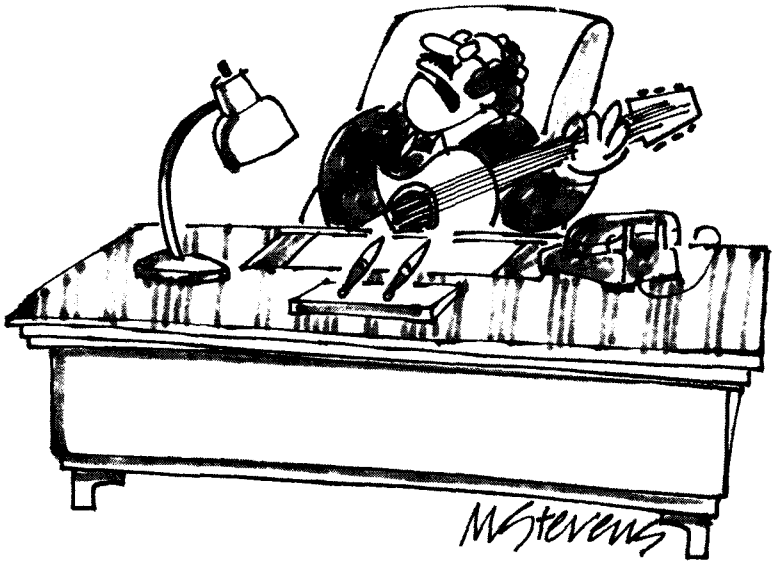
There was a common theme. The terrorists who made occasional forays from Angola across the northern border were a tiny minority. Indeed, we found no one who was afraid of a fairly held election. Black leaders made the point that now that so many concessions had been won, it would be tragic to destroy the country by allowing it to become a Communist staging area against South Africa. Why, they asked, did the United Nations and even America seem to favor a small band of Marxist terrorists operating from outside the country when, by then, even many of the most respected SWAPO leaders had returned to join in the legitimate effort within the country.

We were subsequently to visit Rhodesia and be asked the same question. Why are we so anxious to back the bands of mercenaries when a new multiracial government seems to have widespread internal support?

Making Political Hay

The answer seems to rest in domestic American politics. American blacks, not notably well informed about Africa, want the last vestige of white authority and ownership torn down before blacks assume power. The more responsible black leaders on the scene want nothing of the sort. Our State Department is not so naive as to have been misled on the true state of affairs in southern Africa. Regrettably, our president is making cheap political hay at the expense of some very courageous black leaders.

Having looked at the terrorist problem in both Namibia (South West Africa) and Rhodesia we can tell you that neither is a massive problem unless we make it so. In fact, were we to recognize the fledgling multiracial governments, the paltry guerrilla efforts would simply fade away. Since we interviewed Chief Kapuuo of the Herrero tribe, he has been killed by an assassin's bullet. There will be more deaths and more schoolchildren will be kidnapped and spirited across the border by those Marxist hoodlums. Some of this we could prevent without sending armies. Merely extending our hands in recognition would probably suffice. ☒



"I got them corporation blues and I'm wearin' a frown,
'cause my taxes are up and my profits are down . . ."

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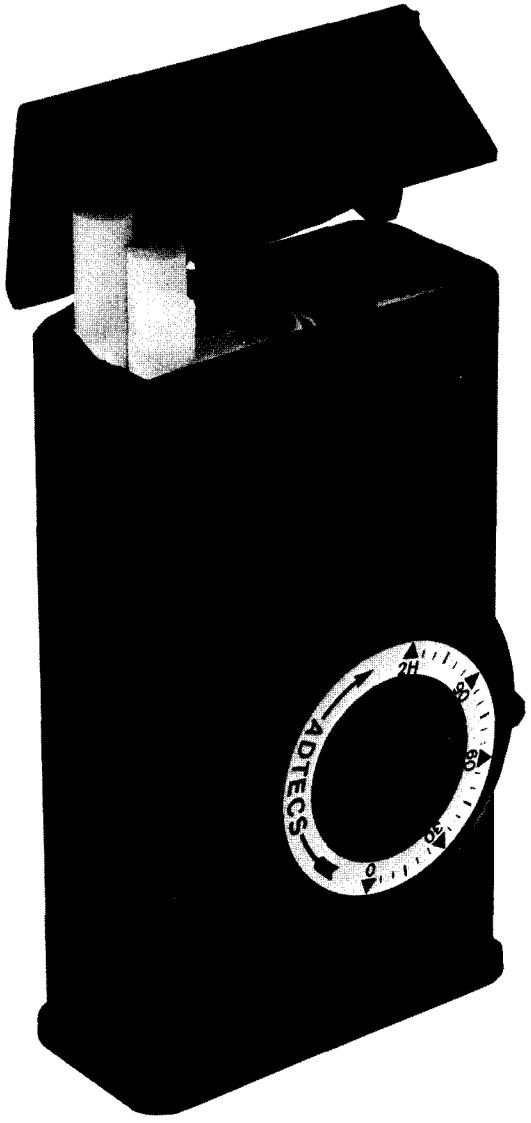

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Patient at Peacocks

continued from page 24

with an ambulance and to bring her here."

My eyebrows went up. "It sounds like a very tall order," I said.

"Does it? It is all I can do." He spoke with a queer obstinacy. "I promised Maurice as he died that if there was ever anything I could do for Louise, I would. Now the moment has come."

"It's a great responsibility."

He turned on me. "Please don't think I do not know. I have thought it out from every angle. Radek and Grethe will look after her, and you, if you please, will come to see her and advise me."

I had not thought there was so much kindness or duty left in him. "I can order an ambulance for you," I said gently. "It only seems odd to me that her present doctor does not arrange it."

"Ah, I was afraid you would notice that." He smiled at me awkwardly. "She has quarreled with him, of course. There is nobody to look after her except the landlady, who says I must arrive with the ambulance. You will come with me, won't you, doctor? You go to London on Saturdays."

There I put my foot down. I could just see Percy's face if the "foreigner" and I went gallivanting off to London in the local bone wagon. Besides, he was asking too much. My Saturday trips to the capital were the week's one escape from Mapleford, and I felt that my sanity depended on them. I was mildly surprised that he knew so much about my habits.

I could not dissuade him. "But you could see her in London before she leaves," he pleaded, urgent as a child.

I weakened. I knew it was silly, but I did, and I turned to the desk in the corner to find a scrap of paper to write the address on. He nearly wept with gratitude as he dictated it to me.

I am certain I should never have noticed the scrap of blue tissue paper protruding from one of the tiny drawers which lined the desk if I had not heard his sudden intake of breath and had not looked up just as he leaned past me to thrust the thing out of sight. As it was, I hardly saw it at all.

When I glanced up at him, he was trying to laugh. "It is a pigsty of a desk. That is what you are thinking, aren't you? Let me see what you have written. Yes, that's right. The name is Louise Maurice, the address 14 Barton Square, West 2."

I was still puzzled. I was fairly certain that Gastineau had been genuinely alarmed and I wished I had seen the blue slip more closely. My expression seemed to delight him. He became quite lighthearted suddenly, and insisted on seeing me to the car.

"I think I am a most brilliant judge of character," Gastineau remarked unexpectedly as we shook hands in the drive. "You are kind, but you are also very practical, aren't you, and you have a great sense of what is expedient."

"I should be a menace as a doctor if I hadn't," I said lightly and climbed into the car.

"And you are not forgiving?" He had to raise his voice, since my foot was on the starter, and the effect was to make the question sound anxious and important.

"I have a heart of flint!" I shouted over my shoulder as I shot away. It was only as I was waving to Miss Luffkin, who, as I had expected, was waiting in the dusk to see me go by, that it occurred to me that it was a most extraordinary remark for him to have made.

Percy was not on duty that night, and when I got back there was a crowd at the surgery. The waiting room was packed and I cursed socialized medicine. To my mind its weakness was elementary and I felt somebody might have foreseen it. Since everyone was forced to pay a whacking great weekly premium for medical insurance, nearly everybody, not unexpectedly, thought they might as well get something out of it. And as far as Mapleford was concerned, the three, who stood between nearly everybody and the said "something out of it," were Percy and his two assistants, who had not been exactly idle before.

Percy hired us a secretary, paying her out of the private fortune his wife had left him, but she, poor girl, could not sign our names for us or weigh up the merits of a claim. So the stream of importunates demanding free chits to the dentist, free wigs, corsets, milk, orange juice, vitamin tablets, invalid chairs, beds, taxi rides to hospital, crutches, bandages, artificial limbs, and a thousand and one likely or unlikely requirements, dogged us wherever we went. As Percy said, it was almost a relief to find someone who just had a pain.

To make matters more difficult, the more ignorant—and less sick—among the crowds had lost their old respect for our calling and treated us as if we were officials trying to cheat them out of their rights. However, I was not so set against it all—except at surgery time—as was Percy. I thought I should probably learn some way of coping with it in the end, and meanwhile I strove to keep my mind clear and to remember at all costs that I was a doctor first and a form-filler second.

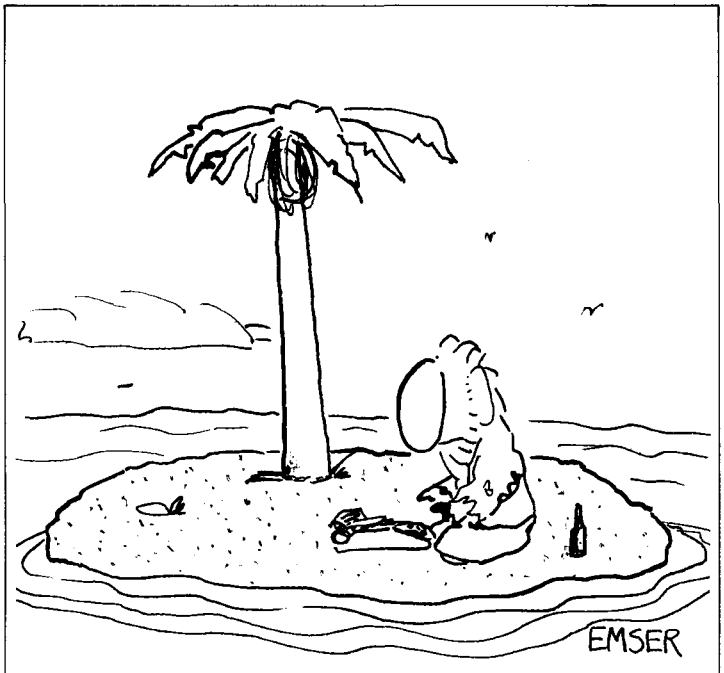
That night I worked until I was in a lather, and was taking a couple of minutes to listen to poor old Mr. Grigson's interminable tale of the strange noises his chest made in the night. The recital was ended abruptly by the telephone. The message, uttered in a squeaky child's voice, was brief but explicit. Mrs. McFall "had begun."

I took down my coat. Once Mrs. McFall began, it was time to rush to her side.

Mrs. McFall had a fine baby almost every year. But Mike McFall, her truck-driving husband, had never got himself used to the phenomenon. Each essay into fatherhood came upon him as a new and terrible experience, only to be endured with the help of alcohol in such vast quantities that the man was a raving lunatic throughout the whole affair.

Nurse Tooley ministered to the people in that area. She was a woman after my own heart. Her courage made me ashamed of my own, and her endurance had to be observed to be credited. But even she felt that Mrs. McFall's recur-

Continued on page 96



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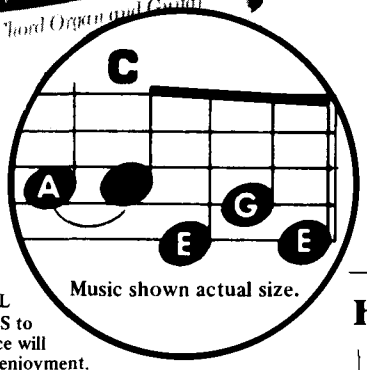

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rent crises were a two-woman job. I had promised her that if I was above ground the next time Mrs. McFall began I would be there.

"You deliver the child, doctor," she said, "and I'll control himself."

So I had to go.

It was dawn by the time we had finished our task.

Nurse and I crept out into the gray light, and because she was, if anything, even more weary than I, we loaded her bicycle on the car and I drove her home. Despite the hour, nothing would content her save that I step in for a cup of tea and a talk. Her round red face was full of anxiety.

"Sure I've got a little word I'd like to be saying to you, doctor."

I am easy, of course. Sometimes I hope it is not just weakness of character. I staggered in. The cottage was tiny and neat as a doll's house, and as Nurse Tooley scurried about, putting out china, I sat in the best chair and felt my eyelids grow sticky with sleep. There was something rather special about this woman, I thought idly, as I watched her square, energetic form, solid and strong as a cob pony. She was deft and shrewd and loyal, and the idea shot into my mind that when John and I got our children's clinic, we should need her. In an instant I had remembered and the furious color rushed into my face. It was the kind of idiotic trick my subconscious was always liable to play on me whenever I got overtired.

Nurse handed me a steaming cup and sat down beside me.

"You're done up. You look flushed," she observed with concern. "I ought not to have kept you out of your bed, but I did want to speak to you. You're in trouble with the police, I hear, and I was wanting to inquire about this dangerous drug."

That woke me up. I could just see what was happening, now that Percy had decided to shut the stable door well after the horse had been stolen. I did my best to explain while keeping the irritation in my voice to a minimum.

"Dormital. Yes, I wrote it in my book as soon as Inspector Brush mentioned it to me." Her Irish brogue was warm and deeply apologetic. "He told me to keep it under my hat, but to keep my eyes open for it just the same. You'll not have had it stolen, doctor, not in Mapleford, for it's not at all useful. If it had been a nice sizable packet of cascara, now, I wouldn't have trusted some of them. No, you've let it slip out of the car and someone has upped and slung it over the hedge. Could you tell me what it was like at all, for if it's found, the chances are I shall be having it brought to me?"

I had described my loss carefully to the inspector and I had no need to visualize it again.

"Why, yes, I can," I said. "It was a white carton with some blue round the edges—a narrow band, I think. There was printing on the outside—just the usual details and guarantees. The carton had been opened and it held a two-ounce capsule bottle with the seal unbroken. Oh, yes, and there was the ordinary literature inside, a flimsy, tightly printed blue paper——"

My voice dried suddenly as I heard my own words. A blue paper tightly printed.

"What's the matter, doctor?"

"Oh, nothing. Nothing of importance." I managed to sound normal and to say good-bye and to get myself back into the car, but as I sped home through the half-awake streets, it went through my mind like a little warning bell that perhaps I was making a silly mistake in being so sorry for Gastineau and so ready to oblige him. The dreadful thing was that I could not be sure, yet it could have happened. I had not called at Peacocks Hall on the day I missed the Dormital, but I had seen Peter Gastineau. It was just after I had been to call on Miss Luffkin. I had left her safely in the house, for once, gargling her sore throat in the bathroom, and I came out to the car to find Gastineau standing beside it. I assumed he had just arrived after one of his little saunters down the road, which were all the exercise he was able to take, but of course he might have been there much longer.

I was thinking about it as I reached my bed and fell asleep, and it was still in my mind when I woke a few hours later. The more I thought about it the more awkward it became, but at the same time my conviction that the blue paper was the same blue paper grew alarmingly. I half considered going to old Percy, and I think I would have done so in the end, had I not been so impossibly busy. As it was, the only immediate effect of the whole incident was that I forgot to order the ambulance until I was in the midst of a strenuous afternoon at the Friday Welfare Clinic. I had to make the call from the phone on the desk, and I remember thinking at the time that it was the most public telephone conversation I had ever had. Every mother and half the babies listened to me as if I was ordering a charabanc for an outing. There is not a lot of free entertainment in Mapleford, and people certainly make the best of what there is. By nightfall everyone in the place would know of Gastineau's visitor, her name

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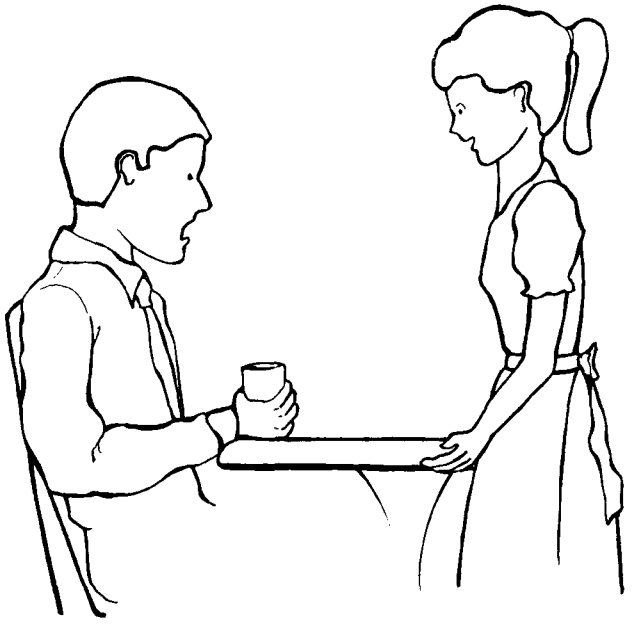

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"Tell me," he said, "how long have you worked here?"

"Why, I just came to work here a couple of weeks ago," the waitress said.

Harry sighed. "Then you couldn't be the girl who took my order."

Betty U. Johnson

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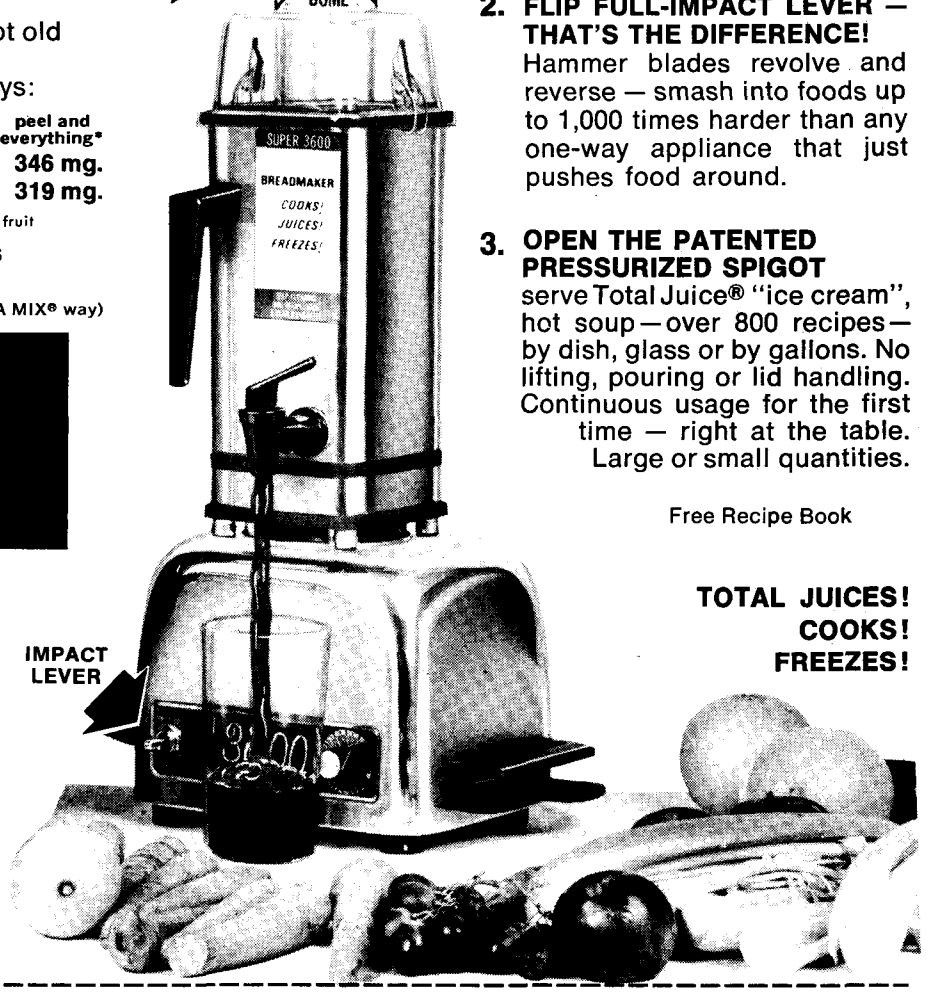

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and where she came from, and the exciting fact that I would see her in London, that fabulous city. I don't know why it was, but I felt it was dangerous then.

Altogether it was a heavy week, and on Saturday morning it was a thrill to put away my solid tweeds and climb into a silk suit and a squirrel cape, to put on a silly hat which made me look 20 again, and to drive off to the metropolis 50 miles away.

I had lunch at the Mirabelle with Edith Gower, an old buddy of mine. We had heavenly food and one of those gossips which are good for the soul. Afterward we went to an exhibition of modern art and met two of her friends who had pictures there, so, just for a little while, I wallowed in a world as far away from Mapleford as it was possible to imagine. It did me no end of good.

It was a quarter to four before I realized it, and I had to make a Cinderella exit and fly for Barton Square. It is no good pretending that I did not regret my promise to Peter Gastineau just then. I wished him and his poor Madame Maurice, if not at the bottom of the sea, at least in the middle of next week. They would wait for me, I had no doubt, but even so, there was none too much time, as I had promised to have tea with the matron at St. James' at five.

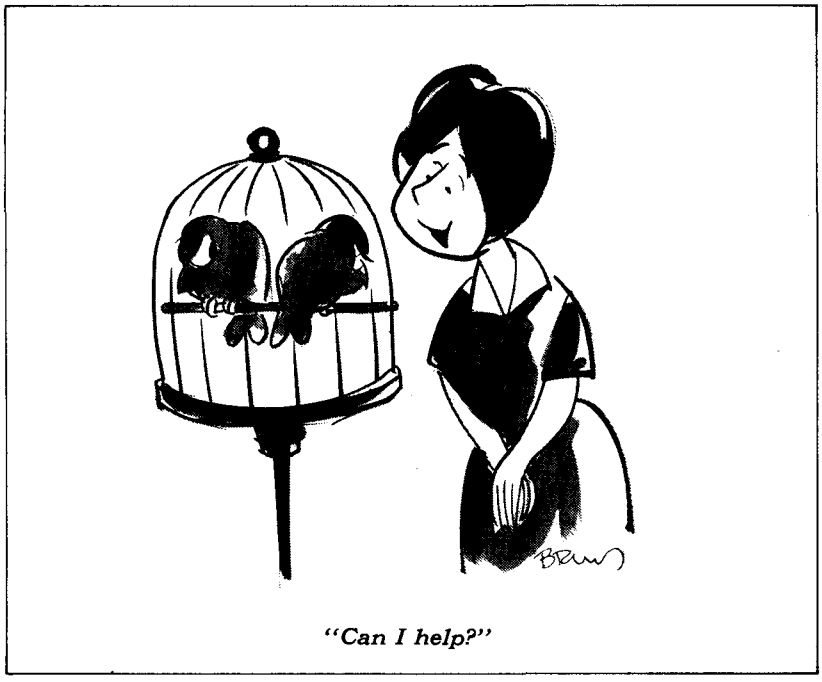
I found Barton Square without much difficulty, and the narrow, slightly tattered gray houses rose up like a cliff above me as I crept around it looking for the number. To my astonishment, there was no sign of the ambulance. I hoped they had not run into trouble on the road. Number 14 was a surprise too. For one thing, it was shut up like a Bedouin lady in walking-out costume. Drab curtains covered the windows and there appeared to be no lights behind them. It was one of those narrow slices of building with steps to the front door and an area with a lion's cage of a railing round it. I went up and rang the doorbell. I could hear its hollow clanging echoing through the hallway within, but there were no answering footsteps.

For some time I stood waiting, the cold wind whipping round me. Presently I rang again, and again I heard the bell, but still no one came. I was beginning to wonder if there could be two Barton Squares in the west of London when I thought I heard a movement in the basement below me. I suppose I had grown so used to admitting myself into patients' houses in Mapleford that I did not hesitate. I scrambled down the worn stone steps of the area and, skirting the ashcan, entered the tiny porch which I found there. The inner door was closed and, after knocking without result, I tried it.

My hand was on the knob when a most disconcerting thing happened. It turned in my fingers as someone grasped it on the other side, and the door jerked open, pulling me in with it, so that I finished up with my nose less than six inches from another face immediately above me.

"Oh," I said inadequately.

To do him justice, the stranger seemed quite as startled as I was. He was a tall, middle-aged man with a gentle, vague expression. His good brown suit was loose for him and he clutched a well-brushed hat and a carefully rolled umbrella. Just now he was hesitating, waiting for me to speak first.



"Can I help?"

I must have been rattled, I suppose, for I said the first thing that came into my head. I said, "Have you seen the ambulance?"

The question shocked him. I saw his eyes flicker and he said in a quiet, pleasant voice which yet matched his vague expression, "Oh, there was an ambulance, was there? Oh, dear."

I explained, "I'm Doctor Fowler. I've come to see a patient, who, I understand, is to be taken into the country by ambulance. Her name is Maurice. Is this the right house?"

He peered at me in what seemed to be distress, and it occurred to me that I must make a rather odd sort of doctor in my all-too-feminine clothes, but apparently he did not doubt me.

"Do you know, I really can't tell you," he said at last, adding sincerely, "I'm so sorry. No one seems to be in the house at all except—Well, perhaps you wouldn't mind coming to see for yourself?"

He turned and, highly mystified, I followed him into a labyrinth of those gloomy dungeons and subdungeons which our ancestors were pleased to call "domestic quarters."

The first, which was unfurnished as well as deserted, led to a second, smaller room fitted up snugly enough as a kitchen. There, stolidly eating her tea and toast, as if no one had been ringing a bell or standing on a doorstep, was a large, clean, elderly woman with the eyes and jaw movement of a cow in a field. She looked up as we appeared, smiled pleasantly, and just went on eating. It was, I think, the most unnerving welcome I have ever received.

As soon as I attempted to speak to her, the mystery was solved. Still smiling, but with the complete indifference of one who knows something is hopelessly beyond her, she shook her head and, with a forefinger, pointed first to one ear and then to the other. She was stone-deaf, poor soul.

I opened my bag and was ferreting round in it for a pencil when a voice murmured in my ear.

"I fear that's no good," muttered the man with the umbrella. "She doesn't read English. I tried that." He sounded as helpless as I felt, and added, as if he thought I ought to have an explanation, "I just happened to call, you see."

I didn't quite, as it happened, but it was the woman I was interested in. At that moment she broke the silence, speaking in a very loud, toneless voice of one who cannot hope to hear.

"All gone." Her accent was unrecognizable and I could only just understand her. "All gone." She smiled again. "No one." She was trying hard, and her hands illustrated the emptiness of the house above us.

"Where?" I was trying her with lip language, and she watched me carefully, but shook her head.

"Who?" I tried again, and she laughed.

I smiled back and shrugged my shoulders. There was nothing to do but go

Continued on page 100

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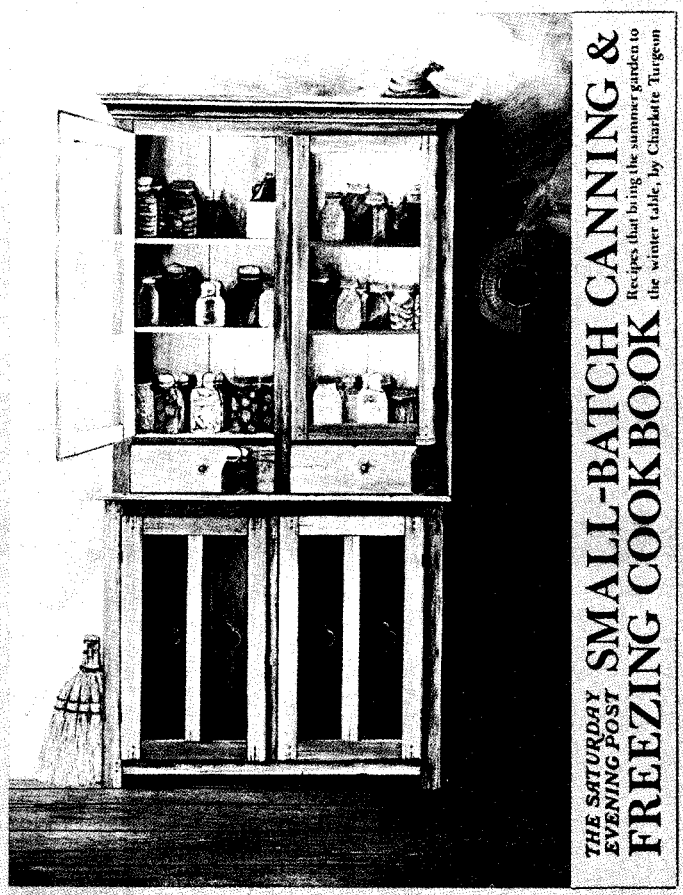
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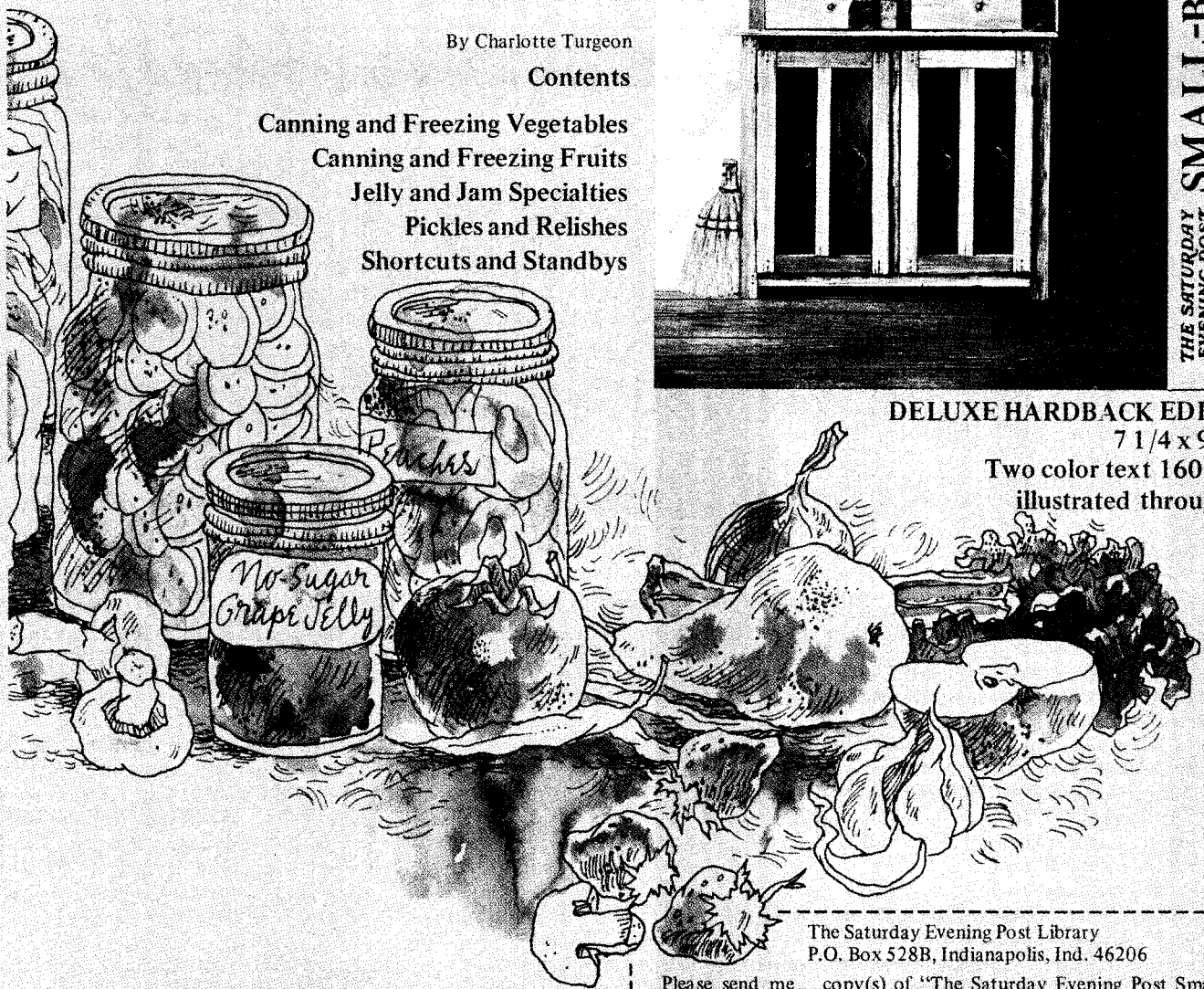

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away, and I had turned when her unnatural bellow filled the room again.

"Sick woman!" she shouted.

I swung round eagerly and nodded to show we were on the right track.

"Yes," I agreed. "Yes. Where?"

She sat thinking. I could see her doing it, her broad forehead wrinkled. Presently she rose and pushed back the chair.

"Ah-h-h," she began cautiously. "Sick woman. Morter. Morter——"

"Motor," muttered the man at my side. "I think she means 'motorcar.' "

I nodded at the woman, who smiled, well pleased.

"Morter . . . woosh . . . gone. Sick woman gone." She sank down once more and pulled her plate toward her. We might not have been there.

The man with the umbrella accompanied me to the door of the house.

"Doctor Fowler," he began, "there was a cream ambulance coming out of the square just as I came in."

"Really? When was this?"

He considered. "Now let me see. Yes, Yes, it must have been just over an hour ago." He was not at all happy, and his discomfort was nearly as evident to me as my own. "It was caught up in the traffic," he continued casually, "and I happened to notice that it came from a place called Mapleford. Would that be the one, doctor?"

"Yes," I said absently. "Yes, that's it. I wonder——"

I don't know what made me glance squarely at him at that particular moment, but I did, and what I saw set me back squarely on my heels. All the vagueness had vanished from his pale eyes, and for a split second they were shrewd and frighteningly intelligent. The next moment he was his old, apologetic, helpless self again, but I was frightened, and I bade him good afternoon and hurried off up the area steps, feeling panicky.

Before I drove off to see the matron at the St. James, I spoke to the officer on point duty, and he confirmed that an ambulance had called on that side of the square at about three o'clock.

I was furious. By that time I was disgusted with the whole business, and there is one unalterable rule for a doctor who begins, somewhat belatedly, to scent a mystery—that is, for him to wash his hands of the affair as quickly and thoroughly as possible. I put the whole business firmly out of my mind and did not think of it again until nearly half past eleven that evening when I was driving home.

By that time I was better tempered. The night was glorious and I had time to think. I decided to give Gastineau and his lady friend a rest for a bit. It would be quite easy for me to plead overwork and get young Doctor Wells, Percy's other assistant, to take them over for a while.

By the time I turned into the familiar road I had almost forgotten Gastineau, and I saw with dismay the lights on in the cottage. Rhoda never stays up for me when I go to town. If she was still up, something very unusual must be afoot.

I left the car just outside the garage and sneaked in by the back door. Rhoda was in her basket chair, knitting furiously to keep herself awake. As I appeared, she glanced up and put a finger on her lips.

"Katherine, have you seen my plaid sports jacket?"

"Who?" I whispered.

"He won't go." She nodded at the inner door. "It's that foreigner," she murmured. "He came creeping in just as I was going to bed. Said he'd been trying to telephone here all the evening, and just had to come and see you to satisfy himself." She paused, her bright eyes meeting mine. "I can't say I think much of him, now I've seen him."

"Nor do I," I agreed, keeping my voice down. "Why didn't he go to Doctor Wells?"

"Oh, he wouldn't. He said it was personal." She was watching me with the suspicion of a mother, ready to defend, but prepared for the worst.

"Rubbish," I declared wholeheartedly. "I'll go and send him home. I've never heard such nonsense."

Her pink face cleared. "That is a weight off my mind," she said unnecessarily. "I couldn't see what you saw in him. Besides, I've had a letter today from Southersham. It came by the second post and there's real news in it. Something you'll never guess."

I am afraid I walked out on her. Rhoda would pause for a good gossip if the house was on fire. Just then my mind was occupied. This development was more than I had bargained for.

Peter Gastineau was sitting by the fire, his elbows on his knees and his long hands drooping between them. He got up stiffly and took a step forward. He was struggling with nervous excitement and his black eyes had a light in them that I had not seen before.

"I wouldn't have had this happen for the world," he began. "Doctor, you must be so angry."

"Not at all." I was not so inexperienced that I was going to let the party become in any way emotional. "I am very tired, I am afraid, but is there anything I can do?"

"I hope so," he spoke fervently. "I am in a dreadful predicament. I am so frightened that I have made a most serious mistake." He sat down again without being asked. "I tried to catch you this morning, when I heard from London of the change of plan. You'd gone, of course." He was not apologizing so much as stating the case, and I had the wind taken out of my sails.

"I gathered that the patient was removed earlier in the afternoon," I observed acidly, and at once he was interested and even excited.

"Oh, you did see someone, did you? That is good. Who did you find there?"

"A deaf woman and a man who was visiting her. What happened exactly?"

He did not reply directly. The discovery that I had not merely found the door shut in my face seemed to engross him.

"If you saw somebody, made yourself known to them, that's something." He spoke with relief, and I found myself peering at him. He had changed somehow. There was something new about him, and to my annoyance I could not decide what it was. I wondered if he was stewing up for a nerve crisis. He caught my expression and pulled himself together. "I am almost beside myself," he

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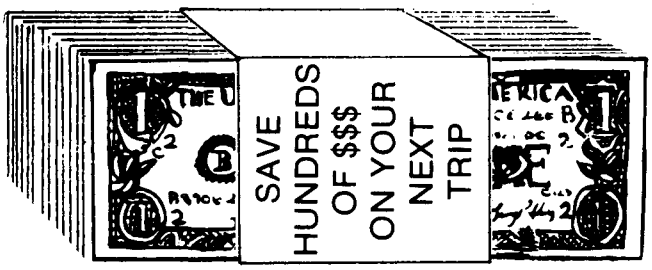

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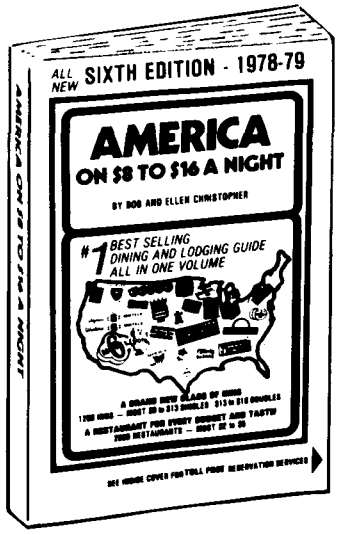

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explained awkwardly. "As you know, since—since the war I have become such a lover of comfort and order and peace. Any change of plan makes me jittery. This morning the good woman who has been looking after Madame Maurice telephoned to say that the hour of departure must be changed. I was in despair; you were in London and out of reach. Finally I got hold of the ambulance people and with some difficulty got them to go earlier."

He took a deep breath and leaned back. The idea, apparently, was that I should sympathize with him.

"Well, if you got her here, that's all right," I said soothingly. "There was no need for you to come up here tonight."

He opened his eyes wide. "But I came to fetch you. You must see her."

"Not tonight," I said firmly. "That's out of the question. It's very late. Far better let her sleep now, and I'll come round in the morning."

He seemed astounded. I saw a glimpse of something in his face which startled me. I thought he was going to rave at me. It was a queer expression, very fleeting and familiar. I have seen it on the faces of tiny boys when they are suddenly deprived of something they want very much. It is elemental rage, I suppose.

Anyhow, he controlled it, and said meekly enough, "She is so strange. Neither Grethe nor I knows what is wrong. It is a great responsibility."

"Have you taken her temperature?"

"Grethe tried. She really did. But it was quite impossible."

"Is she delirious?"

"I am not sure."

I put my temper under hatches. Here was a fine household to undertake the care of an invalid.

"Then you should have gone to Doctor Wells. But it's too late now, I'm afraid. Look here. Would you like to ring your housekeeper now and see how she is?"

He shook his head. "You must come back with me." He paused and added devastatingly, "Without you, I cannot very well get home. I made certain you would come, and so I sent my man back with the car. We could try to telephone for a taxi, I suppose."

Now that was a trump card, had he known it. I could just see myself waking up old Chatterbox at the local garage and getting him to turn out to take Gastineau away from my house at midnight on my day off duty. I began to feel very angry indeed.

"Very well," I said. "Put on your coat and I'll run you back and take a look at her." There was nothing else I could trust myself to say.

On the journey I said nothing at all, as far as I remember. After one or two ineffectual attempts to interest me in my new patient, he gave up and we raced on in silence.

There was a light in Miss Luffkin's front room, which went out as we sped past, and I was unreasonably glad that the night had become so dark. All the lights were on at Peacocks. The old house looked as though it were celebrating something.

Grethe, the housekeeper, a swart Eastern European with the most eager eyes I have ever seen in a woman, met us in the hall. She spoke to Gastineau in a language I didn't even recognize, and he turned to me.

"Madame Maurice is in the guest room. Will you come up?"

"Yes, I'll see her since I'm here," I agreed ungraciously, but I did not take my coat off.

I followed him up the polished staircase, which was black with age and very wide, onto a large landing where Radek was waiting. I got the impression that this solid wedge of a man, with the heavy face and coarse yellow hair, had been sitting outside one of the doors, but I could not be sure. He, too, said something to his employer, and Gastineau nodded and signaled to him to leave us.

"She's here," he said and, without knocking, opened a door on the extreme right of the landing, facing the back of the house.

I went in first. It was one of those tremendous rooms which were designed to house a family. There was a coal fire in the grate and not much other light, and at the end of the carpet I could see a big old-fashioned tester bed with a canopy and chintz hangings.

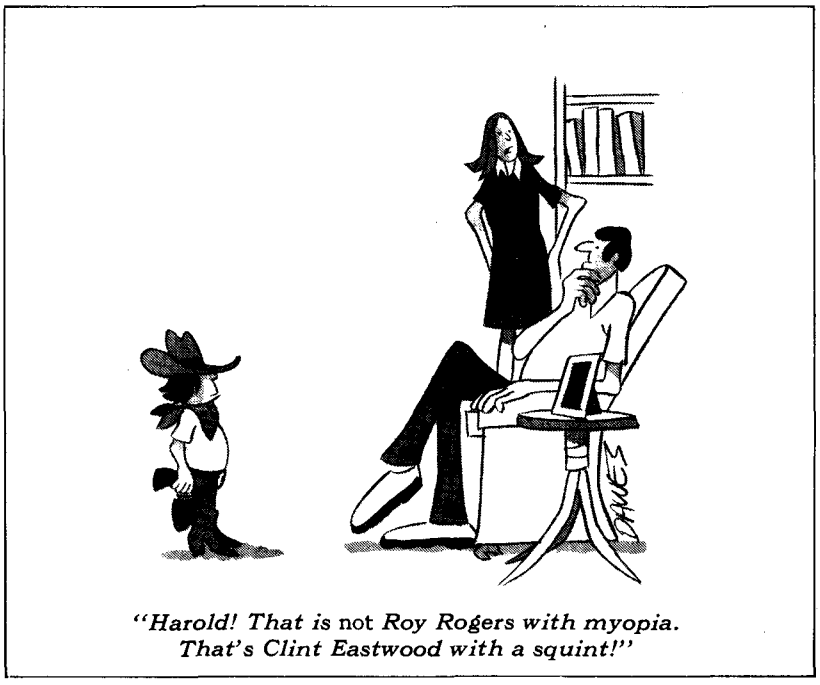
Two things impressed me the moment I entered. One was that the patient, whatever was wrong with her, was snoring more or less normally, and the other was there was a violent smell of alcohol in the room.

I went over to the bed and looked down. It was so dark that I could only make out a little face and a cloud of hair on the pillow. I spoke without looking up. "May I have some more light, please?"

"Of course." His voice sounded odd, husky with intense excitement. I was concentrating on the patient at the time, and although I noticed it, I did not pay much attention to it until afterward. He had gone round to the other side of the bed and now turned an unusually powerful reading lamp on the two of us. It almost blinded me. I waved it down a bit.

The woman lying before me was scarcely 30 and must, I reflected, be quite beautiful when her face was less flushed and her mouth less slack. Her fair hair was bleached, but very lovely, and it spread round her head on the pillow like a halo. I don't know if I am particularly stupid or unobservant, but I do know that my training has taught me to concentrate only on certain details of a patient's face. It has happened that I have not recognized a woman whom I have been treating for weeks when I have met her sometime later in the street. Anyhow, I know that on that night, up in the vast guest room at Peacocks, it was fully five minutes before the message which was hammering on the back of my mind suddenly got through my concentration and I looked at the woman and realized who she was. Francia Forde.

(To be continued)



"Harold! That is not *Roy Rogers with myopia. That's Clint Eastwood with a squint!"*

Sign above postal clerk's window:

"Will the person who forgot to take his $4 worth of change form a line in front of this window tomorrow morning?"

—Helen Lozanoff

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Centennial

continued from page 85

logistical problems alone are *enormous*," he said. "It's a little like the invasion of Normandy."

Among its other mischiefs, the wind had raised sandstorms and blown 17 tons of marble dust "snow" off into the countryside. When it switched directions, the presence of cattle numbering in the hundreds of thousands just a few miles away was hard to ignore. The sun, piercing at 5,000 feet, burned skin and cracked lips. Still, the reality of the place, the force of the landscape when it appears on the screen will be worth the price. "It could have been shot on lots," he said, "but it wouldn't have been the same at all. So much is being put into this—they're really going for quality. I just hope it's a biggie."

If it is, Conrad and Chamberlain will have particular reason to be pleased. On their shoulders lies the responsibility for the first five televised hours, two consecutive nights when the country must become "hooked" on the story for the series to succeed.

When the production crew arrived in Colorado, they sent out word immediately: We have parts for Indians and we want the real thing. The response was amazing.

"We were notified by the Colorado Film Commission that there were 5,000 Indians in Denver alone who were not on a reservation," said Howard Alston. "As it worked out, some have come just from Greeley and some from as far away as Riverton, Wyoming, and from all walks of life. One, for example, is a civil engineer."

While only 50 or 60 were needed for the early chapters, the script required up to 200 for the scene of the great convocation, that historic occasion when all the western tribes came together for the Treaty of 1861. Talent agencies helped but could make only a small dent in such a specialized demand. How, then, does a producer come into a city and round up 200 willing Indians?

"The Office of Human Resources helped us considerably," answered Alston. "They had files on the ones who were unemployed. But then we posted notices at the Indian Agency itself, asking people to come in and register. When they did, we took Polaroid pictures of them and asked them to fill out a form—their height and weight, whether they could ride a horse, if they could ride bareback. Those playing Pawnees have to shave their heads, so we asked if they were willing to do that. We have hundreds and hundreds of those Polaroids." As a result of the thorough groundwork, Alston has only to consult the list when he needs an Indian actor or extra with specific abilities.

For technical expertise, various specialists have been drafted into service. Wardrobe designer Helen Colvig began work seven months before the first frame was shot, researching not only the garb of Indians and trappers but the changing period costumes of early German settlers in St. Louis as well. Buddy Red Bow, a Sioux Indian, was discovered in Denver and brought on board to double-check tribal scenes. The official technical adviser, however, is an artist from Los Angeles who knew nothing whatever about television production before the *Centennial* filming began. What Jerry Crandall does know, from living it and painting it, is western lore.

"I was born and raised in southeastern Colorado, right near the spot where Bent's Fort was, and I used to go out there and envision Jim Bridger and all the mountain men and trappers and Indians," he said. "The whole history of the West went right by that area."

Crandall, looking more an actor than an adviser in his full beard and beaver hat, is a member of a society known as American Mountain Men. From it, most of the extras were drawn to play—what else?—mountain men.

"They're hobbyists," admitted Crandall, "but they have their own outfits, their own skins, their rifles, and they're very, very interested in making sure all these things are authentic. In fact, many of them don't work a normal job. They spend their time in the mountains either trapping, hunting, or fishing, or making goods to sell to tourists or other hobbyists. In a way they actually are true modern-day mountain men."

Crandall himself has ridden in cavalry maneuvers at the Little Big Horn and re-enacted the battle of Apache Pass. He can pack out a McClellan saddle and throw a tomahawk with the best of them. No *Centennial* actor will fire an 1870 rifle in an 1830 scene if he can help it.

"I've always had a grudge against Hollywood for showing the West inaccurately. I thought when I got involved with the film, it would help to break the mold. This," he said with determination, "is my chance to do it."

In fact, everything and everyone assembled on the banks of the Platte had been brought together to break molds. The actors with their costumes and dialects, the Indian and mountain-men extras, the sets, the location—what they represented was all the history $25 million could buy. Even Michener, who visited the filming with what must have been considerable trepidation, announced that he was "delighted."

Everything was there but the core symbol, the city of Centennial itself, and for it no existing counterpart could be found. What we see on our screens will be a composite, bits and pieces of many western communities. And maybe that will be the most authentic touch of all.

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Little House

continued from page 57

Laura as does the fourth volume, *On the Banks of Plum Creek*, just published.

Almanzo, the Farmer Boy, appears again in the fifth volume on which I am now working. He goes with Laura the rest of the way through the three more volumes it will take to make the eight and complete the novel. But these are still to be written, so I'll not give any details now.

On the Banks of Plum Creek shows Laura and her family in western Minnesota where Ma thought they were all safe in a civilized country where nothing could happen to them. When you read the book you will see how wrong she was. There were runaways and fires and storms—such terrible storms—and the grasshopper plague of 1874, the worst since the plagues of Egypt.

I read recently of a grasshopper invasion where, so the author said, the grasshoppers' breaths smelled of onions.

Now I never smelled a grasshopper's breath, but I have lived among uncounted millions of them. I have seen clouds of them darken the noonday sun. I saw their bodies choke the waters of Plum Creek, I saw them destroy every green thing on the face of the earth, so far as a child would know. There are unforgettable pictures of those grasshoppers in my mind that I have tried to draw plainly in *On the Banks of Plum Creek*.

Even so, Plum Creek was too civilized for Pa and we went west again to Dakota Territory where Almanzo was homesteading, where he helped save Laura, and the other people of the new settlement, from starving during the hard winter. And where he and Laura thought zero weather fine for sleighing and decided 40 below was just a little too cold.

But that will all be told in the remaining volumes of my children's novel which ends happily (as all good novels should) when Laura of the *Little Houses* and Almanzo of *Farmer Boy* were married.

Every story in this novel, all the circumstances, each incident is true. All I have told is true but it is not the whole truth. There were some stories I wanted to tell but would not be responsible for putting in a book for children, even though I knew them as a child.

There was the story of the Bender family that belonged in the third volume, *The Little House on the Prairie*. The Benders lived halfway between it and Independence, Kansas. We stopped there, on our way in to the Little House, while Pa watered the horses and brought us all a drink from the well near the door of the house. I saw Kate Bender standing in the doorway. We did not go in because we could not afford to stop at a tavern.

On his trip to Independence to sell his furs, Pa stopped again for water, but did not go in for the same reason as before.

There were Kate Bender and two men, her brothers, in the family, and their tavern was the only place for travelers to stop on the road south from Independence. People disappeared on that road. Leaving Independence and going south, they were never heard of again. It was thought they were killed by Indians but no bodies were ever found.

Then it was noticed that the Benders' garden was always freshly plowed but never planted. People wondered. And then a man came from the East looking for his brother, who was missing.

He made up a party in Independence and they followed the road south, but when they came to the Bender place there was no one there. There were signs of hurried departure and they searched the place.

The front room was divided by a calico curtain against which the dining table stood. On the curtain back of the table were stains about as high as the head of a man when seated. Behind the curtain was a trap door in the floor and beside it lay a heavy hammer.

In the cellar underneath was the body of a man whose head had been crushed by the hammer. It appeared that he had been seated at the table back to the curtain and had been struck from behind it. A grave was partly dug in the garden with a shovel close by. The posse searched the garden and dug up human bones and bodies. One body was that of a little girl who had been buried alive with her murdered parents. The garden was truly a graveyard kept plowed so it would show no signs. The night of the day the bodies were found a neighbor rode up to our house and talked earnestly with Pa. Pa took his rifle down from its place over the door and said to Ma, "The vigilantes are called out." Then he saddled a horse and rode away with the neighbor.

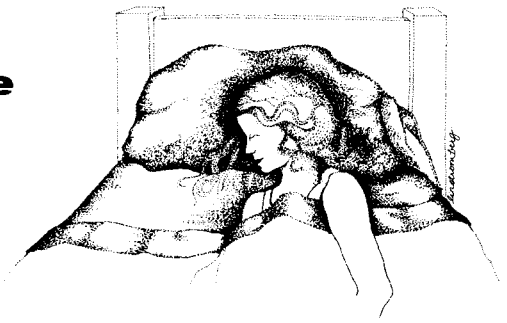
It was late the next day when he came back and he never told us where he had been.

For several years there was more or less of a hunt for the Benders and reports that they had been seen here or there. At such times Pa always said in a strange tone of finality, "They will never be found." They never were found and later I formed my own conclusions why.

You will agree it is not a fit story for a children's book. But it shows there were other

You be the Judge

By J. K. Newton



Claudette Cook was exhausted—but happy—after the birth of her son Greg. As a maternity nurse was bringing Greg to his bedfast mother for the first time, she slipped and the baby fell out of her arms. The newborn hit the tiled floor with a sickening thud; his skull had been fractured. Several hours later, Claudette suffered severe emotional distress from the shock of seeing her baby fall while she was lying helplessly in a bed nearby.

The hospital accepted the responsibility for the injury suffered by the baby. It was unwilling, however, to pay for Claudette's suffering which resulted from this emotional trauma. Claudette decided to sue the hospital to make it pay for her mental injuries.

At the trial, the hospital's lawyer explained that there was some limit to the liability of the hospital for the negligent act of one of its employees. "If our employee had negligently treated Claudette, then the hospital would, of course, be liable," he said. "But, in this case, she was only a bystander—a witness to the negligent conduct."

Claudette's attorney brushed aside this argument in asking the court to award damages for her mental anguish. "It was the negligent conduct of the hospital employee that directly caused Claudette's pain and suffering. There is no question that had the baby been properly handled, then Claudette would not have suffered this trauma."

If you were the judge, would you make the hospital pay for Claudette's mental injuries?

The court rejected her claim for damages. It said that she would have been able to recover only if the employee's negligent conduct had threatened her *with harm.*

(Based on a 1972 Supreme Court of North Dakota case)

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dangers on the frontier besides wild Indians.

Then there was the family of children frozen in the terrible blizzard on Plum Creek. I couldn't tell that either.

Sister Mary and I knew of these things but someway were shielded from the full terror of them. Although we knew them to be true they seemed unreal to us for Ma was always there serene and quiet and Pa was there with his fiddle and his songs.

The spirit of the frontier was one of humor and cheerfulness no matter what happened and whether the joke was on oneself or the other fellow. Strangers coming West possessed or acquired this spirit if they survived as Westerners.

There was the man from the East who knew nothing of Dakota mirages. The first morning after stopping at a little frontier town, he saw from the hotel a large lake and trees nearby. He said to the hotel keeper, "I always like a short walk before breakfast. I am going to the lake. Will breakfast be ready when I come back?"

The hotel man looked at the lake that appeared so near and knew it was a mirage and that the real lake was over 40 miles distant.

He said, "Your breakfast will be ready by the time you get back," and watched the stranger walk away.

At noon a teamster coming in met the Easterner away out on the prairie on the bank of a tiny creek. He had taken off all his clothes and was rolling them into a tight bundle.

"What in the world are you doing?" the teamster asked.

Looking up from his bundle, the man answered, "I don't want to get my clothes wet and I'm going to carry them on my head when I swim across this water." And seeing how astonished the teamster looked, he added, "Oh, I know it looks only a step across, but judging from how near the lake looked this morning and how far I have walked without finding it there is no telling how far I will have to swim before I get to the other bank of this creek."

Then there was the settler leaving the country after one of its periodic droughts. All his worldly goods were in the covered wagon with the family. A cow was tied behind, and several scrawny colts and horses followed. He stopped at a little wind-blown town to water his horses before camping on the prairie which was beyond.

The hotel keeper at that place had a great curiosity and was noted all over that country for asking questions.

He asked the traveler where he was from and then, "Own a farm out there?"

"Yes!" the man answered.

"How much land?" the hotel man wanted to know.

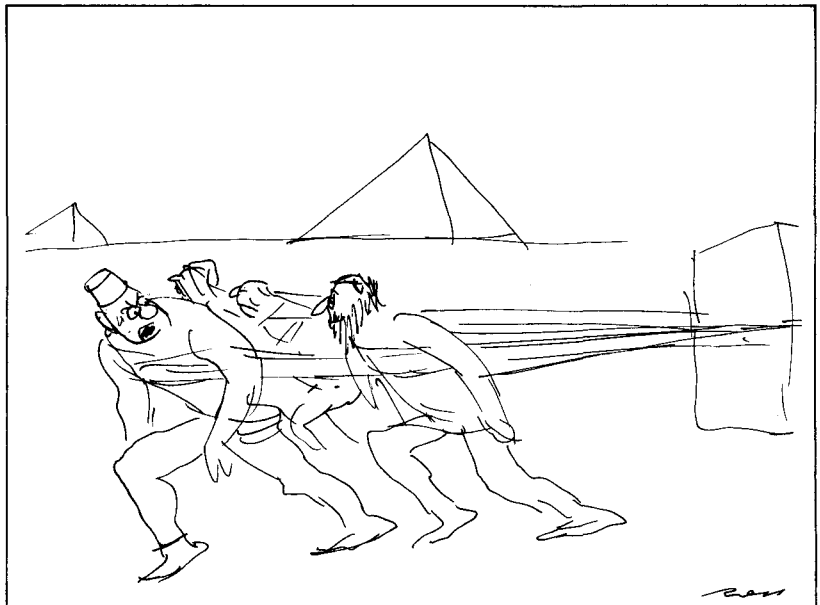
The man told him, "160 acres."

"And what did you do with it?" the hotel man asked.

The man turned on the wagon seat and pointed to the poorest, most worthless colt among the horses.

"See that colt back there?" he asked. "Well, I traded 80 acres of land for that colt."

The hotel keeper looked at the colt but he wasn't satisfied. "What did you do with the other 80?" he persisted.



"Do me a big favor? Quit saying, 'Happiness is within one's self'!"

"Oh!" was the reply. "The man I traded with was a poor, ignorant fellow from the East. I slipped the other 80 in on the deed and he never noticed it."

My parents possessed this frontier spirit to a marked degree. It shines through all the volumes of my novel.

Whether it was the Indian troubles in the Little House on the Prairie or the terrible storms and the grasshoppers in Plum Creek, once past they refused to dwell on them but looked ahead to better things.

When times were hard the fiddle and Pa sang—

"Oh drive dull care away
For weeping is but sorrow.
If things are wrong today
There's another day tomorrow.

"So drive dull care away
And do the best you can.
Put your shoulder to the wheel
Is the motto for every man."

If our fare was scanty at times, still it never lacked variety for, as Pa and the fiddle sang:

"One day we had greens
And a dish full of bacon.
The next we had bacon
And a dish full of greens." ☒

Talk of TV

continued from page 14

phrases. Does anybody now remember "Would you believe?" In its heyday, would you have believed that "Would you believe?" would fade so fast? On the other hand, some cue lines from television news resound good-naturedly through many business meetings: "Now, here with a report is our treasurer . . ." and "Now, with a report on last quarter's sales, here is . . ." and "Over to you . . ." and "Back to . . ." and "I'm afraid we've lost audio on that, folks . . ." and, a popular concluding phrase, "That's the way it looks from here," are all common.

Among the more current phrases, "prime time" is pure television, and it is certainly possible that it may survive. No doubt, "instant replay" surely will; just think of the many possible applications of "I'd like to see an instant replay of that" in everyday life. The outlook for the term "live," however, seems less certain, for we now hear about programs that are "live on tape" or were "taped before a live audience," and both of these amount to saying that live is what the program definitely is not.

It is probably misleading to speak of television language. There are many television languages or, more precisely, there is a wide variety in the competence with which the language is used on television. Some of what we hear is crisp and direct; some is imaginative; some is deplorable. Yet on the whole, television language does not compare unfavorably with language in most other parts of society, and in some areas—this is certainly true of network news and public affairs programs, among others—every effort is made to be grammatical and, where appropriate, eloquent. Occasionally, we even succeed. ☒

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FOOD

CHAMPAGNE

It's a trip as well as a sip.

by Arturo F. Gonzalez, Jr.

Photography by William Kaufman

Epernay, France—"The first thing you must really understand about opening a bottle of fine champagne," Col. François Bonal says firmly, while suiting action to his words, "is that the cork should not come out with a loud pop. *Non*; instead, it must come out just so—with an erotic sigh."

A long weekend in Champagne, that region of France 90 miles northeast of Paris where the world's finest sparkling white wine is lovingly produced, can involve listening to more erotic sighs than one hears at any American drive-in movie. Champagne is lovely to sip—as a tourist destination it's also well worth the trip. And Col. Bonal's *Comité Interprofessionel du Vin de Champagne* (CIVC) has helped to turn those tiny villages along the Marne into 150 miles of choice stops on anyone's Grand Tour of Europe. Each winemaker has thrown open the doors of his cellars to visitors, providing free tastings. The neighborhood roads are all signposted with Route de Champagne markers so that the increasingly relaxed visitors can proceed from one erotic sigh to the next without getting lost.

The best way to visit Champagne is by car, giving visitors the mobility they need to crisscross this 74,000-acre area where the world's most expensive grapes are lovingly raised, harvested, and—over a three-year period—transformed into that unique beverage which Arab sheikhs, Mafia mobsters, bridal couples, shipyards, and hotel head waiters all purchase in considerable quantity: champagne, the world's essential accompaniment to every grand occasion.

There are vistas, as well as vintages, to be enjoyed. Around every turning in the road in Champagne, there's a piece of history or breathtaking landscape, made all the more enjoyable by the constant sip-sip-sipping at each cellar. Sobering are the several dozen huge military graveyards in the region, their tens of thousands of tiny white crosses marking the last resting places of men who fell in the two World Wars which converted large areas here to cannon-blasted ruins.

Sedan, the fortress fought over in 1870, 1918, and 1940, is a cement monument to be inspected closely. A more peaceful architectural ruin is the old abbey church at Hautvillers where the remains of Dom Pérignon lie, a restful church in the woods which manages to give onlookers the feeling that they are stepping back into the 1600s. Other village

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(Left) Chef Madame Schosseler displays food used to prepare house specialty, Potée Champenoise, *a boiled dinner with sausage, ham, bacon, pork, white beans, and fresh garden vegetables. (Below) Champagne begins with picking: Gatherers strip off fruit and lay it tenderly in baskets. Carriers take these to woven-reed tables where pickers sort harvest to eliminate green, overripe, or spoiled grapes.*

churches in the area date back to the 1100s. In Rheims, you can walk from the site of Joan of Arc's greatest triumph, to the spot where Nazi Germany met its final defeat—a stroll that encompasses over 500 years of history in 15 minutes.

While the making of champagne is a year-long process, the best months for a visit are in late summer or early fall when the grape harvest comes in. Then, the chalky hillsides are awash in green vines, bent almost double with green and purple grapes destined for the casks of Moët et Chandon, Taittinger, Laurent-Perrier—and dozens of the other great houses. Like expectant fathers, the local farmers—many of them millionaires on the bounty they receive from their precious grapes—pace up and down the vine rows, coaxing, almost willing, each grape to ripen to maximum juiciness in the warmth of the bright French sun.

High points of the year are the last week in September and the first in October. Hands, hands, hands—gentle, loving, careful hands—are needed, and from every corner of Europe the knowledgeable pour in—university students, white-collar workers, sons and daughters, aunts and uncles of the farmer, all knowing that for two lovely weeks the pay will be good, the partying nonstop, and the satisfaction of helping to put a personal stamp on a vintage year immense. The area's hotels and guesthouses are jam-packed, campsites filled to the boundaries with tents, parking lots packed with trailers. For the outdoor type who doesn't mind 10 hours bent over in the French autumn sunshine as the price to pay for some pretty wild times around campfires and in the local bistros at night, it can be a helluva wild fortnight, a little like the week they run the bulls at Pamplona with vines instead of vicious animals as the focal point.

Rheims, the major city in the Champagne area, has the usual wide range of traveling-salesman-type hotels situated around the historic cathedral there and alongside the railroad station. Nothing fancy—just bed, bath, and bidet for around $20 a night. Most of the champagne firms' better customers are put up in several very nice country châteaux in Epernay—hotels such as Le Briquiterie, a 42-bedroom country-home-style hotel on the Route de Sezanne where a room goes for about $30. Or the spectacular chateau at Fère-en-Tardenois, a majestic 16th-century castle, with its own grounds, medieval ruins, tennis courts, and one of the best kitchens in this area of France. Halfway through the main meal, guests are urged to rest their palates—previously roused to a frenzy by the pâté, the *crudité*, the potage, and the fish courses—with just a touch of a champagne *sorbet* designed to rest the taste buds, before setting them off once again in pursuit of the meat, vegetable, salad, cheese, and dessert courses. All washed down with several bottles of the best '66, of course.

"We cook a lot with champagne in this region and serve it with almost every course," says Christian deBilly, of Pol Roger, an understatement quickly underscored by looking over some of the local menus. A typical banquet in the Champagne region: scallops in champagne or snails soused with Saran Nature, followed by *crayfish gratin au champagne* with brut imperial '70 and a bracing champagne ice to clear the taste buds for *viande* or fowl served with pink champagne and a rare Dom Pérignon to go along with the foie-gras stuffed quail. To be followed, of course, by a demi-sec champagne with dessert. Burp.

Visitors walk a lot in Champagne; veterans advise bringing sensible strolling shoes and a warm sweater or pullover for the caves which are purposely cool and damp. Deep in the bowels of the hills around Epernay, the dark glass bottles lie in formation and fermentation like Napoleon's regiments, each bottle being revolved just slightly week after week by *remuage* men who all turn 30,000 bottles a day and must have the strongest wrists in Christendom. Only once is a champagne bottle opened before being finally cork-

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ed for sale; an explosive process in which frozen accumulated fermentation sludge and debris are popped out of the bottle neck, leaving the wine clear and bubbly for the buyer's eventual drinking pleasure.

Every so often there's a gentle pop in the caves; one bottle in every several thousand explodes on its own due to excess carbonation. Otherwise, the caves stay still, their treasure disturbed only by the few thirsty tourists who look in and the workmen who each day inspect the bottles, moving them slightly when necessary, and finally taking them out for labeling and shipment to wherever fine drink is desired.

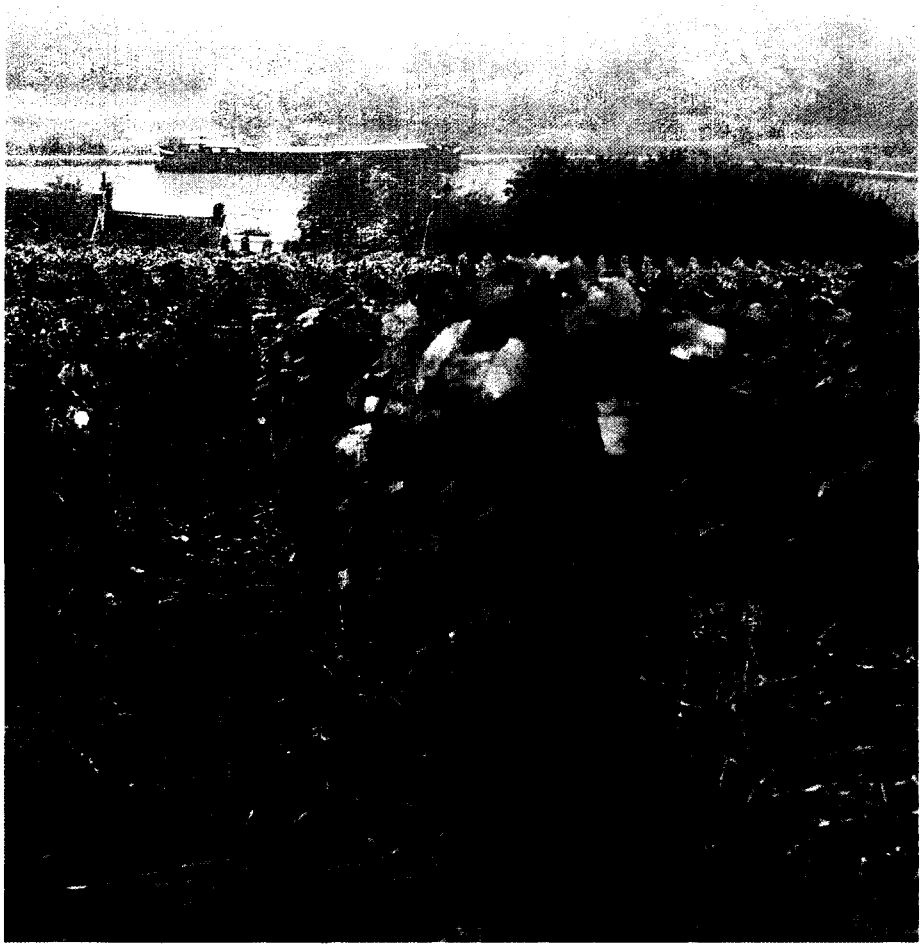
Reveals one French grower, "Champagne is a handmade product and nowhere in the world is the cost of labor going down." Harvesting the champagne grapes, for instance, is very labor-intensive with upwards of 50,000 migrant workers, college students, and wine lovers all converging on this tiny corner of France. The grapes alone in a typical bottle of champagne cost $3—*before* the several years of crushing, fermenting, and aging begin.

Land in Champagne is horrendously expensive, changing hands at upwards of $90,000 per acre. One suspects the French growers would plant additional grape-producing vines in window boxes and on their roofs if only the CIVC would permit it. Visitors are shown the province's mini soccer field by proud citizens who reveal that it is probably the most expensive athletic field, square foot for square foot, in Europe, when one realizes what profits it could produce if it were converted to the growing of champagne grape vines.

Faced with 1975's worldwide dip in sales, the French growers showed in 1976 that they know how to weather a crisis. Spending $425,000, they plastered the highways between France and Belgium with posters showing two glasses raised in a toast with the slogan, "Champagne—nothing replaces it." The Belgians responded by moving into first place in the worldwide consumption of champagne per year. In France, top-class champagne was dumped on Paris supermarket shelves at prices as low as $3 a bottle. Mumm ran an advertising campaign saying their vintage cost "less than a penny a bubble." Everywhere, the great houses aggressively sought to promote the concept that champagne is desirable at times other than weddings and ship launchings and wooed visitors ardently with plenty of tastings and lots of hospitality—without, however, having to resort to the promotional offer made during the days of Toulouse-Lautrec, when one house advertised, "Get a pair of garters free with every bottle." The payoff for all this promotion was immediate and gratifying. Early in 1976 champagne's sales figures started to soar again.

One of the most dramatic and possibly controversial responses to 1975's champagne crisis was the move by Moët et Chandon, the largest French house, the firm purchasing 2,000 acres in vine-rich California, announcing it was going into the sparkling wine business in the U.S.A. Today, over 800 acres in the Napa and Sonoma valleys produce Moët et Chandon's American grapes, and their winery in Yountville has been open since 1977. Domain Chandon wines are priced above $8 a bottle, and production is about a million bottles a year.

As the proprietors of Moët et Chandon clearly indicated with



"Pickers" sort the best grapes into mannequins, *huge baskets holding 150 to 175 pounds each. Then "loaders" hoist these into carts specially designed to ensure their fragile cargo a smooth ride. On its journey the fruit is sheltered from strong sunlight to prevent premature fermentation that might tinge the champagne with color.*

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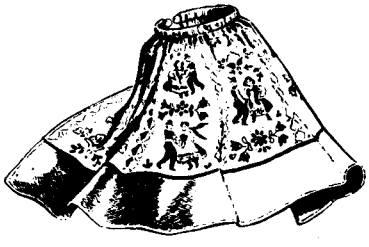
A diner complained his soup had no salt, his salad had wilted, and his coffee tasted cold. "And when you order my steak," he instructed the waiter, "make it lean."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter. "In which direction?"

—Lane Olinghouse



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The Country Store,
P.O. Box 1144,
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their unexpected and unprecedented move into the U.S., the men who produce the wine of Dom Pérignon are a tough and resourceful lot, not to be dismayed by a couple of years of falling sales and rising costs. When the name of the game is bubble your money, these growers play to win—and usually do.

How To Store and Serve Champagne

Serving and drinking champagne has become a matter of great mystique. Here's a guide through some of the tricky bits.

First and foremost, how do you know you are getting the real thing—quality French champagne? The name "champagne" as well as the words "Produce of France" and the vintage (when applicable) must be conspicuously printed on the *main label* or the *neck label*. The word "champagne" must also appear in full on that part of the cork inserted in the neck of the bottle.

How to keep champagne?

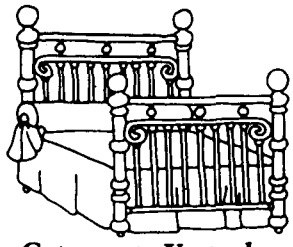
Champagne is the easiest of wines to store and even for people with no cellars it can be kept in excellent condition if stored in a cool cupboard where there is not too great a temperature fluctuation. The bottles should be laid horizontally so that the cork is always covered by the liquid and does not dry, causing leakage of gas and wine. Champagne takes from three to five years to produce and when placed on the market will have reached its highest degree of perfection, suitable for immediate consumption. But it is better to allow it a few weeks resting period after transportation. Under satisfactory storage conditions, champagne retains its qualities for a long time, but it really should not be stored for more than 10 years as there is then a risk of the deepening of color and loss of sparkle, not appreciated by all lovers of champagne.

Full bottles of champagne should never be displayed in shop windows, and never buy a display bottle from a retailer. On request, champagne firms supply dummy bottles for window displays.

How to serve champagne?

Champagne should be cooled but not iced, served at about 44

Continued on following page



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degrees to 48 degrees Fahrenheit. Served below that temperature—and this is a common mistake—champagne loses all its fragrance; served warmer, it becomes heavy and loses its sparkle. It should be cooled slowly by placing the bottle for a while in a mixture of ice and water. Avoid leaving champagne too long in a refrigerator, whose too sudden freezing action spoils the wine.

Champagne should be opened properly. The bottle should be held in a slightly inclined position and opened gently, silently—yes silently—without losing any froth. The cork should be released without a vulgar explosion. After opening, make sure the cork has no bad odor (if it has, the bottle should immediately be set aside). Then carefully wipe the rim of the neck with a clean cloth. To be quite sure of the wine's quality, the contents of the bottle should not be served until a few ounces poured into the first glass have been tasted. Avoid wrapping the bottle in a napkin as the Hollywood waiters do; this hides the label as if you were ashamed.

Champagne should be served in a fine and elegant glass, slender and deep but not too wide, so as to facilitate the rising of the bubbles, concentrate the aroma, and increase drinking pleasure. Experts prefer the traditional *flûte*, the tulip glass, the *demi-ballon*, or any ovoid-shaped glass. That wide-mouth champagne glass so often seen in films is the worst possible glass to use.

Hold the bottle at the base, not around the neck; incline it over the glass, which should also be tilted slightly; and pour very slowly against the inside of the glass until it is half full. Pour small amounts into the glasses and replenish them more often; otherwise the wine warms too fast and goes flat. Do not put ice cubes into the glass to cool champagne under any circumstances.

Don't foolishly use a swizzle stick or champagne whisk. Champagne is the result of endless, patient work by growers and cellarmen who have spent years putting those bubbles into the wine. A whisk destroys in seconds all their efforts.

Onion Soup Avize
Soupe à l'Oignon Avize

6 medium onions, thinly sliced
4 tablespoons butter or margarine
4 cups bouillon (or 4 cups water with 5 or 6 bouillon cubes)
1 cup champagne
6 slices French bread, toasted and buttered
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese

Cook onions in butter in saucepan until tender. Add bouillon. Cover and cook over low heat until onions are very tender. Add champagne, salt and pepper to taste, and heat to serving temperature. Pour soup into 6 individual casseroles or 1 large casserole. Float pieces of buttered French-bread toast on top of soup and sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese. Yield: 6 servings.

Mushrooms in Champagne
Champignons au Champagne

1/3 cup butter
1 pound mushrooms, sliced
2 tablespoons flour
¼ cup champagne
1 cup chicken or beef stock
Salt and pepper

Melt butter in a saucepan. Add mushrooms and cook, stirring occasionally, until tender. Blend in flour; gradually add champagne and stock, and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and comes to a boil. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Yield: 4 servings.

Chicken Breasts Robert
Suprêmes de Volaille Robert

3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons chopped chives
½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon sugar
½ cup peeled and finely chopped tomato
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup champagne
Salt and pepper
½ cup seedless white grapes
4 hot cooked chicken breasts
¼ cup grated Swiss cheese

Melt butter in a saucepan; add chives and cook 2 minutes. Add mustard, sugar, tomato, and lemon juice; mix well. Add champagne; bring to a boil. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Reduce heat and simmer 5 minutes. Remove from heat; stir in grapes. Place chicken in a shallow baking dish; pour in sauce. Sprinkle with grated cheese and place under broiler until lightly browned. Yield: 4 servings.

Grapefruit Bouzy
Pamplemousse Bouzy

3 grapefruit
¼ cup white grapes
½ cup sliced pitted dates
½ cup pineapple tidbits
½ cup halved strawberries
¼ cup chopped green maraschino cherries
Champagne

Halve grapefruit. Remove sections and drain. Remove dividing membrane. Cut the peel of the grapefruit shells halfway down into strips 1/3 inch wide. Curve the strips inward. Combine grapefruit sections with remaining fruit. Pile into the shells. Pour in enough champagne to moisten the fruit. Yield: 6 servings.

Marriage

continued from page 59

things. The language of love has a million words. There are innumerable ways we tell another person that we love them—by words and actions.

And the opposite is also true. By neglecting the "language of love" we say, in effect, that we do not care.

What do I mean by "the little things"? It may be making a special effort to look your best when your husband comes home from work—the "language of love" which says "you are someone special, and I love you." It may be flowers on a birthday—or even for no reason at all, except to say, "I love you." It may even be doing the unpleasant things, like taking out the trash or hanging up your clothes. It may be a surprise night out for dinner. The list could go on and on.

7) *Beware of the common pitfalls.* Each marriage is unique, and each marriage faces its own peculiar problems and pitfalls. But there are also some pitfalls that are unfortunately far too common. Recognize them and avoid them!

Money is a source of great tension within many marriages. One psychologist told me that arguments over money were the leading cause of problems among couples he counseled. Practical steps need to be taken to avoid this, including jointly setting some priorities for financial spending. Sometimes one of the adjustments a couple needs to make is the realistic acceptance of the fact they will never be able to afford a luxurious lifestyle. I think of a couple I heard about not long ago. The wife always goaded the husband into making more money, until it became the consuming passion of both of them. Now he is a highly paid executive, but she confided recently that she has never been unhappier. They have money, but somewhere along the line their happiness and joy were lost.

Or again I find a common pitfall is the subtle verbal undercutting of one's wife or husband. Sometimes a husband or a wife can make remarks at a party which cause laughter, but also hold the other person up to ridicule. The Bible warns, "The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity" (James 3:6). Nowhere is that more true than in a marriage!

This is not a complete list of pitfalls, of course. Be alert to the little things that can undercut love.

8) *Recognize the greatest enemy in your marriage.* I wonder if you have ever asked yourself what the opposite of love is. Many of us, I think, would say "hate." But I believe this is an incomplete answer. The real opposite of love is selfishness.

And selfishness is the greatest enemy

Continued on page 124

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Dollar of My Own

continued from page 83

in it for communication between customers and clerks.

Customers made their weekly payments at this window. Lou or one of the girls would take the payment and ring it up on an enormous register which printed out the whole transaction.

There my father sat behind his huge rolltop desk keeping an eye on everything. Even if he was writing a letter or telephoning he could tell when a customer was wandering around the store not being waited on.

He then did a stylish thing he'd picked up in his travels throughout Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York. It came from the way a hotel desk clerk would shout "Front!" when a bellboy was needed.

He'd bark out, "Henry, front!" Henry would appear from the rear of the store to work his charms. Soon the visitor was in hock for four Kelly Springfields and a spare.

The business had a special sound of its own. It was located right under a roller rink. All day long you heard the eternal rise and fall of skates rumbling around the oval . . . like surf breaking. Every few minutes a loud, sour organ would moan out a Strauss waltz . . . especially "The Blue Danube," which I still loathe.

Most of the customers were reliable. They made their one- or two-dollar payments every week to keep their credit ratings good. But there was one customer who arrived drunk to make his payment every Saturday. He always hid the payment money from himself in his shoe so he wouldn't spend it on liquor. My father called him the shicker.

One Saturday morning, the shicker arrived, weaving and shouting and waving a tire with a bruise on it. My father happened to be out in the store, having watched Henry and Howard prepare a window display with just the right flavor: that someone had thrown a lot of stuff into a window with the wrong price tags on everything.

The boys had gone to wash up. The shicker held up his tire, demanding a new one.

My father examined it with great expertise.

"The Blue Danube" played upstairs; the ceiling rumbled.

"Now, what we have here is a curb bruise. You run head-on into a curb. I'm afraid the warranty don't signify on that."

"New tire!" the shicker said. "You crummy Yid!"

"Now let me understand this . . ." my father began. The shicker threw a half nelson on him, sending the tire into

Continued on page 134

The International Silver
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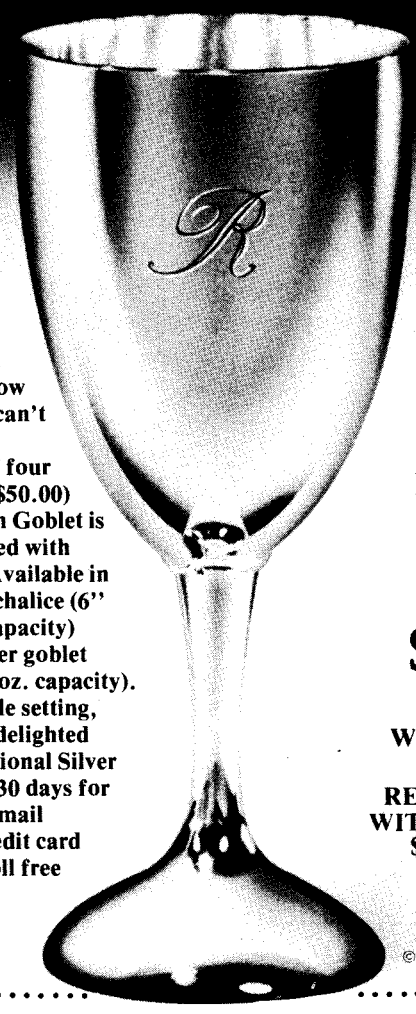

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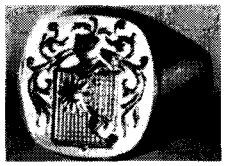

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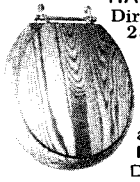

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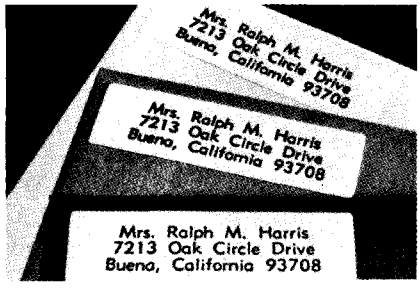

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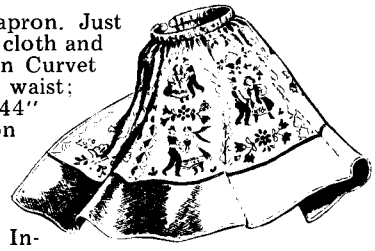

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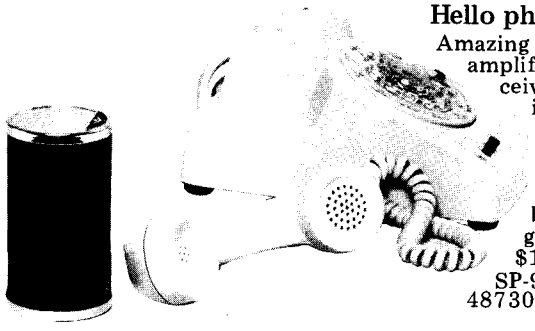

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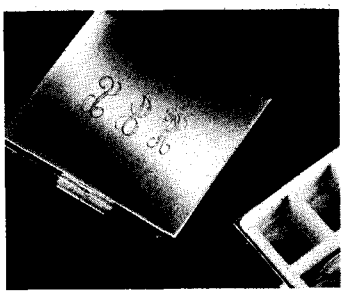

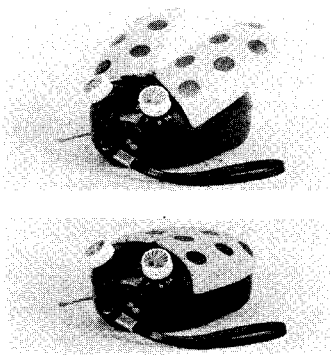

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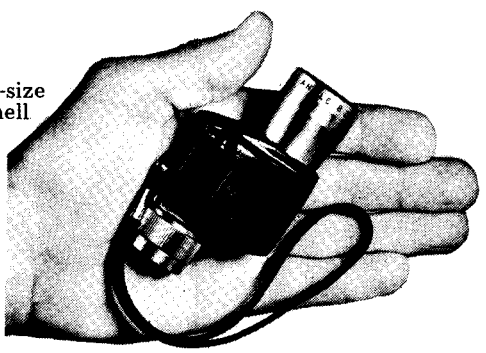

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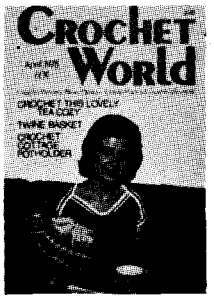

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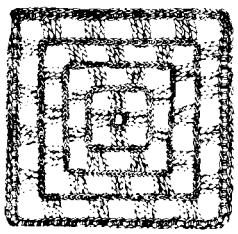

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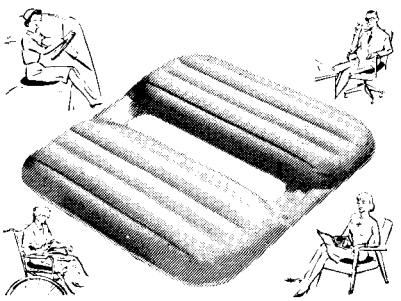

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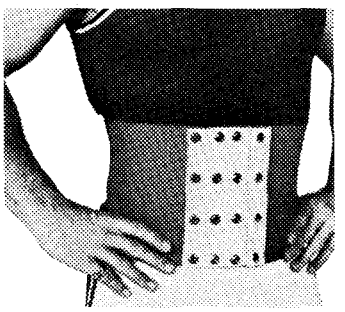

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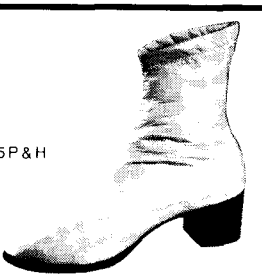

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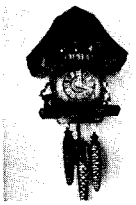

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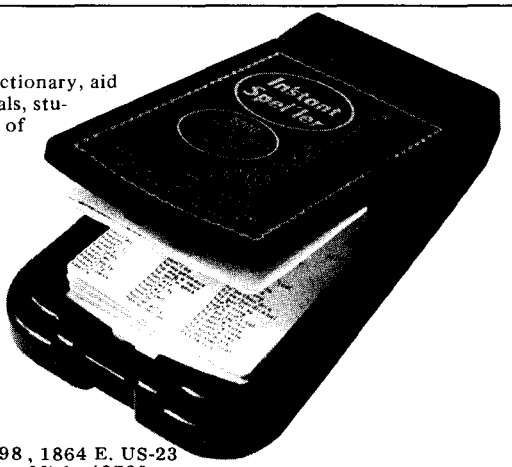

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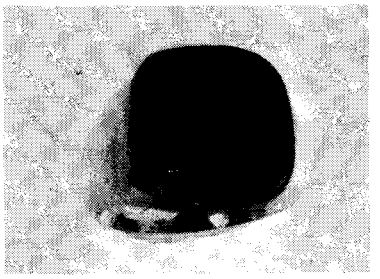

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Amazing "Burn-fat-by-the-hour" Program Developed by Doctors at Boston Medical School

BURNS AWAY MORE FAT EACH 24 HOURS THAN IF YOU RAN 14 MILES A DAY!

Incredible "Crash-Loss" Breakthrough Reported in Leading American Magazines Works So Fast You Can Actually Measure the Difference In Your Waistline In Just 24 to 48 Hours!

Yes, LOSE up to 6 POUNDS the first 48 HOURS — LOSE up to 12 POUNDS the first 7 days — LOSE up to 4, 5, even 7 POUNDS MORE the next 7 days — and continue to burn away as much as 7 to 9 pounds more fat every 2 weeks thereafter, (if you still need it). . . . until you've finally lost 50 — 70 — 100 pounds OR MORE . . . **without fasting, without constant willpower, without constant pangs of hunger or a single moment of body-racking exercise!**

Recommended by the U.S. Government's very own doctors to members of Congress who want to lose weight fast . . . Hailed as the weight-loss "breakthrough of the century" by leading medical journals . . . here at last is the most effective NO-DRUG program for FAST — INSTANT — PERMANENT LIFETIME WEIGHT-LOSS ever made available to the public without a prescription!

WORKS SO FAST THE FIRST WEEK ALONE YOU LOSE AS MUCH AS 1½ TO 2 POUNDS OF BOTH FLUID AND FAT EVERY 24 HOURS!

Direct from the pages of medical journals and leading American magazines come reports of an incredible "fat burning" breakthrough by medical researchers at one of Boston's foremost medical schools! Reports of a new "crash-loss" program (featuring a remarkable natural substance) that safely yet surely steps up FAT-BURNING METABOLISM . . . forces your system to ATTACK bulging pockets of fat . . . and starts to shrink and burn that fat in just a matter of hours!

Yes, from one of New England's leading medical centers comes the new SUPER FAT-BURNER way to turn up your "inner furnace" . . . unlock those clinging pockets of fat . . . break them down SO FAST . . . you burn off excess bulge at the unbelievable rate of up to **6 POUNDS of both fluid and fat GONE the very first weekend alone!**

Think of it! You actually burn away more fat each 24 hours than if you ran 12 to 14 miles a day! Lose more inches each week than if you did 300 sit-ups each morning and 300 push-ups each night! Actually LOSE as much as A FULL SIZE THE FIRST 7 DAYS . . . **and from 3 to 5 inches off your waistline the very first month!**

That's right! Weight-loss results and inches-off wonders that absolutely stagger the imagination. Just look:

U.S. ARMY OFFICERS LOSE WEIGHT 3 TIMES FASTER THAN EVER BEFORE!

Case History #1: When medical researchers in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Los Angeles first tested this new hi-amino concept on a scientific weight-loss program . . . they reported astonishing results of as much as 12 POUNDS LOST IN JUST THE FIRST 7 DAYS! — 16 to 18 pounds gone by the end of week number two — and most mind-boggling of all — U.S. Army Officers actually losing weight 3 times faster than ever before! As much as 50 POUNDS GONE, like that!

WAISTLINES SHRINK UP TO 3 INCHES IN 7 DAYS — A FULL 5 INCHES SMALLER IN A SINGLE MONTH!

Case History #2: When **first** rumors of this medical breakthrough leaked out to professional actors, actresses and celebrities . . . they immediately rushed to the offices of America's leading weight-loss specialists to get their hands on this "magic compound"; and no wonder! Because the first week alone they carved away as much as 2 pounds a day . . . 13 pounds a week . . . were forced to take in their belts 3 notches smaller in just 10 days!

DOCTORS REPORT: AVERAGE LOSS—57 POUNDS!

Case History #3: But most significant of all . . . when universities, hospitals and medical schools, (such as New York's Leading Medical School and Cleveland's largest hospital) tested this newly discovered "crash-loss" program on patients who all their lives had been hopelessly overweight . . . they reported astonishing losses of as much as 2 pounds a day at the start . . . 20 to 30 pounds a month . . . as much as 70 pounds lost over a single summer season! — by simply stepping up their fat-burning metabolism and **burning, melting, oxidizing** 50, 70, 100 pounds of hard-set fat . . . FASTER, SURER than they had ever dreamed possible!

WORKS LIKE "POWDERED HEAT" — MAKES YOUR INNER FURNACE BREAK DOWN BODY FAT!

What is this wondrous new development that helps safely stimulate fat-burning metabolism and shrink your body's fat cells the moment it starts working in your system? It is a totally new concept in the war against fat. An ANTI-FAT WEAPON unlike anything you've ever seen, or tried in your life. A FAT-BURNING aid that helps you convert body fat to body fuel AUTOMATICALLY . . . and EVAPORATE excess pounds and inches starting the very first day!

Think of it! A medically proven formula that is such an effective reducing aid . . . that when combined with the food you eat on this "crash-loss" program . . . **burns off as much fat each 24 hours as if you jogged up to 14 miles a day . . . or played 3 hours of tennis in the most brutal heat!**

The name of this wondrous amino formula is "THERA-SLIM-100" and here is precisely how you use it to win the body and figure of your dreams as you:

LOSE UP TO 4 TO 6 INCHES OFF YOUR WAISTLINE
LOSE UP TO 2 TO 5 INCHES OFF YOUR HIPS
LOSE UP TO 3 INCHES OFF YOUR THIGHS
LOSE UP TO 4 INCHES OFF YOUR BUTTOCKS
LOSE UP TO 4 INCHES OFF YOUR STOMACH

and as we've said before, starting not in weeks, but in mere days.

HELPS YOUR BODY CONVERT STORED UP FAT TO BURNED UP ENERGY!

At this very moment — having read this far — you are but one short step away from LIFETIME IMMUNITY TO FAT! Now comes your FINAL GIANT STEP into a whole new world of LIFETIME SLIMNESS.

Of course, there is one thing you must keep in mind. With the "THERA-SLIM-100" way to LIFETIME SLIMNESS you cannot gorge yourself on all sorts of fattening foods, candies and desserts. Not that you'd ever want to, because with "THERA-SLIM-100" — due to your new, stepped up metabolism — besides enormous weight-loss you also experience a loss of hunger. Which makes it one of the easiest ways to lose weight fast. Now here's how simple it is:

STEP #1 — YOU EAT

In addition to the wide and tasty selection of food you enjoy morning and night, (all scientifically programmed to help maintain a high-level of FAT-BURN-OFF) . . .

STEP #2 — YOU TAKE "THERA-SLIM-100" hi amino compound.

Once a day, you take "THERA-SLIM-100" in a glass of water, (just like refreshing fruit juice). This hi-amino intake helps keep the fat-burning chain reaction going ALL 24 HOURS OF THE DAY — NON STOP!

STEP #3 — YOU HAVE AUTOMATICALLY STEPPED UP YOUR FAT-BURNING METABOLISM — SO YOU AUTOMATICALLY BURN OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

In virtually no time at all, you make your inner furnace accelerate fat burn-off. Safely, gently, yet surely you cause a gradual change in your fat-burning metabolism as you "rev-up" that inner furnace.

The result: Your body begins to eliminate stored-up fat and fluid at a rate so incredibly fast, the very first weekend alone YOU DRAIN AWAY AS MUCH AS 5 OR 6 POUNDS!

In short, with the "THERA-SLIM-100" weight-loss program, you force your body to automatically convert body fat to body fuel . . . automatically shrink fatty cells . . . drain off excess flab . . . flush it right out of your system ONCE AND FOR ALL!

Never before has medical science offered you a surer, faster, more effective weight-loss method, (short of total fasting) than this super fat-burning breakthrough developed at one of Boston's Leading Medical Schools.

THE FACTS ARE IN! THE RESEARCH IS DONE! THE INCREDIBLE WEIGHT-SLASHING RESULTS HAVE BEEN PROVEN BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT BY MEDICAL SCHOOLS — HOSPITALS — DOCTORS — AND SCORES AND SCORES OF OVERWEIGHT PATIENTS! NOW THE FINAL STEP IS UP TO YOU!

REMEMBER: You must see dramatic results in just 24 hours — results you can measure with both your scale and your tape measure . . . you must lose:

up to 6 lbs. the first 48 hours
up to 12 lbs. the first 7 days
up to 7 lbs. more the next 7 days

or it costs you nothing! Simply return within 10 days for full refund (except postage and handling, of course). Act now!

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Yes, I want to burn away excess weight fast and permanently with this doctor's "crash-loss" program featuring amazing new high-amino compound "THERA-SLIM-100".

Please rush me the offer I have checked below. If not delighted, I may return it in 10 days and you will refund the full purchase price (except postage & handling, of course).

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IF YOU READ NOTHING ELSE — READ THIS!

What you see on this page is the announcement of the latest breakthrough by medical science in the war against fat. Developed at one of Boston's leading medical schools, the incredible weight-loss results this new "crash-burn" program delivers are so astonishing (average loss 57 lbs.) it has been featured in every leading medical journal . . . given headline coverage in the medical news columns of many major newspapers. Aside from — ABSOLUTE STARVATION — there is no surer, faster, more effective way to slash away pounds and inches than with this Boston medical school discovery.

However, before starting we advise you to consult with your physician to be sure you are in normal health and your only problem is excess weight. Individuals with gout, heart disease, diabetes or pregnant women should not use it at all. As a matter of fact, we insist that you show this entire program to your family physician . . . have him check you regularly to make sure you're not losing too much, too fast . . . and advise when you've lost enough. See if he doesn't agree that the "THERA-SLIM-100" road to Lifetime Slimness, including the recommended progressive daily toneup, isn't by far the most effective approach to the conquest of excess weight ever developed by medical science.

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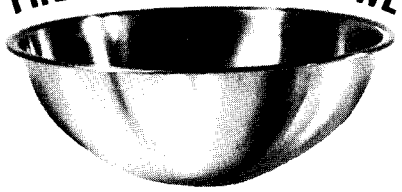
THE EVERYTHING BOWL



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Bob Carter of Newark, N.J. ran his first small mail order ad in House Beautiful magazine — offering an auto clothes rack. Business Week reported that his ad brought in $5,000 in orders. By the end of his first year in Mail Order, he had grossed over $100,000!

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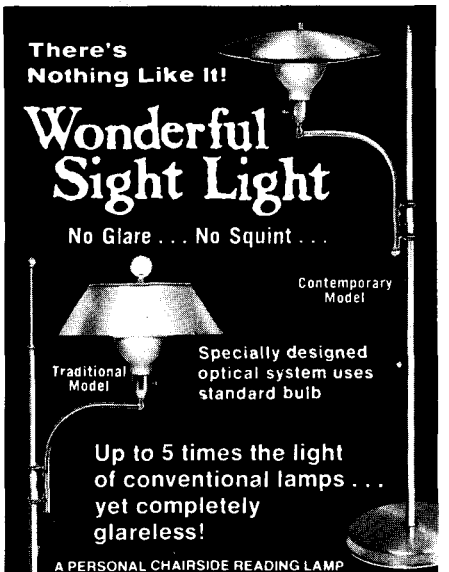
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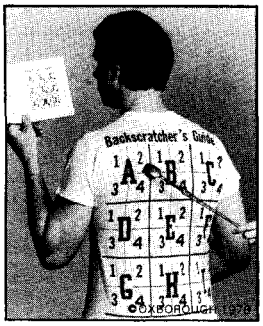

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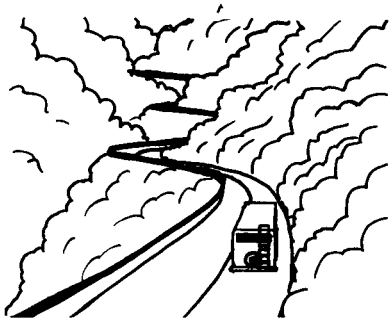

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by Frederic A. Birmingham

"We are now beginning our descent to land at Weir Cook Airport serving Indianapolis," purrs the airline hostess. "Please place your seats and seat trays in an upright position, observe the 'No Smoking' sign when it appears, and set your watches back 20 years."

This little jape was told to me by a proud local cabdriver during my very first minute on Indiana soil, some years ago.

"A Hoosier is a Kentuckian who ran out of money on his way to Michigan," grins an ancient but youthful-looking storekeeper in the sweet-smelling hamlet of Aroma, Indiana.

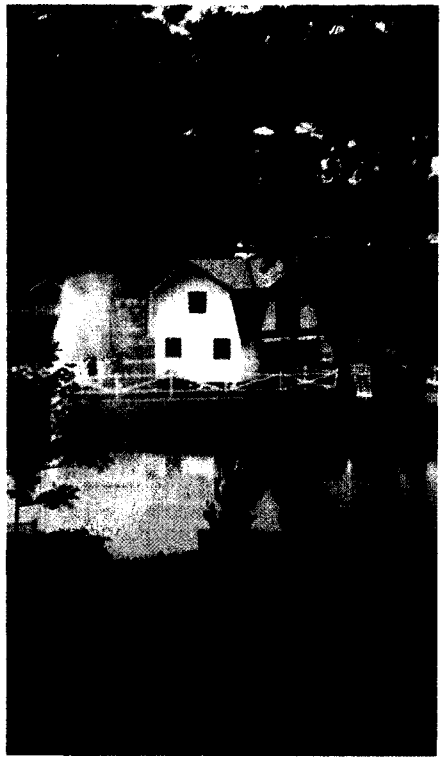
"An Indianian is someone dribbling a basketball around a 500-mile track looking for mushrooms," quips a lady of Chinese ancestry now starting her own tangy dynasty in Muncie, site of that classic of sociology, *Middletown, U.S.A.*

What are you going to do with people like this?

Like 'em is the answer. Because you just won't be able to help yourself after a while. Hoosiers are different, that's all, and they grow on you.

One observer claims that nobody's too busy to be neighborly in Indiana. But that doesn't take in outsiders. You have to be there awhile to earn your welcome. A southern Indiana resident put it very succinctly. Objecting to the number of job-seeking Kentuckians drifting into Hoosier territory, this old farmer pinpointed the crime factor. "Until these Kentuckians came swarming in here across the river, nobody in this town was ever murdered by someone he didn't know."

This is not to suggest that all natives of Indiana are "characters" and a mite tetched. "Don't make us sound like a bunch of wool-hat hicks," pleaded an Evansville lady



Top-notch universities, outstanding cultural centers, and a steel industry that ranks third in the nation shatter Indiana's bucolic image.

whose children are all in Ivy League colleges and who prefers to buy her clothes in Paris. Just the same, there's an utterly captivating *something* about a state so mildly daft that it ranks first in the U.S. (among other more prosaic accomplishments, I will admit) in the hatching of goldfish, the growing of roses, and the production of popcorn. "Goldfish, Roses & Popcorn"—not a bad trio for the title of a love song. How could Indiana's *wunderkind* composers—Cole Porter, Meredith Willson, and Hoagy Carmichael—have ever overlooked it?

Indiana's further claims to fame are equally diverting. It lights the world's tallest Christmas tree every December in Indianapolis without so much as a "by your leave" to Rockefeller Center. Santa Claus, Indiana, invites the world to mail Yuletide greetings with the town postmark thereon, a gesture happily accepted by more than four million merry wishers every year, including many from Germany, Spain, France, Italy, and even Russia. One blessed county in Indiana, Parke, has 38 covered bridges intact within its borders, some of them dating back into the middle of the 19th century. As Danny Thomas would say, "Vermont, bite your tongue!"

Indiana insists on doing things its own way. That's why, I suppose, it had the first elevated railroad in America, the first pneumatic rubber tire, the first night baseball, the first stainless steel, the first canned tomato juice, the first machine gun, the first carburetor, the first electrically lighted city, the first train robbery, the first white man hanged for killing an Indian, the first successful refrigerator car, and—Ohioans please note that Wilbur Wright, a Hoosier himself, admitted to this—the world's first successful flight in a heavier-than-air machine in 1896 when Octave Chanute took to the air in a glider off the windswept drives of Lake Michigan where Gary is now located.

Two watershed moments in Indiana history were made when Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall (under Woodrow Wilson) sagely remarked, "What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar," and when John B. L. Soule's "Go west, young man" appeared in the 1851 *Terre Haute Express*, long before Horace Greeley appropriated the phrase.

Indiana also boasts the Indy "500," a super spectacle in which an estimated 500,000 spectators jam the Speedway every Memorial

Continued on page 136

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Nineteenth-century Hoosier scientists, ahead of their time, pioneered in ecology with studies of glacial effects on flora of Indiana dunes along Lake Michigan.

(Above) At Monument Circle Indianapolis visitors get bird's-eye view of downtown. (Above right) Hoosiers party at Museum of Art, on former Eli Lilly estate.

(Left) Muzzle-loader marksmen compete twice yearly in hamlet of Friendship. (Above) Amishville in Berne is a bit of yesterday all year long.

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Marriage

continued from page 110

of a marriage. It also is the real reason so many marriages fail. Take two young people, for example, who get married. Why are they getting married? There may be many reasons—including some they have not even thought about. But one thing is certain: if each of them got married only in order to get something out of marriage, that marriage is on shaky ground. Recently I heard about a couple who had been married many years. One day the wife became ill, and it was clear she would be an invalid and be in an institution the rest of her life. The husband promptly divorced her and married someone 30 years younger. Why? Because he had gotten married only for what he could get out of the marriage, and when his wife was no longer able to give him the companionship he wanted, he got out. It will be interesting to see what his new wife will do when he perhaps gets old and enfeebled and is no longer able to be an interesting companion!

9) Learn to grow together spiritually. It seems as if there is so much competing for our time these days that it is hard to set aside time to grow spiritually. But this should be the foundation of your marriage.

That means you will both set a high priority on being active in a church which helps you grow spiritually. Don't just go once a week and sit passively in the Sunday morning worship service. Get involved in the Sunday school, get involved with the young people, get involved in the church's outreach and witness. God will not only bless you, but will make you a blessing to others.

You will also learn to grow spiritually together as you pray and read the Bible together. Don't just pray when a problem arises. Learn to commit everything to God, and learn to trust Him for the answers. Learn to seek His will in His Word. The Bible says, "Do not be anxious about anything, but in everything, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God. And the peace of God, which transcends all understanding, will guard your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus" (Philippians 4:6-7, NIV).

It would be a great thing if each couple would take time (perhaps no more than a few minutes) to kneel together once every day (just husband and wife) and each pray only for the other. She would pray for her husband, the burdens and worries he would be carrying, the temptations he would be facing, the decisions he would need to make; and he would pray for her as she managed the home and children, washed dishes, shopped, prepared meals, did the laundry and cleaning—in short, the drudgery as well as the decisions she would be making, and for all the physical and spiritual strength necessary. It might not take more than a minute each, but it could well make a lifetime's difference.

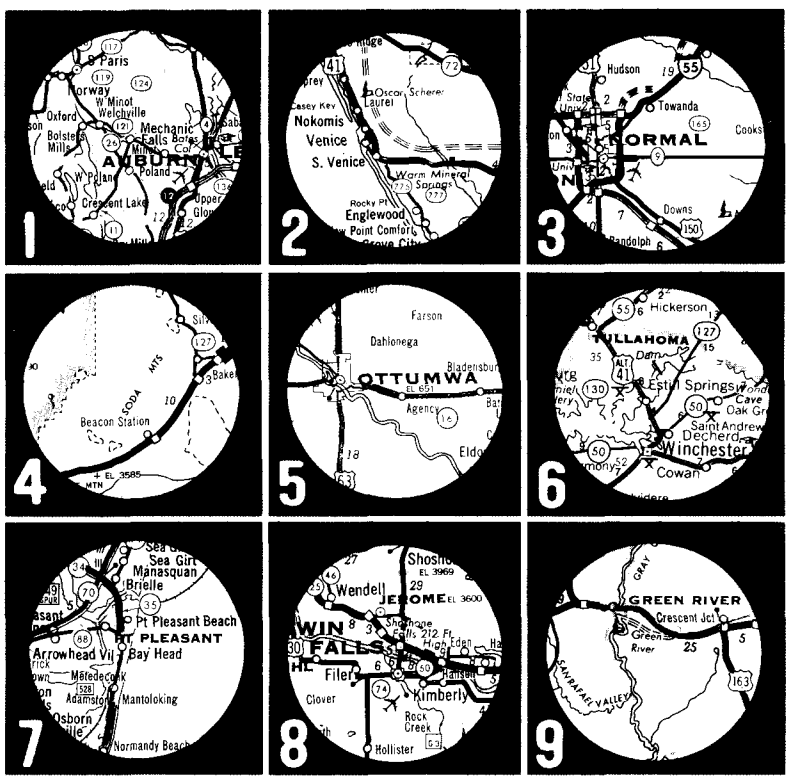
10) *Finally, see your marriage as an opportunity to serve.* God has not given us marriage just to be selfishly enjoyed. God wants to use our marriage to serve.

Think about the ways a marriage can serve. First of all, in marriage we serve each other. Someone has said that love is having the highest good of the other person for its goal. The Bible tells us, "Love does not insist on its own way" (I Corinthians 13:5, RSV). Instead, in a marriage dominated by love each partner will seek to do what is best for the other.

In a marriage we also serve our children. The Bible says, "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord" (Psalm 127:3). If God gives us children, we should be the best possible parents to them—both by our instruction and by our example. We will seek to understand them, and to meet their needs. We will seek to discipline them and to instruct them. We will seek most of all to point them to God.

But God may also give us other opportunities to serve in our marriage. There may be older people in your community who hunger for the companionship of a cheerful family. There may be specific ministries of your church which are best done by a couple. Pray that God will use your marriage to reach out to others in loving service.

I don't believe there is any greater challenge today than the challenge of marriage. There seem to be so many forces tugging at it, seeking to destroy it. Sadly, countless marriages are the source for little more than heartache and misery. But God did not intend it that way. And I know from personal experience that there is no greater joy on earth than the joy of a marriage that is committed to God. This can be your experience also, if you begin to follow God's guidelines for improving your marriage. ☒



Rand McNally

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west, or central in the designated state.

(Answers on page 128)

Reynolds

continued from page 61

"Then I did a series of mediocre TV shows and movies."

Most television viewers will remember Reynolds in "Riverboat," "Hawk," and "Dan August"—all he-man roles that required more fist swinging than acting. "I'm probably the only actor who has ever been cancelled on all three networks," Reynolds grins.

It was about this time that Reynolds—still the proverbial diamond in the rough—met and married the "Laugh-In"

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Sock-It-To-Me girl, Judy Carne.

"Judy was a pixie, a free spirit, the first flower child. I was enthralled by her, but all the qualities that attracted me to her in the first place drove me crazy after we got married.

"I had been watching 'Father Knows Best' and I knew we weren't doing this thing right. But why should I have expected her to change? It wasn't fair, but I couldn't help it."

Reynolds was not an easy person to live with either. He had a "rotten temper" and a proclivity for settling disputes with his fists. It was Judy who helped him see that slugging his way through life was counterproductive. "God, you're boring," she said after one wild altercation.

"It was my fault that we couldn't make it," Reynolds says. "I still care very deeply for Judy."

After three years of marriage, shattered by the divorce, Reynolds called home and told his mother, "Tell Dad he was right about me. Tell him I'm a quitter." Then he heard his father's voice on the extension phone, "Come on home. I'll tell you about all the things I've quit in my life."

"I got on the first plane for home," Reynolds remembers. "My father and I took a bottle of cognac outside and talked all night long. We got smashed together and I hugged him and he hugged me. Now whenever we meet we are positively embarrassing. We always hug and kiss each other.

"There's a saying in the South," muses Reynolds, "that no boy is a man till his father tells him he is."

With his newfound self-confidence Reynolds returned to Hollywood and took charge of his career in a way that few modern actors have been willing or able to do.

It was the television talk show that really gave impetus to Reynolds' movie career.

"I had done 14 Merv Griffin shows in a row," Reynolds recalls, "when Johnny Carson called and asked me to guest on the 'Tonight' show. The first time I was on the show, the commercial came on and Johnny said, 'Would you like to host the show?' No comic had ever hosted the show. I said, 'Sure.' "

"Weren't you terrified?" I asked.

"No, I was too dumb to be scared. I was having a good time. By that time I knew a lot of warm and witty people, the so-called 'fun crowd,' and I always held my own with them. This was while Johnny was still in New York.

"When I came back to Hollywood, director John Boorman called me into his office to talk about being in *Deliverance*. I said, 'What in the world have you seen on film that would make you want me to be in this movie?' and he said, 'I saw the "Tonight" show.'

"I said, 'This is not a funny movie. What did you see that made you want me?' He said he saw a man in control. There were six people on the panel and, he said, 'You were maneuvering them all. You were in control of them and that's what I want in this character. Can you do a southern accent?'

"Well, I happened to be born in Waycross, Georgia, raised in the South, and I'd spent 12 years getting rid of a southern accent. I said, 'Give me five minutes and I'll get it back for you.'

"Then Jon Voight, whom I'd never met before, walked into the room and we began to improvise and talk. We hit it off. So we went to Georgia and made the film and I flew back to New York on weekends to do the 'Tonight' show."

Deliverance was the first film in which Reynolds displayed more than his pectorals and biceps, but critical acclaim was muted by the bigger story of Reynolds' appearance as the nude centerfold in *Cosmopolitan* magazine. Reynolds became a household word, if not a household god.

"It was all a joke," Reynolds said. "I did it to satirize *Playboy* and all those other centerfolds."

My research indicated that Reynolds has always tailored his image very carefully and then set about methodically building it in his interviews and appearances. I asked him if he agreed

Continued on following page

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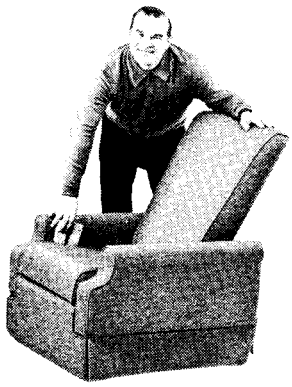

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that this was really what he did.

"Absolutely," he replied. "It was very calculated on my part. I thought, who would I as a member of the audience like? What kind of person would that be? I decided it would be somebody who was irreverent—not about God and country—but about authority. Someone who is cocky and sure of himself, someone who walks into the room like he owns the place and doesn't care what anyone thinks of him.

"The funny thing is that the whole thing came a full circle. I decided I really was that guy. Once I went into a restaurant with Orson Welles and people came up to get my autograph. They completely ignored this phenomenal actor and genius beside me and I was really embarrassed. After they left, I apologized to Welles and he said, 'I have learned how to blend into the atmosphere. I can walk into a room and be completely unrecognized, but you—you stride into the restaurant like a peacock. No one can miss you.' I thought, *Lord, I hope not*. I wasn't even conscious of it. But now I can sometimes blend into the atmosphere, too.

"I do things all the time that a movie star isn't supposed to do."

"Like what?"

"Well, I don't go to all the 'in' functions. And I appear on 'Bowling for Dollars' or walk in on 'The Carol Burnett Show.' You're not supposed to do that. Nobody will come to see you, they say.

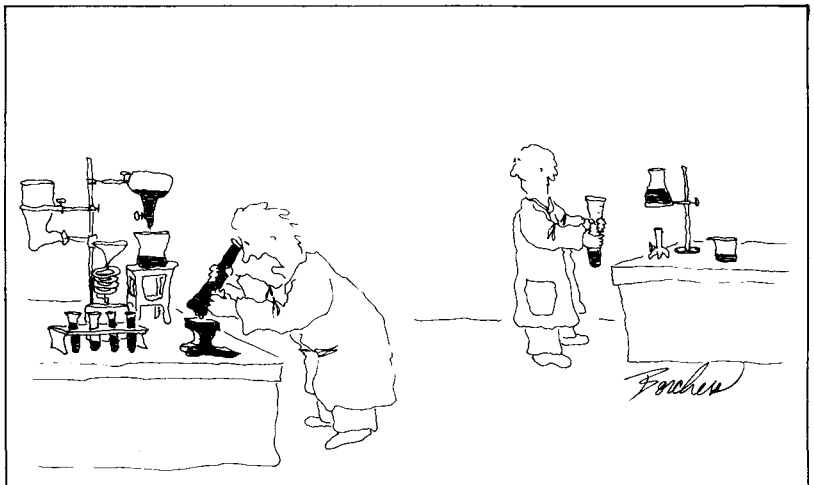
"Or I go on the 'Tonight' show and talk about how bad a film is. I think that's one of the reasons people believe me. They say, 'Well, if he says it's good or it's funny, then it really is.' That's very important to me. I do so many films. If I said they were all good, I'd become like a politician. No one would believe anything I said.

"I became a movie star," Reynolds went on, "not because of my image but in spite of it. I'm the only movie actor who has made hit after hit in spite of what the critics have written. Which doesn't thrill them. One critic wrote a review of *Smokey and the Bandit* that was longer than the movie. Anybody who would take that picture seriously needs a psychiatrist."

"How does it feel," I asked, "to make a crazy little movie like *Smokey and the Bandit* and have it gross more money than any other film this year except *Star Wars*?"

"It feels very good. Especially—and this rarely happens—because I did this as a favor to a stunt man friend of mine, Hal Needham, who had the chance to direct this film. He sent me the script and I said, 'This is the worst script I have ever read, but I think we can make it work if we get the right people.' Then we all sat down and contributed to it. After that it was fun and games and the fun that we had on the film was, I think, infectious to the American people who saw it."

The movie is chiefly a two-hour car chase involving Burt Reynolds as the Bandit, piloting a Trans Am over land, water, and broken bridges; country singer Jerry Reed, who follows behind in a giant tractor trailer carrying an illegal load of Coors beer; Jackie Gleason, an apoplectic stereotype southern sheriff; and Sally Field as a runaway bride who inadvertently goes along for the ride.



"INCREDIBLE! Crowse! Hurry, take this down! . . . Five words . . . first word . . . two syllables . . . sounds like . . . look? . . . No . . . sounds like see . . . YES, sounds like see! . . ."

For me the high point is when Reynolds looks straight into the camera and lights up a slow grin of pure, devilish, Rhett Butler delight.

"Would you have liked," I asked, "to have played Rhett Butler?"

"Oh, yes. I would have loved that part. I was asked to play it in the sequel to *Gone With the Wind*, but I said I wouldn't play anybody who is still alive. They said, 'But Clark Gable is dead.' And I told them, 'No, Hoot Gibson is dead. Clark Gable is still very much alive.' "

Some critics have suggested that Reynolds has the right touch to play Cary Grant roles if he could get the script and the right director. I asked him about that.

"If I can be funny driving a car 100 miles an hour down the road, I think I can be funny in a drawing room wearing a dinner jacket and sipping a martini. I'd love to do a Neil Simon play like *Goodbye Girl*. And I'm beginning to see more sophisticated scripts just in the last few months."

I realized then that Burt Reynolds is much more than a talk-show sex symbol and hero of the pickup truck set. ("Most of my audience climbs down out of a truck to see the movie," Reynolds has said. And he says it with genuine affection. "I understand these people. They're the people I grew up with and I love them.")

"People who watch us think they are seeing 'Candid Camera.' They don't know that it is hard to act and yet not look as if you are. They think you should have a vein jumping in your neck to show how hard you are straining. They are used to what I call the constipated school of acting."

In spite of his macho image (and some of it must be deserved), Reynolds is liberated in his attitude toward women. "I love a woman who can take care of herself, who doesn't need to be taken every place she goes, who gives the impression that she knows where she's going and how to get there, but who is also open and vulnerable to others."

I fought off the urge to open a vein and display my vulnerability.

"Dinah is like that," he said. I had purposely not asked about Dinah Shore. That is an old story. The Shore-Reynolds relationship was plastered over the supermarket tabloids for years. Then abruptly it was over.

"People castigated Dinah for taking up with a man 19 years her junior; then they turned around and pilloried me for 'walking out on her.' Dinah is still my best friend. We talk often and she is still very special to me," Reynolds continued. "If I have any class at all, it's due to Dinah.

"Chrissy Evert has that vulnerable quality. And of course, Sally Field." Sally Field, Reynolds' special friend for the last three years, said in a recent *Time* article, "There are many things that Burt's audiences don't get to see—a shy, little-boy side that isn't in the scripts."

I asked the obvious question. "Aren't you ever going to get married?"

"People are always asking me that. I don't get up in the morning and look in the mirror and say, 'Why aren't you

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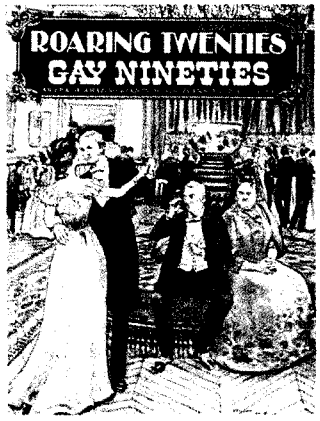

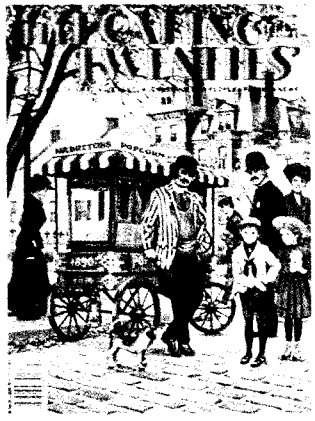

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married yet?' I'm just not ready. And there aren't that many good marriages around. I like to visit my mother and father every now and then because they have such a great relationship. I like to touch bases and remind myself that it's possible to have a good marriage. I'll get married someday."

"Would you like to have children," I asked.

"Oh, yes. I am definitely going to have children. Life doesn't mean anything if there's no one to share it with. My happiest times are down on my 180-acre ranch that Dad runs for me in Florida. I gather up all my nephews and nieces and any kids on the place and we go for a ride in the boat, or swim in the creek.

"I think it's important for an actor to save some of himself for the people he loves. If you go out and give everything of yourself, you have nothing left to make someone you love laugh or cry with you."

Burt Reynolds is 42 years old. He has built a swinging, he-man image into pure gold at the box office. Where would he like to go from here?

"I'd like to do a lot more producing and directing . . . maybe make a *Smokey and the Bandit* type movie every once in a while for fun."

As a first step, Reynolds both co-produced and directed the new black comedy called *The End*, in which he plays a dying man.

"We took this film to the New School and a class which had been seeing great classic films was going to see a *Burt Reynolds* movie. I sat in the back and they didn't know I was there. I wanted to get their honest reactions."

"What did they say about it?" I asked him.

"Well, someone got up and said he didn't think dying was an appropriate subject for comedy. Someone else disapproved of the language. One man said he thought the movie was anti-Catholic. I couldn't understand that. Another guy was offended by a particular bit of black humor and then the whole place went crazy arguing."

(Zeroing in on unfavorable responses is a typical Burt Reynolds reaction. Earlier he had said, "I deal much better from a negative level. I'm much more articulate defending my work than praising it.")

"What were the good comments?" I prodded.

"Well, they thought it was courageous for Burt Reynolds to make this kind of movie. They thought Dom DeLuise was absolutely brilliant. It was the first time they'd ever seen him controlled like that. It was wonderful. I didn't want to get up and let them know I was there, but I did. And we had a love feast. It was the kind of feedback you just never get. A teacher who does a class on dealing with death said he would like to show the film to his class every year.

"I believe that even if you have had a death very recently in your family this film would not offend you. It's a subject that's been in the closet too long. I remember Steve Martin walked out on the 'Tonight' show one night and the audience clapped. He said, 'Why are you applauding? You're all going to die.' There was total silence. Like somebody had just told them something they didn't know.

"It's amazing to me that people don't talk about it. Realizing the inevitability of death makes life more worth living. It makes me want to make this day more important and not waste it."

That evening I went to a private screening of *The End* for an audience of Reynolds' peers. Woody Allen was there clutching his army fatigue jacket in front of him and looking as if he hoped nobody would speak to him. Ryan O'Neal was there, Rob Reiner and Penny Marshall, Robert Klein, Peter Boyle, Alexis Smith, and lots of worthies I didn't recognize.

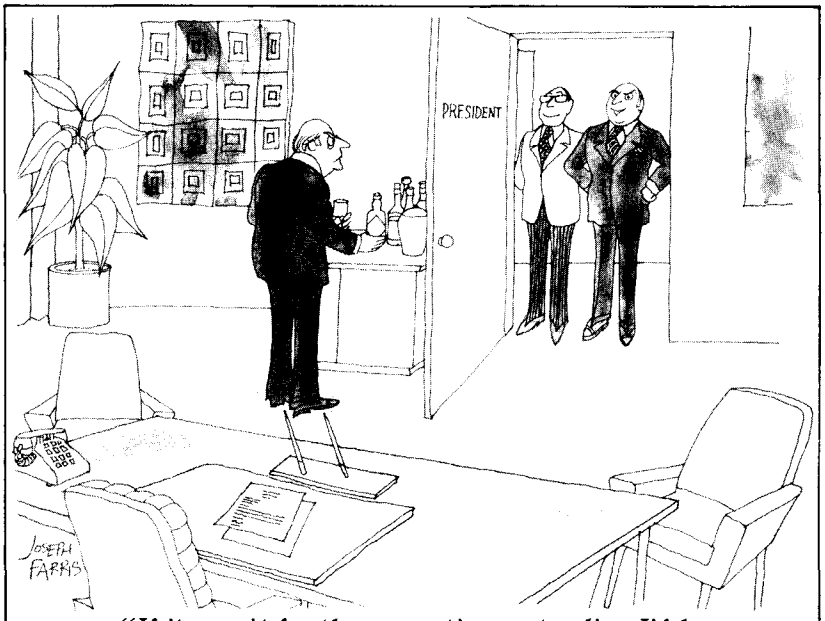
As the lights dimmed, I remembered what Reynolds had said. "There's a lot of me in this movie. The script had been floating around for years and no one would touch it. Finally someone who knew my off-the-wall sense of humor told me about it and I made a deal. I said if I can make this film for $2 million or less, will you let me do it? They did. And we brought it in under budget."

I don't know if the movie is good or bad. By that time I was so involved with this likable, courteous, southern-style man that it was like watching a film starring a member of my own family. I laughed a lot. I marveled at the casting. Joanne Woodward, Sally Field, Pat O'Brien, Myrna Loy, Kristy McNichol, Dom DeLuise, David Steinberg. I've never been fond of DeLuise but he was wondrous, a lovable, hilarious, completely believable, certified crazy person—and the only one who understood and tried to help this wildly funny man who was dying.

Everyone laughed a lot. But this was an audience that knew what it was like to put your efforts on an eight-foot screen and wait for the verdict. They were bound to be kind.

By the time you read this article the critics will have reached their verdict and audiences who have come to expect a rousing good time when they go to a Burt Reynolds movie will have declared their opinion at the box office.

Pauline Kael said, "There's still a good actor struggling to come out of that media clown." Reynolds told me, "I'd like to be like Jon Voight and sit down for maybe five years between pictures and wait for the right role, but that's not me. I think the only way you can get better as an actor is to act. I've been through bad television, bad movies, and bad reviews. I've paid my dues and then some. Now I'm going to take some chances." ☒



"If it wasn't for the new retirement policy, I'd *be sitting in that chair instead of the idiot that is!"*

Where Do You Think You Are?

continued from page 124

1. Maine
2. Florida
3. Illinois
4. California
5. Iowa
6. Tennessee
7. New Jersey
8. Idaho
9. Utah

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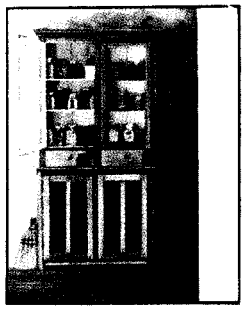

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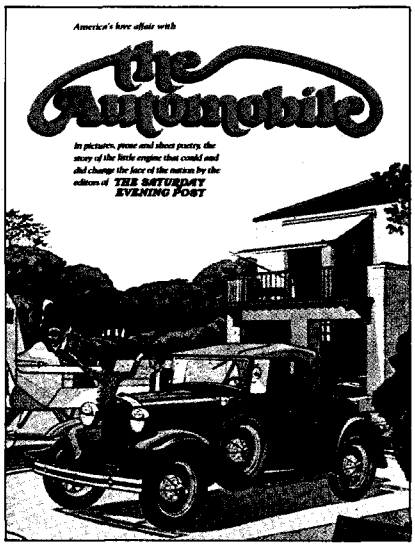
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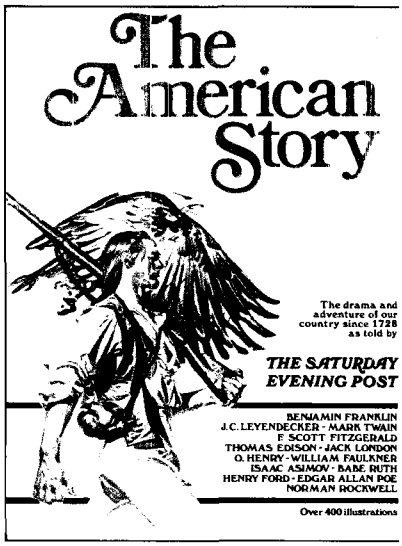
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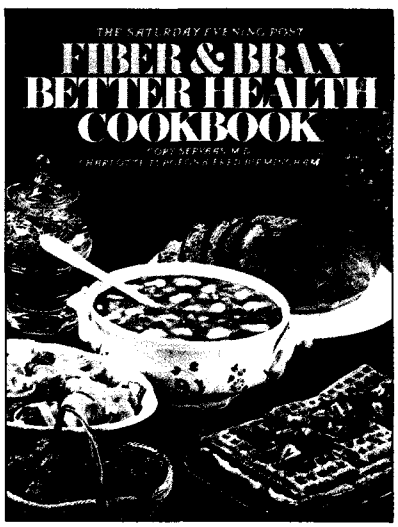

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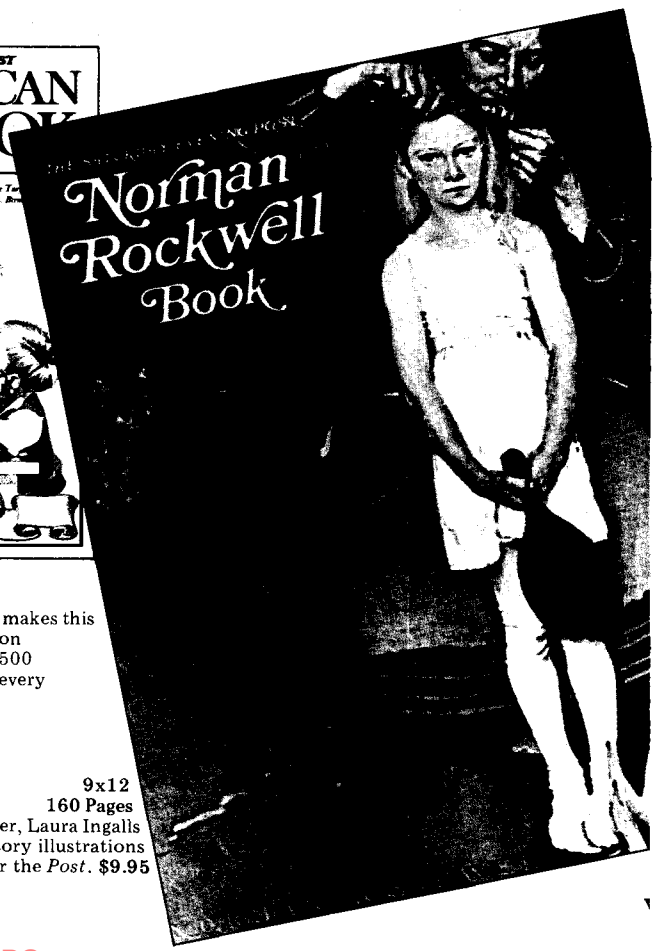

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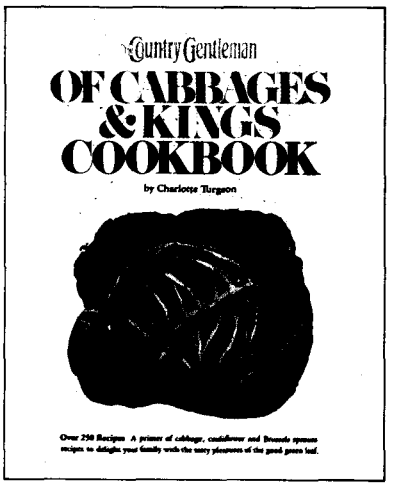

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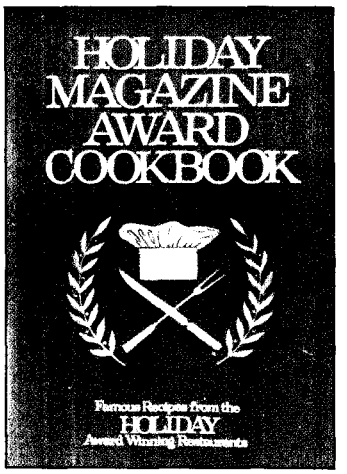

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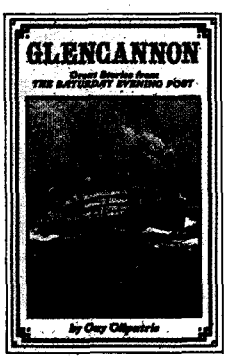

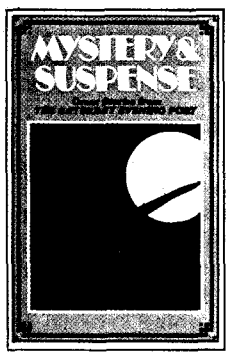

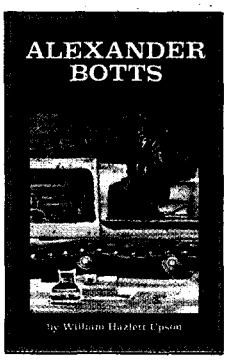

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Concert Hall

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After you have chosen your stereo equipment and lugged all those bulky boxes home, it's time to set up your new system. This is primarily a matter of speaker placement: all other parts can be set wherever it's convenient. Simply keep in mind that the turntable should be level, have enough room for the dustcover, and sit on a fairly solid base—so every time you step on the floor you don't jiggle it. Receivers need a little bit of air behind and above them for circulation, to keep them from burning up. Tape decks have no particular requirements, but turntables should be set no more than three feet away from the receiver.

For best results, speakers should be placed across the short wall of the room, ideally twelve to fifteen feet apart and at least three feet out from the corners. Pointing speakers toward you is not generally advised. Also remember that in any speaker high frequencies tend to move in a straight line, so if the speakers are a lot lower or a lot higher than you, the listener, it could mean you're not hearing the full fidelity. And if you have a bookshelf speaker system, it's designed to be 12 to 18 inches up off the floor. Otherwise, the "woofer" goes through a phenomenon called coupling, which overaccents the bass.

Most people will have to create their "concert hall" by adapting a room already in use. If so, don't worry. Acoustical problems usually occur only if there is an extremely high ceiling, an extremely large room, or an oddly-shaped one—a room with more than four sides or an "L" shape.

If you're not adapting but designing the room from scratch, here are some pointers: If possible, the ceiling should not be parallel to the floor, nor should the walls be parallel to each other. You can accomplish this without making the room look "off" by altering corner angles so they are not quite the 45 degrees necessary for a perfect square. If, for instance, your wall is twenty feet long, one end can be set out from the perpendicular position about two inches.

Materials should be solid and nonresonant. Some authorities suggest building a room within a room. Then the space between can be filled with insulation to help dampen some of the room's resonance. For more standard construction, 5/8-inch, fire-rated dry wall is recommended because it is more dense and will have much less tendency to vibrate.

Use a mix of hard and soft walls. Those behind the speakers and immediately to each side of them should be hard and reflective. The wall opposite the speakers should have draperies or some other absorbing material on it, and if that isn't possible, overstuffed furniture between the speakers and opposite wall can help serve the same purpose. Contrary to popular belief, cork on the walls is not recommended. Carpeting is good, but if the room has a lot of other absorbing materials, make sure the carpet isn't too thick or too well-padded.

In either case, whether adapting a room or custom-building a new one, your choice of furniture and its arrangement should follow a few simple rules: In general, cut down on furnishings and try to arrange the seating to form a triangle with the speakers. In an optimum situation, with speakers 12 to 15 feet apart on the shorter wall, seating would be 15 to 18 feet away from that wall and centrally located. If you can't find a convenient arrangement in the middle of the room, simply adjust the balance control on the amplifier so that one speaker is louder than the other. This creates the illusion that you are central to the system, even though you're not.

Ultimately, however, from selecting your equipment and records (or tapes) to choosing and arranging the furniture in your listening room, you—and nobody else—are the judge. Experts in audio stores will be more than happy to help you decide which equipment to buy, so don't be overwhelmed if you're a first-timer. Then, unless you have a "problem room," by following our simple rules for speaker placement, you can look forward to enjoying a concert at home. ☒

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Mr. Rogers

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sion," I don't mean only "addiction." Young children can often form an important relationship with someone they see on television even though that person is only an electronic picture.

This same form of dependence often carries right through adulthood, too. One 30-year-old woman I know finds that Walter Cronkite stirs strong father-daughter feelings in her, and her need to watch his half hour in the evening is much more than a need to catch up on the news. Several of my friends related strongly to Ellen Corby, the grandmother in "The Waltons," and were understandably stunned when, in real life, Miss Corby had a stroke. The producers of the series chose to incorporate this real-life sadness into the series and to portray the other characters working through their feelings about Grandma's stroke. In doing so, the producers showed a remarkable understanding of the inner drama at work in millions of lives across the country and gave their viewers valuable help in working through their own real feelings. As adults, at least, we are supposed to be able to differentiate between reality and fantasy and so are, generally, somewhat protected from the purely dramatic instances of sadness and anger on television. But it's important to keep in mind that for young children who may be watching, this differentiation may not yet have been made.

I remember some years ago an interview with a girl named "Cookie" that was reported in the New York *Times*. Cookie was then vice-president of a South Bronx gang. Two of her older brothers had been sentenced to Attica for their involvement in the murder of a prostitute. Her "man" had been fatally shot in a street fight. Cookie was asked about violence on television and her advice to parents was to sit down with their children after a violent episode and talk to them about it. "Tell the kid that that's not the way life should be," Cookie said, "that that's not the right thing to do."

In offering that counsel, I think Cookie was putting her finger on the most important consideration that comes with having a television set in the house: Know what your children are watching and help them understand it. This is necessary not only for programs that contain violence but for any program that may evoke sadness or anxiety or anger or confusion from within a child.

The research on the effects of television will continue and there is much that we will learn. But I wonder whether we should not be looking at least as hard at us who are watching. We need to know a *lot* more about the origins of our inner dramas, and we need to find better ways to help children grow into adults who are secure enough in themselves to cope with an often angry and confusing world in manageable ways.

That's a responsibility I feel in my work as a television producer, and I'd certainly like to encourage other producers and writers to think carefully about that responsibility, too. I think those of us who create programs need to be much more sensitive about the inner dramas people will be bringing to what we present on television. We need to *care* more about the effects our work may have on their lives. If enough of us were to start caring about that, it's my hunch that there would be far more research on the positive effects of television than we find today. ☒

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Dollar of My Own

continued from page 111

the bicycle department. Although small, my father was a good fighter, but the fellow had him pinned and was working a penknife open with his free hand.

The skates rumbled.

"The Blue Danube" wailed.

"Henry, front!" my father said.

Henry came out and saved his life.

Selling tires on credit turned out to be a good thing. Motor Tire Supply grew slowly. My father was very grateful. He decided to do something for humanity. He decided to open a school where he would teach the selling of tires on credit.

He composed an ad for the tiremen's journal. Having always been impressed by a certain World War I recruiting poster, he adopted its theme. There he was in high starched collar and black mustache, 29 years old, pointing out, and saying: "Alexander Greenbaum will train you in credit tire retailing!"

A man from Cincinnati answered the ad. He was the only one. He came to Buffalo and lived in the store. He was broke. They called him "the student."

The student slept in the basement. He took most of his meals at the Chinese restaurant across the street.

He listened and learned. After six months, he went back to Cincinnati and opened a tire store. He never made a major move without first writing to my father. He prospered.

It just goes to show. People can see opportunity pointing right at them and only one in thousands will take advantage of it.

For a few years, while I was very young, there were two stores. We had this Uncle Morris who wasn't really an uncle. He had been in vaudeville and was a bachelor around Buffalo. As a child, he had been one of Gus Edward's newsboys with Walter Winchell and Eddie Cantor and Ben Bernie and a lot of those fellows.

He could dance and sing. His speaking voice was a gravelly straight man's stage voice. He knew every song ever written, always had on a new suit, drove a convertible, and kept plenty of candy around in brown bags.

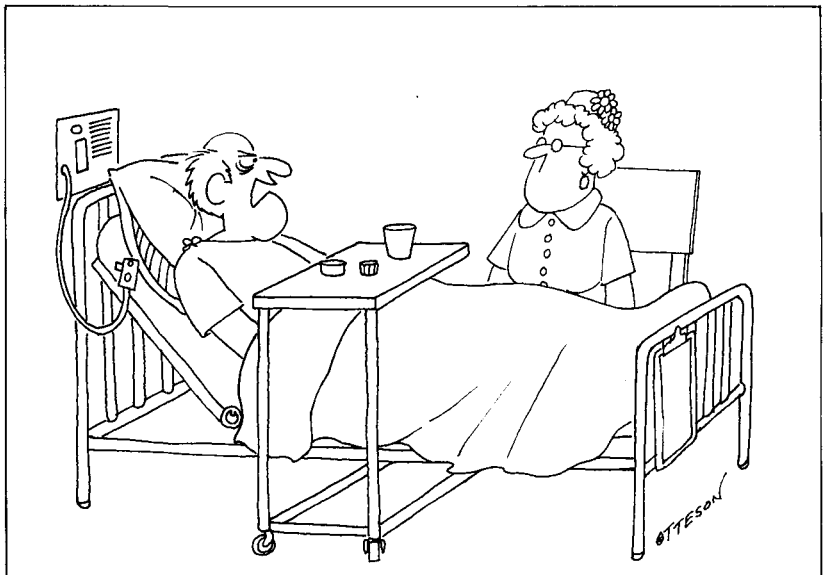
My father had no sense of humor. He thought Douglas Fairbanks was funny. But funny people stuck by him. Mamma was funny and so were Henry and Uncle Morris.

Uncle Morris got married. He married Teddy.

Teddy was associated with the chorus in some way. She was a bleached blonde, all white teeth and lipstick and perfume. She was exactly what they meant then by *shiksa*. The Bureau of Standards in Washington could have used her to show what *shiksa* meant. I was mad about her. My father said that she was Morris' wife and that was that.

Now Uncle Morris really needed to settle down. He had responsibilities and couldn't walk around Buffalo doing the waltz clog and telling jokes.

So they opened another store for Uncle Morris just like Motor Tire Supply. They couldn't think of what to call it. It was just the other side of Main Street. The idea was that people seeing these two stores just across the street from each other would think they were in terrific competition, killing themselves to give the public bargains.



"Good grief, Margaret! My breath is supposed to smell mediciney!"

But they needed a name.

And they thought of a good one.

It was "Montgomery Ward."

It was a good name. Not too Jewish sounding. Had a good familiar ring about it.

"Montgomery Ward" ran along pretty well. The big problem was Uncle Morris. Every time he came across Main Street to tell my father something, he'd get happy about being outdoors and do a dance step.

Then he'd get run over. My father begged him to phone in his questions before every bone in his body was broken.

Uncle Morris' store did business right up until the other Montgomery Ward got their lawyers into action.

Then it closed. I was sort of pleased to see Uncle Morris released from the store. He belonged out. He and Teddy became my heroes—driving all over the country, then coming back to thrill us with stories of faraway places.

I was at the height of adolescent shyness, smallness, and acne when I was put to work in the store Saturdays and summers.

I was frightened of the customers and spent long days hiding in stacks of tires. It was finally decided that I would help Tillie Margolis with the filing cabinet upstairs.

This was a mistake.

It was a mistake because my glands were just about to burst into manhood. The very nearness of Tillie charged me with animal lust. She was about 20, wore horn-rimmed reading glasses attached to a ribbon around her neck and said, "Thank you, no" instead of "No, thank you." She was real class.

And, as people used to say in Buffalo, "She had a nice built on her."

She wore tight skirts which would grow tighter when she stooped to the SKI to ZSK file—which happened often, most of the customers being Polish.

One hot summer day my father had run over to Delaware Avenue to his club. The stench of tires had me dizzy. Tillie was stooping over and smiling.

Overhead, in Scott's Roller Rink, the floor was rumbling and "The Blue Danube" moaned.

I had decided! I had decided to grab Tillie and kiss her on the mouth.

"Tillie," I said. My voice cracked and when I put my hand on her shoulder, she turned so my fingers stabbed her behind the ear. Then there was a terrible crash out in the store.

A leg was hanging down from the middle of the ceiling. It was a leg with a skate on it: all four wheels buzzing. One of the skaters had broken through.

I never kissed Tillie. And I was never anything but a failure at anything else in the store. As my father said sadly, "The boy just ain't a merchandiser."

Uncle Morris died right after World War II. He was run over in California, coming out of a musical.

When Al Greenbaum died many years later, he was in the act of scribbling percentages, markups, and ideas for ads in a notebook.

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Poem from the King's Prayerbook, author unknown — *The Christmas Coach*, Washington Irving — *A Visit From St. Nicholas*, Clement C. Moore — *Susie's Letter From Santa*, Mark Twain — *Yes, Virginia, There Is a Santa*, Francis P. Church — *Christmas Gifts, Giving and Getting*, Irvin S. Cobb

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Indiana

continued from page 123

Day to watch 33 cars compete in a grueling competition of steel, rubber, gas, brakes, and the stamina of skilled men. Although you could toss the Rose Bowl *and* its paltry 100,000 spectators into the Speedway infield and still have plenty of room left for the Cotton Bowl and the Orange Bowl besides, there isn't much comparison in tone. The "500" draws the blood brotherhood of the garage, from grease monkey to Detroit tycoon.

And why not? Indiana was the birthplace of the American automobile, and its love affair with the horseless carriage has never faded.

Elwood Haynes road-tested the first commercially successful automobile in America on July 4, 1894, scorching his little gas buggy down Pumpkinvine Pike southeast of Kokomo at seven miles an hour. What is more, 215 makes of automobiles other than the Haynes originated in Indiana alone, and some of their names are enough to make strong men with good memories weep—Auburn, Marmon, McFarland, Elcar, Maxwell, Cole, Apperson, Richmond, Studebaker, Cord, Durant, Duesenberg, and the never-to-be-forgotten Stutz Bearcat. Believe it or not, you may wander into Noblesville, Indiana, today and gaze at a 1921 Stutz Hook & Ladder Firetruck!

Indiana is unashamedly country-minded. You may linger a spell in communities yclept Gnawbone, Lickspittle, Bear Wallow, Zulu, Farmer's Retreat, or Oolitic. If your rural instincts yearn for music, hie you to Beanblossom, where every year guitars, mandolins, bass fiddles, and high-pitched singers send tunes through the trees in Bill and Birch Monroe's Bluegrass Music Festival, one of more than a dozen such in Indiana.

But what is so astonishing about this biggest little state in the Union is the clout it packs when it decides to go urban and industrial. Although it ranks only 38th in size, with a mere 36,097 square miles, it is a major manufacturing state. The Calumet region, up there in the northwest corner of the state, which strikes many as a spiritual extension of Chicago's soul of steel and iron, has more concentrated muscle than some major European nations right up there in Gary, Hammond, East Chicago, and Whiting, adding up to one of the world's greatest concentrations of heavy industry, especially steel, cement, and oil refining plants. The area produces $10.1 billion in value annually (value of finished products less cost of raw materials and supplies), of which steel and the primary metal industries reach $1.8 billion.

Center state is the capital, Indianapolis, another urban enclave which comes on unexpectedly to the visitor's eye, lulled by flat mile after mile of Indiana farmland. More interstate highways, including the national highway, converge on Indianapolis than any other city, giving rise to the state motto, adopted in 1937, "The Crossroads of America."

There's money in Indy. Over 70 insurance companies maintain Indianapolis home offices. Eli Lilly and Co., the largest pharmaceutical company in the world, developed procedures for the first manufacture of insulin in Indianapolis. The five Indianapolis banks maintain nearly 120 branches throughout the county, and per capita income is one of the highest among cities of comparable or larger size in the country.

There are handsome residential streets and areas in Indianapolis where extremely modern homes look out at dowager fortresses of the kind Booth Tarkington described with such biting affection in *The Magnificent Ambersons*—and in other works thinly disguising Indianapolis' entrenched family and society mores. The White River winds through the city environs, and one way or another seems to touch upon its academic offerings—undergraduate and postgraduate courses at Butler University, Indiana Central, Marian College, Indiana University's schools of Dentistry, Medicine, Law, and Nursing, and the rapidly expanding facilities of Indiana University-Purdue University at Indianapolis. A spanking new Children's Museum, in a building as outstandingly modern as Frank Lloyd Wright's Guggenheim Museum in Manhattan, is probably the best of its kind. And the Indianapolis Museum of Art, complete with old masters, a distinguished Oriental collection, and some of the most entrancing Impressionists extant, stands nobly on an eminence over the river, one of the handsomest homes for art, in James Joyce's nice little phrase, "you've ever locked eyes with."

The city planners thought big. In 1821 Elias P. Fordham and Alexander Ralston laid out the swamp which was to be a city. Ralston, who had assisted in designing Washington, D.C., used the same cobweb motif—avenues radiant from a center—superimposed over Jefferson's system of a grid of square blocks, a plan which has blown the minds of motorists trying to find their way around both cities. It is worth it, however, in Indy. At the center of it all, in The Circle, the hub, is "The Monument," a 248-foot soldier's and sailor's memorial, an ornate column with a heroic female figure, "Miss Indiana," at the top, and heroic male figures grouped around the base. An interior elevator reaches to an observation level just below Miss Indiana's feet. By acknowledged tradition, all visitors and no residents ride up to

Continued on following page

"Your wife understands you a little—she knows you're here."

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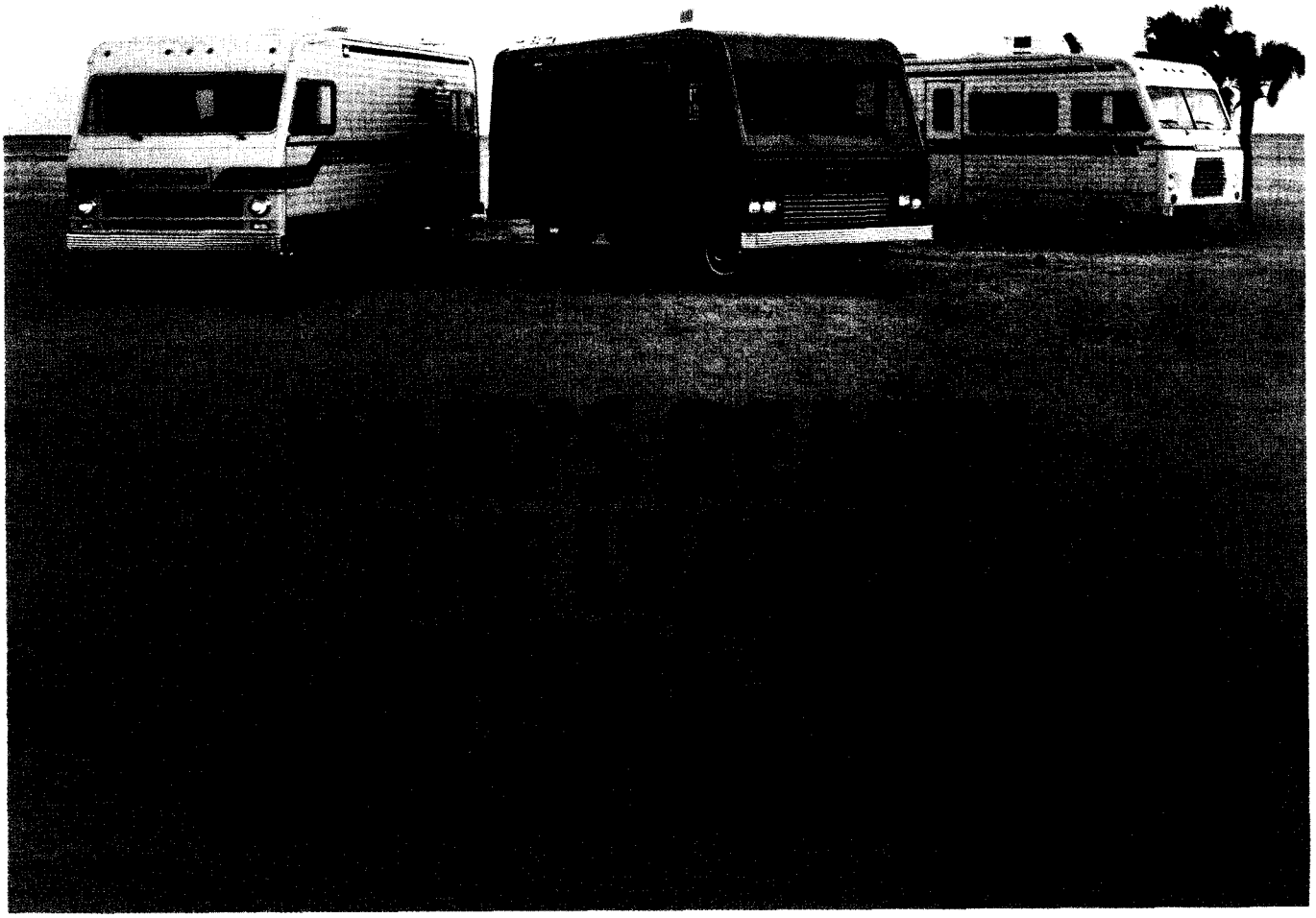

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take a peek at the beauties of the city.

Indiana shows its zing in politics and literature. It is common knowledge that every Hoosier baby starts writing a book and crying politics while still in the cradle. Perhaps it is because Indiana politicians always have something to say about everything (usually they are against whatever it is), but also because the state has produced more than its share of political biggies, some of them high-flying mavericks. William Henry Harrison, ninth U.S. President, was Governor of the Indiana Territory, whence sprang the state. His grandson, Benjamin Harrison, was our 23rd President. (Although a wealthy planter, he was represented in his campaign as a typical Hoosier backwoodsman.) Indiana had a spate of vice-presidents—Thomas Marshall (under Wilson), Thomas A. Hendricks (Grover Cleveland), Schuyler Colfax (Grant), Charles Warren Fairbanks (Theodore Roosevelt), and Levi P. Morton (Harrison). Not to admire, but to ponder—both the John Birch Society and The Silver Shirts were organized by Hoosiers.

But it is in literature that Indiana has made its national mark. It has been said that Indiana is a state where not to be an author is to be distinguished, as at one cultural gathering where the speaker of the occasion asked any writers in the hall to join him on the stage, and his entire audience clambered up with him. Robert Underwood Johnson remarked that a shotgun fired in Indiana would injure a large section of the literary class of America.

Well, yes, when you think about it.

Booth Tarkington won two Pulitzer prizes. James Whitcomb Riley was warmed when the frost was on the punkin by the two million dollars his poetry earned for him, before inflation! Lew Wallace, up there in Crawfordsville, wrote *Ben Hur* when he wasn't wearing a dazzling Zouave uniform as a general in the Union armies. Other bestselling Indiana authors in the first 50 years of this century (more than any other state had to offer on the top-selling lists) were George Ade, Meredith Nicholson, Albert Beveridge, William Vaughn Moody, and Johnny Gruelle (*Raggedy Ann* was *his* baby). A. B. Guthrie and Kurt Vonnegut keep up the Hoosier literary tradition today.

With such a record, Hoosiers listen with a certain impatience to literary sentiments from the Eastern establishment and tend to make their own judgments in this delicate area. Once again, Indiana becomes unclassifiable in mood. Some people say that the problem is that Indiana is the most eastern of the Western states and the most western of the Eastern states, but that is not exactly right—it sets better when you place it

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as the most northern of the Southern states and the most southern of the Northern states. One key is up there on the northern border where Lake Michigan is—northern Hoosiers originally came from Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York. The other key is down on the southern border, where the Ohio River flows grandly to its meeting with the Mississippi. Southern Indiana is "South" all the way—easy goin', easy livin', and easy talkin'. As Indiana's own Abe Martin put it: "Some fellers have a way of loafin' that makes 'em look indispensable."

The 5,193,699 Hoosiers consider it gospel that Indiana has the prettiest girls, the farmiest farms, the smartest businessmen, and even the biggest crook, John Dillinger, as a natural part of their breeding. A Hoosier is able to contain his enthusiasm for neighboring states, even while he uses them handily to make up for some of his own shortcomings. He heads for Chicago's good restaurants and fashionable stores quite as easily as he slides over to Cincinnati to enjoy his big league sports. You can find him in Louisville for the Kentucky Derby and in Michigan for hunting and newly discovered winter sports. He doesn't see these things as something Indiana lacks; he sincerely feels that being so *close* is part of Indiana's own charm.

This Hoosier buckiness, which is common to all, may well stem from two sources—Indiana's unremarkable terrain and its wholly remarkable history.

The Hoosier has to make do with very little in his scenery.

About two-thirds of Indiana is prevailingly level or mildly rolling. Only a small portion, largely in the south, can claim hills. And they are nothing much to slow down a bicycle rider. Indiana's greatest height, 1,285 feet, is in Randolph County near the eastern border; the lowest point, 313 feet, is in Vanderburgh County on the Ohio River.

You must look closely from an aircraft to discern the other Indiana terrain characteristics. Central Indiana is a great till plain, a huge checkerboard of farmland. But there are canyons, too, if you look closely, where the creeks have eroded the soil over thousands of years and there you will find quiet havens of beauty like Portland Arch and Turkey Run, where clear water runs fast between fir-covered cliffs, and a man with a rope can imagine himself in the coastal mountains.

"Where did the name *Hoosier* come from?" Although it is possibly the most familiar nickname in all such state monikers, the story behind it is hardly a thriller. In the official version, you takes yer choice. The origin of the word is still debated. One explanation is that it was derived from the Indiana settler's frequent response of "Who's yere?" to a knock at the cabin door. Another is that a contractor named Samuel Hoosier preferred to hire laborers for work on the Ohio River from the Indiana rather than the Kentucky side, and so these hardies came to be known as "Hoosier's men," and eventually all Indianians were called Hoosiers. Tradition pulls up a little lame on this one, but it's the best Indiana has to offer.

As we have seen, Hoosiers excel at criticizing themselves, and like to do it before *you* can get around to it. But certain outsiders have managed to have their say. Graham Hutton, a Britisher, spent seven years in Indiana and concluded that it has more extremes of weather than any other place on the face of the globe, including some parts of the Russian interior. The orientation booklet of the Communications Section at Fort Benjamin Harrison, the Army's giant installation in Indianapolis, seems to have come to much the same conclusion quite unconsciously, when it states for the benefit of soldiers coming to the facility for the first time that although winters are severe and summers extremely hot in Indianapolis, spring and autumn are enjoyable unless ruined by the extensive rains common to the area. One of Indiana's most partial biographers, native son Byron L. Troyer, almost proudly notes that you simply get used to it and accept it as penance for the other delights of Indiana residence. In other words, as soon as you see that the sun is shining brightly, get ready for a squall. As they also say in Ireland, "We haven't got a climate: we've got weather."

A recent immigrant to Indiana is Dr. Thaddeus Seymour, a New Yorker by birth, who came to his recent post as President of Wabash College by way of Hanover, New Hampshire, where he was Dean of Dartmouth College for 10 years.

"I wish there were some way to open up communication between Indiana and the East Coast. Easterners don't know whether Indiana is on the right or the left of Illinois ('I get all those states mixed up, like Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Idaho.').

"I suppose that it's that patronizing attitude of the East which has made Indiana so sensitive. After seven years, I still get pressed with the question, 'How do you like living in Indiana? Don't you miss those mountains?' Many people assume that we go 'back East' for the summer each year, when the truth is that we stay in Indiana, enjoying the Midwest—along with all those tourists from the East Coast!

"We have found Indiana thoroughly congenial and rewarding as a home. In fact, my greatest worry is that other people will discover its virtues and come in and ruin the place." ☒

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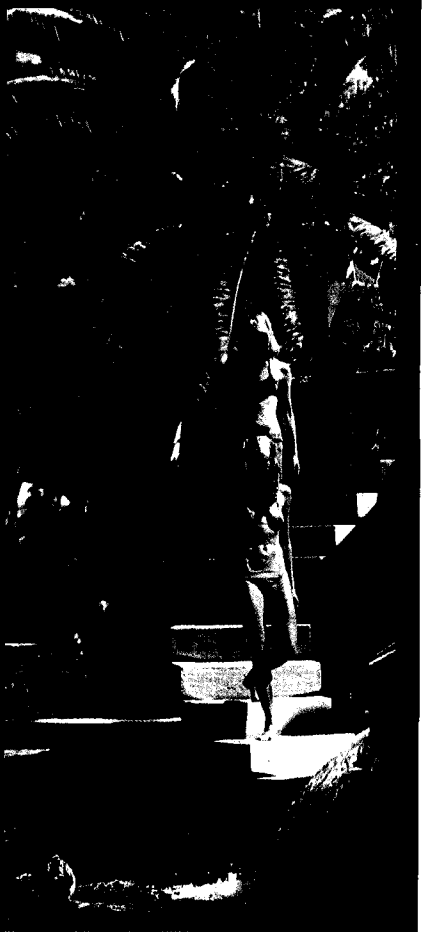

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Golf

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the sport which he held personally responsible for the ruination of his family.

"Permit me to speak personally," wrote Sitewell. "I have known A.F. Day since childhood. We grew up in Los Angeles together. We went to the same public elementary school in Brentwood. In our eighth-grade class, we had to write a 500-word essay on the subject: 'What is the first thing you would do if you were President?' Day's little composition, which was not a joke, said the first thing he would do as President would be to abolish golf. He wrote that it was worse than alcohol as a disruptive influence within the family."

Young Day's hostility toward golf, Sitewell revealed, was deeply rooted in personal family tragedy. His grandfather had perished while trying unsuccessfully to hit out of a sandtrap on the fifth hole of a public golf course, the victim of a heart attack brought on by massive exasperation and exhaustion. His father, whose tendency to goof off from work and play golf rendered him unemployable, spent the family's grocery money on expensive golf equipment. He also expired amidstream, the victim of a coronary "undoubtedly caused by his uncontrollable frenzy after hitting 19 successive balls into the pond in front of a par-three green."

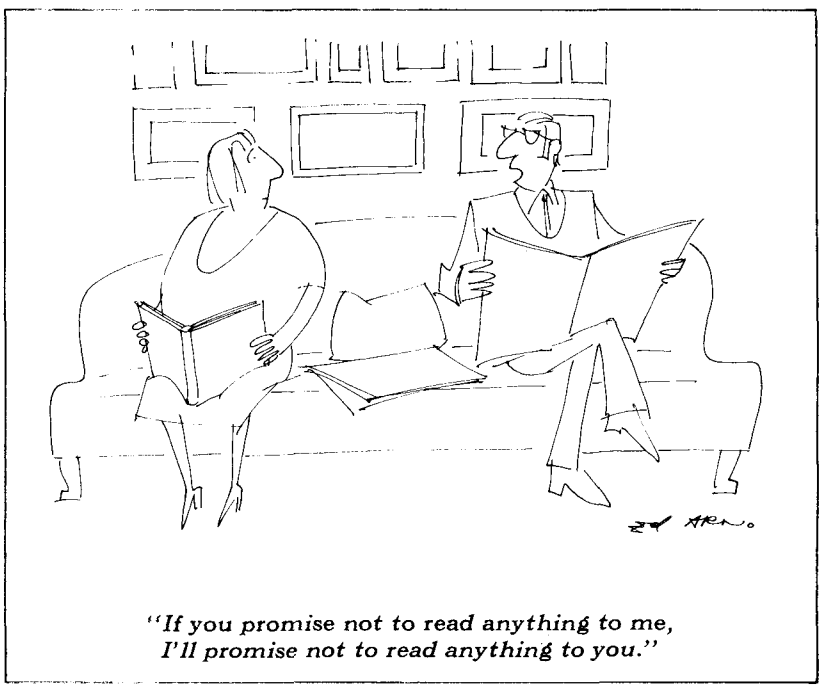
As seniors together at UCLA, Sitewell recalled a term paper written by classmate Day for an economics course on the same theme:

"His paper differed from the one he wrote in the eighth grade only in its additional sophistication. He used ostensibly detailed research to disguise his psychotic hostility. His paper revealed that in just one year 18,000 men died on golf courses from heart attacks; 72,000 men developed ulcers or gastritis from acute anguish over their inability to hit the ball properly; 930 men were killed and 8,600 were injured in overturned golf carts. His paper further disclosed that golf was the principal cause each year of more than 60,000 broken homes; that it was by far the greatest single cause of alcoholism and acute melancholy in the United States; that it kept 3,642,000 acres—twice as much acreage as that devoted to the national forests—out of productive cultivation or from other important social uses, of which low-cost housing was the most conspicuous."

The economics professor thought that the paper was "capricious and unworthy" and gave his student a failing grade. Day never forgave him, and openly gloated when the professor broke his collarbone in a golf-cart accident three days later.

"I regret deeply having to make all this known," wrote Sitewell, "but history has often been twisted all out of shape because not enough people took seriously a few men who acted out of their obsessions or deep-seated aversions."

Sitewell ended the letter with an appeal to all of *Saturday Review*'s readers, "especially those who regard golf not as a vicious and extravagant diversion, but as a prime manifestation of the American way of life," to inform their Congressman about the real objective of H.R. 6142. "Everyone who knows what weekends are for has the obligation now to act."



"If you promise not to read anything to me, I'll promise not to read anything to you."

It had taken Sitewell three painstaking hours to write the letter, but the effort paid off handsomely when the *Saturday Review* of April 3, 1971, published it in full. The letter, which ran to well over 1,000 words, took up an entire page of the magazine's "Letters to the Editor" section. Sitewell sat back and waited confidently for public indignation to snowball into a national protest campaign. A week passed, and absolutely nothing happened. "Has the world gone mad?" he asked himself.

Then, in the April 10 issue of *Saturday Review*, a reply from Rep. A.F. Day appeared. To no one's surprise, the Congressman denied that he was driven by a "malicious obsession" to destroy golf. In fact, the charge was so preposterous that Rep. Day did not bother to even mention the golf-related family tragedies which Sitewell had disclosed in his letter.

"The 43 members of the House who are co-sponsoring my bill will bear witness to the fact that I have never made any secret of my opposition to privileged use of parks, public or private," wrote Rep. Day. "I believe it is undemocratic and indeed arrogant for large tracts of land to be pre-empted by small numbers of people for any purpose, be it golf or any other so-called sport. I have no objection to public golf courses so long as they are used by enough people to justify the public taxes that support them."

Rep. Day's letter then concluded with a vicious personal attack on Sitewell, one of the country's "largest investors in sporting-goods equipment," and on the magazine's editor, Norman Cousins, "a golf-playing buddy" of Arnold Palmer.

Thereafter, events moved swiftly. On April 13, *Golf World*, the highly respected weekly magazine, reprinted a long portion of the Sitewell letter in a two-page, black-bordered editorial entitled "A Frightening Bill." "This somewhat innocent bill is as ominous a threat to golf as anything that has come along," wrote Richard Taylor, *Golf World*'s editor. "No matter what the reason for introducing such a bill, it must be killed. It's House Resolution 6142. Sit down and write your congressman. Congressman Day may use these columns for any rebuttal."

This clarion call for action was quickly echoed by several other golf writers across the nation, many of whom had been alerted to the Day bill and the *Golf World* editorial by the Executive Secretary of the Professional Golf Association. A sports writer whose column is syndicated in several suburban Chicago newspapers denounced Rep. Day's "obfuscatory thinking that confuses commonweal, if indeed that is his noble purpose, with eradication of private enterprise and ownership," and pointed out to "Mr. Day" that "a private golf course is not a park. It is a club, equivalent to a man's home." Another sports writer working in the Southwest gently informed his readers:

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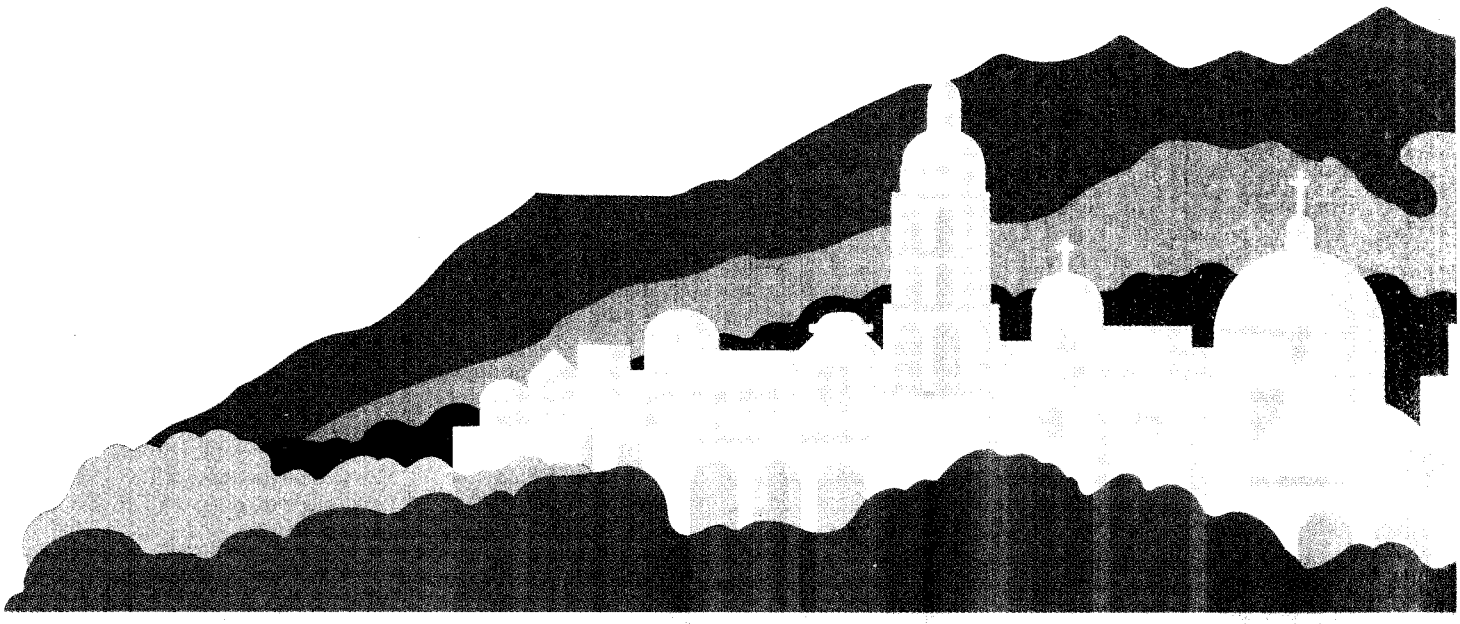

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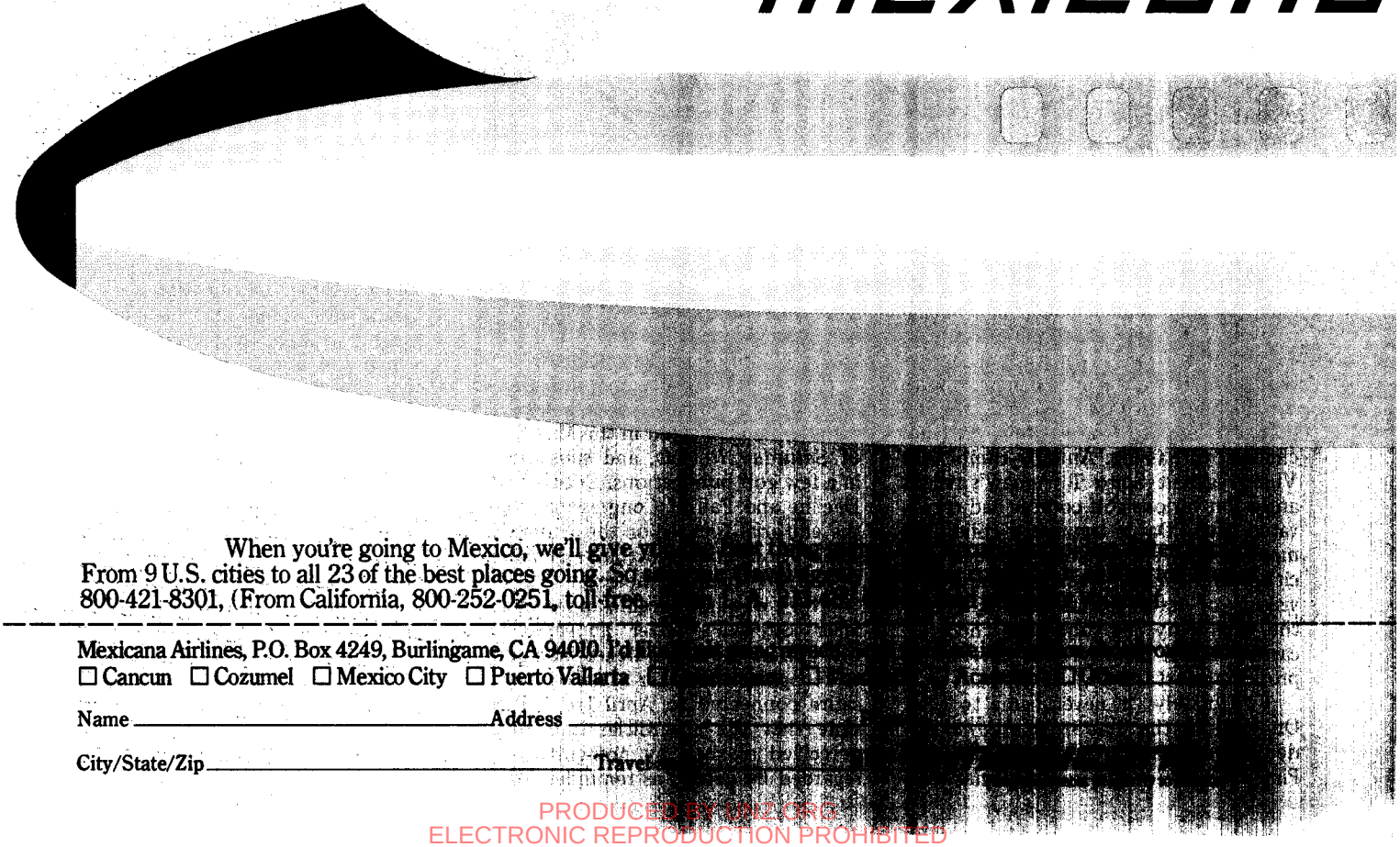

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"I'm not trying to be an alarmist, but there is a bill before Congress that would, if passed in its present form, destroy the game of golf in this country." And a writer in California, while admitting that his wife would probably disagree, cleverly dismissed the Day bill as a "smelly measure."

Golfdom's hierarchy swiftly teed up for action. Boards of governors and executive committees of golf clubs from coast to coast called emergency meetings to plot strategy against H.R. 6142. Members with friends and acquaintances in government were delegated to solicit their support. There was even talk of raising money for the ensuing battle and of staging media-catching demonstrations.

Nor were the rank and file of America's duffers idle. Many actually gave up Sunday playing time to stay at home with their families and write letters of protest to newspapers, magazines, and their Congressmen. Within two weeks of the publication of the April 13 *Golf World* editorial, an estimated 19,000 letters of protest had poured into congressional offices, thereby catapulting the Day bill into the list of top ten domestic issues. House Minority Leader Gerald Ford received a letter from a constituent who conceded that "anyone would sympathize with Rep. Day's family tragedy," but nonetheless urged the Congressman to vote against H.R. 6142.

Confusion and ugly recrimination reigned in the nation's capital. Congressmen beseeched by angry voters stalled for time while their staffs made the necessary inquiries. An aide to Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, replying to a letter from a constituent, wrote that while it was "somewhat premature for the Senator to take a stand," the bill would seem to have only a "slim chance" of passing. An ugly rumor that Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew's recent antics on various golf courses had reactivated Rep. Day's traumatic childhood memories swept rapidly through the city. And many Washingtonians had visions of irate golfers streaming into the capital by the thousands and golf-carting down Pennsylvania Avenue in protest against the Day bill.

Fortunately, it never came to that. On April 21, the *Wall Street Journal* carried a front-page article by W. Steward Pinkerton, Jr., which revealed that H.R. 6142 was in reality a bill dealing with the liability of national banks for certain taxes, and that Rep. A.F. Day (full name: April Fool's Day) and K. Jason Sitewell (an imperfect anagram for "It's a joke, son") were pen names adopted by the editor of *Saturday Review*. Norman Cousins had perpetrated a gigantic spoof which probably frightened more people than Orson Welles' radio play, "The War of the Worlds."

The campaign against the fictitious Day bill, however, did not fade away completely with the publication of the *Wall Street Journal*'s exposé of the hoax. While the front-page portion of the article was devoted to a straightforward description of the Sitewell letter and the hostile reaction it spawned, the full disclosure of the spoof was relegated to a back-page continuation. "Since humans are seemingly divided into two groups—those that read jump stories and those that do not," explains Norman Cousins, "the *Wall Street Journal* article actually set off another frenzy of protest letter writing."

"And to my wife, Ethel, I say: Anyone who didn't get my jokes doesn't get my money."

To end the confusion once and for all, Norman Cousins wrote a long editorial which appeared in the May 8 issue of *Saturday Review*, and subsequently in a few golf publications. Entitled "The Decline and Fall of Congressman Day," the editorial focused on the "interesting implications and even things of value to be learned" from the hoax:

"First of all, it became apparent soon after Sitewell's letter appeared that non-golfers were far quicker than golfers to recognize the letter as an open-faced satire connected to April 1st. Is it possible that the absurdities immediately perceived as such by non-golfers were regarded by golfers as reminders of poignant reality? Is there a golfer who, upon hitting into a sand trap, does not fear deep in his subconscious that he may never get out? Is there a golfer who does not suffer more anguish over hitting expensive new balls into ponds than he does over reverses in his business or profession? Can any canard or calamity be concocted about the sport that does not have a parallel in the golfer's own experience? We ask these questions not only from the editorialist's chair but from the confession box as an addict who is himself mercilessly hounded by double-bogeys."

The editorial also examines the fact that none of the protestors who so valiantly defended their sport bothered to refute the long laundry list of dreadful consequences which Congressman Day attributed to golf in his university term paper:

"Are we to believe that, even if these horrible facts were true, this would make no difference to golfers? Or is this an example perhaps of a larger truth: that many people who are directly affected by an issue are less concerned with facts than effects?"

The editorial then concludes with an eloquent explanation of why the magazine published the Sitewell-Day correspondence in the first place:

"The reason for the letter is that it is part of *SR*'s editorial philosophy to place the highest value on laughter. This is a serious magazine and it deals with serious issues in a serious way, but we try to make a distinction between being serious and being solemn. In the catalog of human assets, few things provide people with greater strength than the love of life, of which the ability to laugh is a prime manifestation. Persons who survived the horrors of the concentration camps tell us they did so largely because they never lost their ability to hope and to laugh. Perspective and proportion are products of laughter."

Despite the editor's eloquent justification of his spoof, many April fools were simply not amused. "The initials and name of the congressman (A.F. Day) fit Cousins' somewhat cruel, distorted idea of a joke," wrote the editor of *Golf World*, Richard Taylor, who, in the same editorial, apologized to the golfers of the world for accepting the integrity of the *Saturday Review*. Other

Continued on page 144

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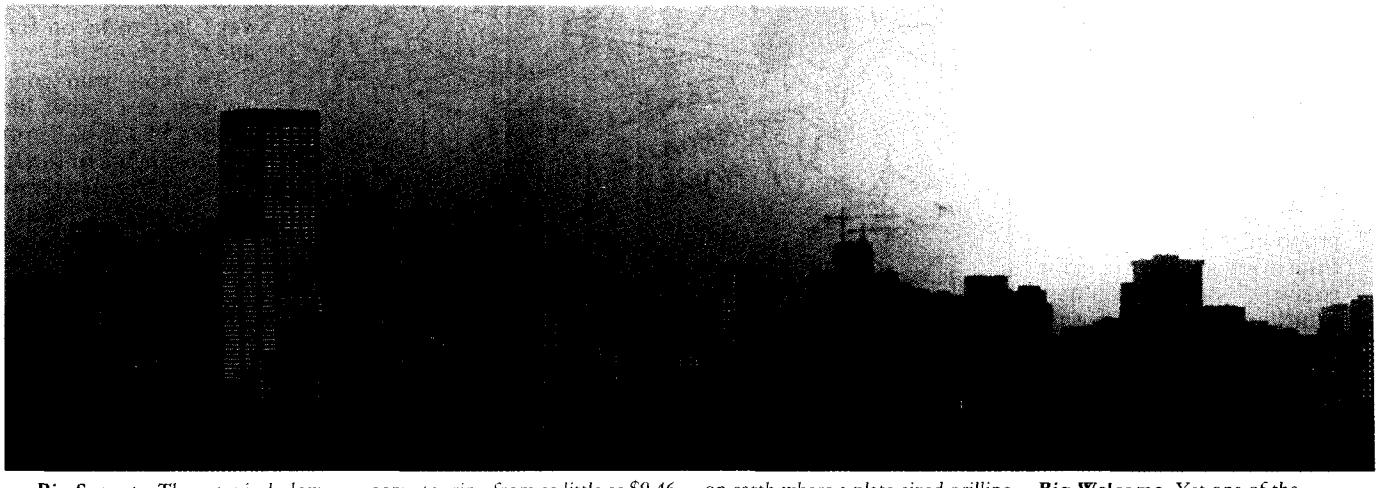

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golf writers who did not bother obtaining a copy of H.R. 6142 before marching their readers to Armageddon penned similarly flattering comments about the editor and his magazine. One even sarcastically suggested that Norman Cousins' real handicap was not his backswing, but his sense of humor.

Shortly before the publication of his May 8 editorial, Norman Cousins received a frantic telephone call from the distraught president of a millionaire's golf club in suburban Chicago. The man hastily explained that at an emergency meeting of the club's executive committee held at his private home the previous night, he had been delegated to lobby Congressman Sidney Yates of Illinois. But when he telephoned Rep. Yates, the Congressman said that there must be some mistake because H.R. 6142 had nothing to do with golf courses or recreational grounds. What was the correct number of the Day bill?

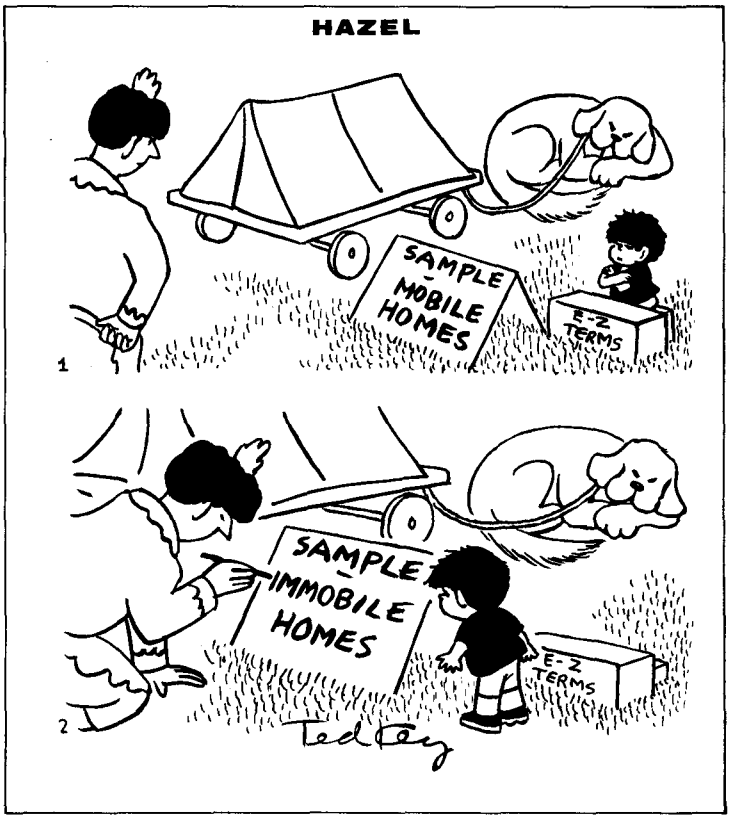
"Well, I can see that you're terribly concerned about this, but you have nothing to worry about," explained the editor. "There is no anti-golf bill, Rep. A.F. Day, or K. Jason Sitewell. The whole affair is just something that happens at this time of the year." After a very long silence, Mr. Cousins asked, "Well, aren't you relieved?" And the club president replied, "I'm relieved, but I'm not happy." April fools can be very unforgiving.

"It was even seriously proposed that I be banned from every golf course in the country," recalls a suitably contrite Norman Cousins, who admits that perhaps the joke went too far. "And while I certainly agreed that some sort of punishment was clearly in order, banning me would not have had the desired effect. If only they realized how much I suffer from the act of playing golf. . . .

"In fact, I hate the sport and only play it to prove to myself that I am not prejudiced. Anyone who thinks about golf quickly recognizes that the game is quite absurd."

A few Congressmen were also upset by the hoax. Rep. Wayne L. Hays of Ohio, the author of the real H.R. 6142, complained publicly that the uproar caused by the spoof detracted from the significance of his proposed legislation. And Rep. Gerald Ford, who received 342 letters of protest from constituents asking him to vote against the Day bill, wrote to Norman Cousins for an explanation "which I can pass on to the folks in Michigan." The hoax, he added, "has amazed the readers of your magazine whose reputation is based on something much more solid."

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Regular readers of *Saturday Review* were neither amazed nor taken in by the spoof. The April prose of K. Jason Sitewell has been appearing in the magazine since 1956, often in the form of a letter calling upon the public to campaign against some utterly preposterous plan or proposal. Recent examples include plans to convert cemeteries into golf courses, build an elevated 10-lane superhighway over the Mississippi, and abolish Christmas cards in favor of a central registry run by the national government (subscribers would receive a computerized print-out of the names of those who wished them a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year).



Over the years, Sitewell's letters, book reviews, travel articles, and computer-error merchandise ads have solicited hundreds of letters from *Saturday Review* readers who go along with his gags by pretending to take them seriously. In response to his letter about the Day bill to abolish golf, for example, one reader wrote in to suggest that should H.R. 6142 become law, all the unused sand traps across the nation could be "turned over to the Head Start kids" who would be bused from the ghettos where they live to the suburbs where most golf courses are situated. Another reader, a university professor of psychology, wrote in to congratulate Sitewell for demonstrating "how the alert citizen can, with discernment, bring behavioral science to bear upon 'real-time' events in the public sector."

"Sitewell's jokes are meant to be family affairs involving the staff and the readers of *Saturday Review*," explains Norman Cousins. "But once his letter about the Day bill got the endorsement of *Golf World* and others, the spoof set off a public crusade. And Sitewell does not believe in public crusades."

Of course, many who believed in the validity of the Sitewell-Day correspondence simply refused to acknowledge the fact that a former Nobel Peace Prize nominee who had served as personal emissary for four U.S. Presidents and a Pope could possibly perpetrate such a gigantic hoax. A few days after the publication of the Sitewell letter, the manager of the Silvermine Golf Club in Connecticut ran up to Norman Cousins, then waiting to tee off on the front tee of his local course, and asked the editor to address an emergency meeting of the board of governors. The editor put his arm around the anxious gentleman and explained the whole story. "Well," said the manager, "I think we'll go ahead with the meeting anyway. Just to be on the safe side."

To those who condemn the hoax as a "cruel, distorted idea of a joke," Norman Cousins points to the fundamental difference between a spoof and a practical joke. "A spoof has some underlying significance and is actually nourishing to all concerned," he argues. "A practical joke, on the other hand, is mean, easy to do, and hurtful. The Sitewell-Day correspondence solicited many letters from people who said they'd been taken in by the spoof, but delightfully so, and that they relish the joy in which they held dinner parties and talked about the gag."

For many April fools, however, the line between a spoof and a practical joke is either invisible or downright irrelevant. But many who disliked the hoax also found merit in the reaction it fostered. *Golf World* magazine, for instance, chose to bask in the one ray of sunshine generated by the spoof. "If for some pseudoecological reason golf courses become threatened," wrote Richard Taylor, "it appears that the world of golf is ready for action."

That, as we now know, is an understatement of colossal dimensions.

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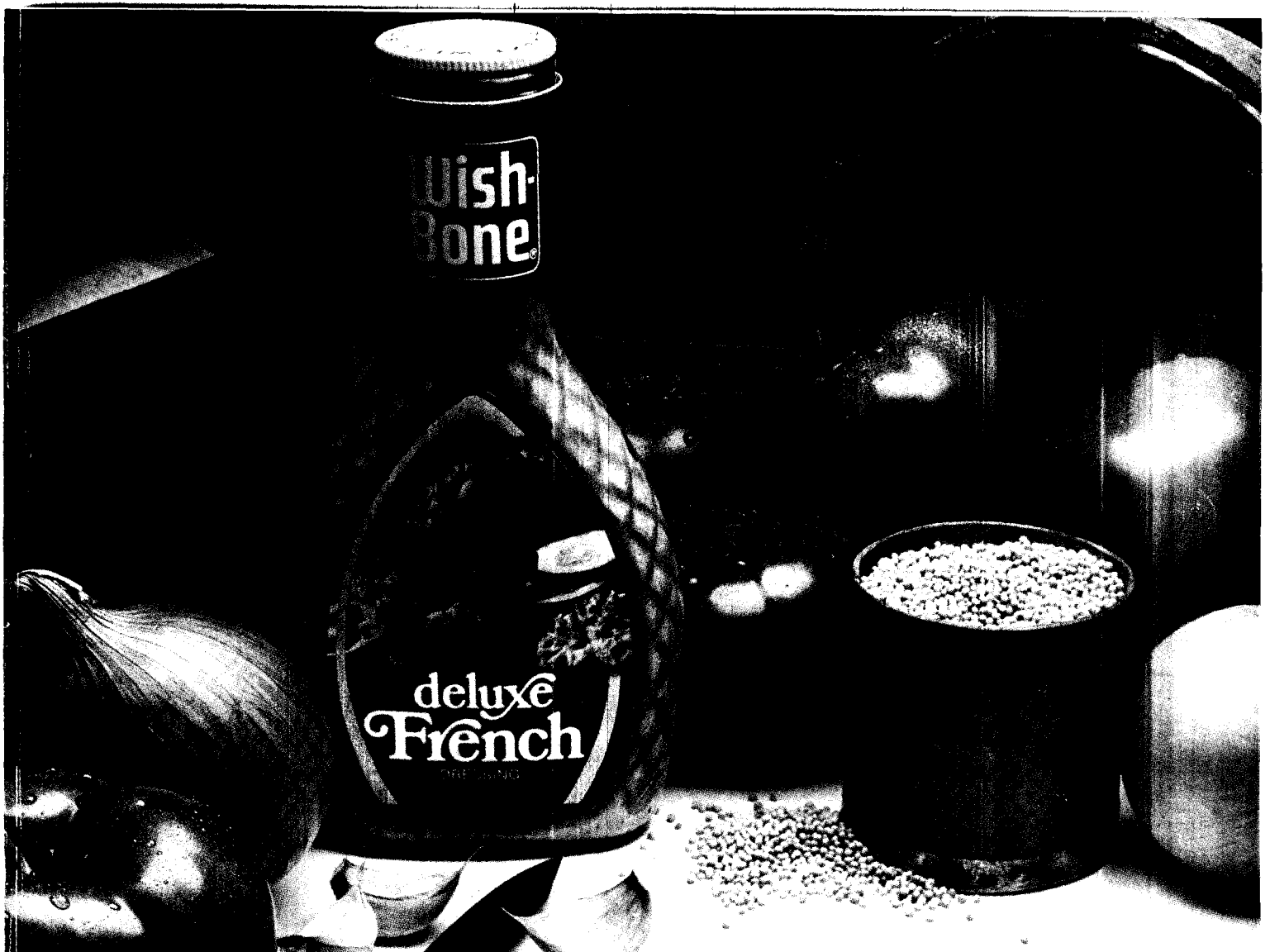

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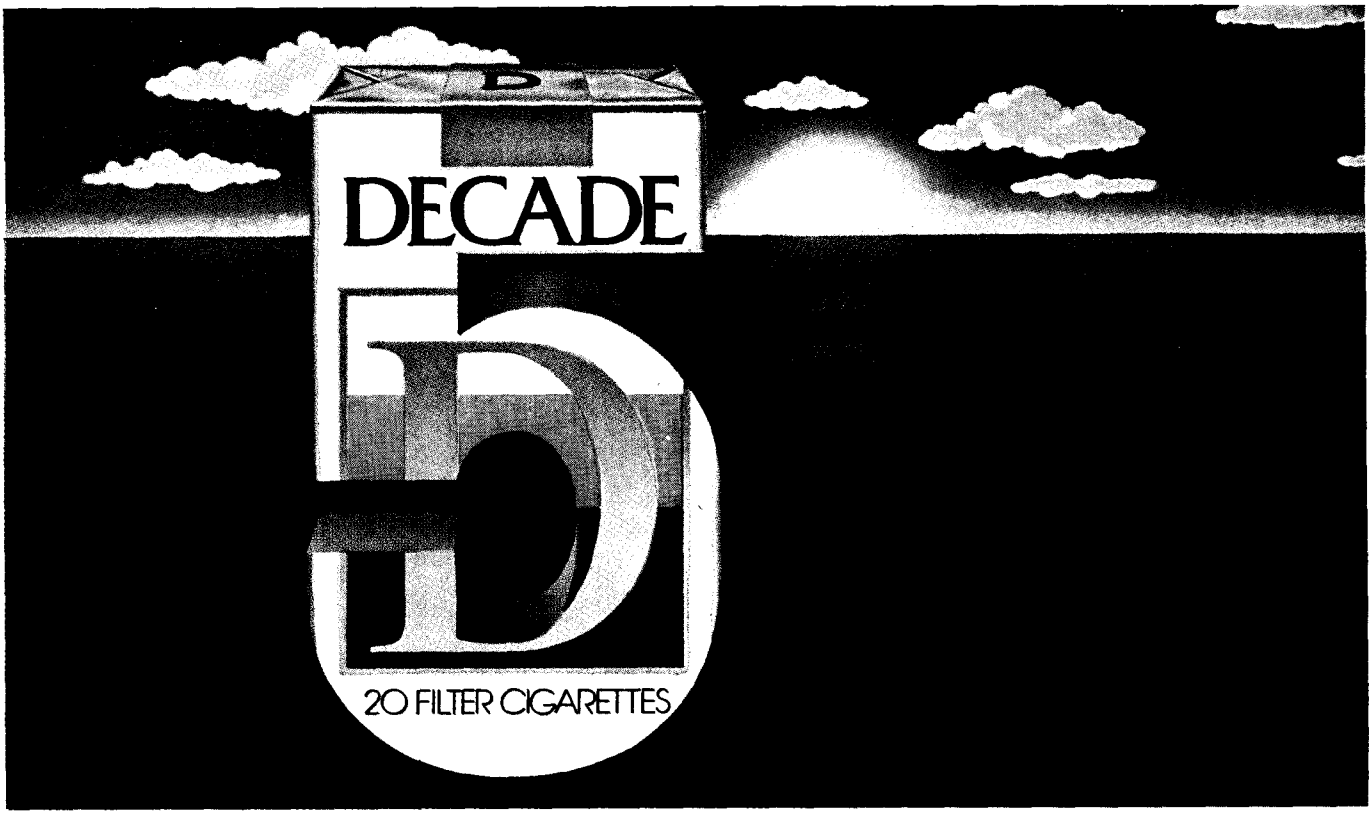

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